S. G. and E. L. ELBERT

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# TO PARENTS.

Several years ago, I published a little periodical called The Juvenile Miscellany It found favour in the eyes of parents and children; and since it has been out of print, I have had frequent requests to republish it. I did not think it advisable to do this. But I have concluded to publish a series of small books, under the title of Flowers for Children. About half of each of these volumes will consist of new articles written expressly for the occasion; and the other half will be a selection of what seem to me the best of my own articles, formerly published in the Juvenile Miscellany. Upon reviewing the work for this purpose, I find that my maturer judgment rejects some inaccuracies, some moral inferences, and many imperfections of style.

I have therefore carefully re-written all the articles used in the present selection.

The story of the Christ-Child and the Poor Children was suggested by the account of the Redemption Institute at Hamburg, by Horace Mann, in his late admirable Report on Education. It would be well for all parents, teachers, and magistrates, to read that account, and receive deeply into their hearts the lesson it conveys.

L. M. C.

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THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

LITTLE JOHN.

# FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.

## Part X.

# THE CHRIST-CHILD

## AND THE POOR CHILDREN

EINRICH LUDWIG lived in a narrow dirty court in the city of Hamburgh, in Germany. The sun never came there, and no green tree was to be seen. It is a great evil to spend childhood in such a dismal home; but all over the world there are thousands of poor children, who never see the beautiful things which God made for all creatures to enjoy. Poor little Heinrich! his father was a drunkard; and sickness and trouble had so changed his mother, that she was sometimes stupid and crazy. At such times, she would sit with her head leaning on her hands all the life-long day, and no one could get a word from her. Little Heinrich did not know

what to think of his mother when she had these fits. When he first began to walk alone, he would tottle up to her, and pull her ragged gown, and stoop down to peep up in her face, and try all manner of baby ways to attract her attention. But she looked at him with strange eyes, for she did not know him; and if he continued to pull at her gown, and call "Mammy, mammy," she would sometimes push him, so that he fell backward on the floor. The poor child had nothing to do all day, but to tumble about among bad boys in a dirty court, and dig holes in the mud. If he heard his father's voice, he would run and hide himself; for he almost always came home drunk, and would beat the little boy, if he happened to be in the humour. It was a sad sight to see poor little Heinrich at nightfall, with his father drunk on the floor, and his mother staring stupidly into the air, without sense enough to know that her child was suffering. If he could find a cold potatoe, or a crust of bread, he would munch it like a hungry dog, take a sup of water from his little battered porringer, untie his ragged frock, as well as he could with such very small fingers, and creep into the little heap of rags that he called his bed.

But Heinrich had some blessings. He was a healthy little thing, with a loving and happy disposition. His mother was very kind-hearted, and when she was not crazy, she treated her little boy with great affection. Often would she lie down beside him when he went to his little bed, and hold his hand in hers, and wet his bright hair with her tears. Alas, for the fond mother! she often went hungry herself, that the little one might have a scanty supper. The thought often came over her, "What does my poor boy do when the fits are on me, when he has no one to care for him?" This would make her weep bitterly. And so the little Heinrich seldom saw the sunshine or a smiling face. He heard cursing and swearing, but never the warbling of birds, or the ringing laughter of the innocent and happy. He learned of his mother the habit of sighing, and would look into her eyes with such a sad expression, that it made the heart ache. But when he was two years old, a little sister was born to him; and this little sister became the blessing of his young life. She was very beautiful, with her golden hair, and her large blue eyes, so sad and gentle. After she came, like a sunbeam, into that dark and miserable home, the mother's health

improved, and she had her fits more seldom. When they did come over her, it was heart-touching to see how that little brother performed a mother's part. He would wash his sister's face, and comb her silky hair with a fragment of wooden comb, and every button and bright thing he could find, he would string together for her amusement. When she needed more help than he could give, he would summon an old woman in the neighbourhood, who, though feeble and tottering, never refused to come when little Heinrich took hold of her apron, with one of his pleading looks. It was a beautiful sight to see the lovely children asleep in each others' arms, on their little heap of rags. They seemed like two little angels that had lost their way, and accidentally fallen asleep in that dismal court. Even the drunken father felt the tears in his eyes when he gazed upon them, and sometimes for a week after did not taste a drop of intoxicating liquor.

It was indeed a blessing to Heinrich that he had little Gertrude to play with; for he seldom wanted to be out of doors with the bad boys. They were rough and cruel, but Gertrude, with her sweet voice, her timid, gentle looks, and her loving ways, kept his heart tender.

Wolfgang Turkheim, grandson of the old woman who always came when little Heinrich took hold of her apron, was a very rude, boisterous boy. He had not a bad heart, but he was bold and strong, and he had lived with people who taught him all manner of evil things. His father had been in prison several times for stealing. His mother died when he was four years old; and his father had brought home a coarse, rough woman, who sold oysters. At night she came back with a bottle of rum, and they drank together till both of them were ready to fight with every body. When Wolfgang was very small, this woman used to encourage him to quarrel with all the boys that came near him. "Come, my little gamecock," she would say, "go at him. Let father see how you can lick a boy twice as big as you are." Thus taught, Wolfgang thought it was brave and beautiful to fight; and he became a perfect nuisance to the neighbourhood. Poor little Heinrich could not step out of doors to pick up sticks to build houses for Gertrude, without having Wolfgang come out and knock them all out of his hands. Then he would say, "Pick them up again: if you don't, I'll kick you;" and when the patient little fellow had picked them

up, he would spill them all again, and burst into roars of laughter. He was two years older than Heinrich, and a great deal stouter and stronger. Heinrich was very much afraid of him, but once he was roused to fight. Little Gertrude was climbing up the door steps, with her small porringer of water in one hand, and holding up the rags of her robe with the other. She had much trouble to get along; for the porringer was very full, and the tatters of her gown tangled her little naked feet. Wolfgang saw her, and tried to throw his leather ball so as to hit the porringer; but instead of that, it hit her eye, and made her lose her balance and fall backward. She was not hurt very badly, but she cried out aloud with fright; and Heinrich flew at their troublesome neighbour like a wild cat. Wolfgang easily threw him down, and beat him and kicked him till he made the blood spout from his nose. He might have half killed him, if Heinrich's father had not happened to come along. He seized Wolfgang by the collar, and gave him a terrible thrashing. Thus did they live like wild beasts, in that dark, dirty court. No one had ever taught them that there was a better way to conquer enemies, than by fighting and scolding. Violence always

makes people worse than they otherwise would be. After that encounter, Wolfgang was more tormenting than ever; and even the tender-hearted Heinrich began to grow more quarrelsome and fierce. When Wolfgang came to the door, and snapped his fingers at him, and called, "Come out here, you poor little girl-boy; come out and fight!" his heart was filled with rage and bitterness. He hated Wolfgang so badly, that he one night kicked his old cap all to pieces, and threw it out to the dogs. Thus these poor children were in the way to become thieves and murderers, and perhaps finally to die in prison or on the gallows, because they had nothing to encourage their good feelings, and everything to excite their bad passions. But our little Heinrich will be saved, and so will Wolfgang.

One day, when Heinrich was about seven years old, and Gertrude not quite five, they obtained leave to walk in the streets to see the show for Christmas, which was to be on the morrow. The shops were full of glittering toys, the windows were hung with evergreens, and many large boughs were carried through the streets, for the Christmas-tree of some rich man's children. Poor little Heinrich looked with longing eyes, and wished

that he and Gertrude could have a Christmas-tree. He gathered up, here and there, a green bough, which some servant had dropped on his way. "I will carry home these to mother," said he, "and she will make us a Christmas-tree." "And will the Christ-child bring us anything to hang on our tree?" asked little Gertrude. As she spoke, she raised her large sad-looking eyes to her brother's face, with a very earnest expression. A gentleman, who was passing, heard what she said, and was struck with her innocent countenance. "Here, my little one," said he, "the Christ-child sends thee this," and he placed a small coin in her hand. He inquired where they lived, and wrote it on a card.

Great was the joy of the children at receiving the bit of money. They bought four apples and some nuts, and went home happier than kings. "Here mother is a Christmas-tree," said Heinrich, displaying his evergreen boughs. "And see here! see what the Christ-child sent us!" said little Gertrude, opening her ragged apron, and showing the apples and nuts. Tears came to the eyes of that poor mother; for she had a kind heart, and loved her little ones, though she was too ill, and poor, and discouraged,

to do much for them. She took a penny from the shelf, and told Heinrich to go and buy a taper to hang in the tree. "Oh mother, shall we have our tree lighted, just as they do in the big houses?" exclaimed Gertrude; and the usually quiet little creature jumped about and sung.

Rich people in Germany arrange the Christmas-tree privately, and keep the room carefully shut, while beautiful presents of all kinds are hung upon it, to take the children by surprise. It is brilliantly lighted with coloured lamps, and over it floats a little angel-image with shining wings, which they call the Christ-child. The very small children think this Christ-child brings them all the pretty presents. And truly

> "There *is* an angel, who from Heaven comes,
> To bless and comfort all the little ones.
> Guess who it is, so good and mild,
> And gentle to each little child?
> I'll tell thee——It came from God above,
> And the spirit's name is MOTHER'S LOVE."

Heinrich and Gertrude could not have their tree prepared in another room, and lighted up to surprise them suddenly with its splendour; for they had but one room, and a little strip of shed, where they and two or three other families kept brush and

chips. They had never seen the Christ child, with glittering wings, that floated over the Christmas-trees of the rich; but the angel called Mother's Love was with them that night, and right happy were they arranging their Christmas-tree against a broken chair. The mother went into the shed to get a piece of wood, to make it stand upright, and the children followed her. When they came back, their apples and nuts were gone! This was a great affliction to little ones who had so few joys, and they cried bitterly. "It is that ugly Wolfgang," said Heinrich; "when I am big enough, how I will beat him!"

Poor little Heinrich! there was no Christ-child in his heart when he said that. The large tears ran down Gertrude's cheeks; and now and then she sobbed for their lost Christmas-tree. But she said nothing; only when they lay down to sleep that night, she asked, in a very melancholy tone, "Mother, why don't the Christ-child bring things to *poor* children?" Her mother kissed her, and answered not a word. Her heart was very full, for she too thought it was very hard that the Christ-child carried so much to the rich, and left her little ones without anything on their Christmas-tree. The children no-

ticed the looks of her eyes, and said to each other, "Mother's fits are coming on."

The next morning, Gertrude smiled sweetly, as she slept; and when she awoke, she said joyfully, "Oh, Heinrich, I have been in a beautiful place! You and I were walking in a garden. A child with bright wings was up in a tree, and he threw red apples at us, and said, 'Be good, Heinrich, be good, Gertrude; and see what the Christ-child will do for you.' Did you see his bright wings, Heinrich?" "No, I did not," he replied. "That is strange," said little Gertrude; "for you were with me, and he spoke to both of us." "It was a dream," said Heinrich. "What *is* a dream?" asked Gertrude. "It is somewhere where people go when they are asleep," answered Heinrich. His sister said she wished she could go there again, the red apples were so pretty. "I wish I could beat Wolfgang," said Heinrich.

It was true that Wolfgang had stolen their apples and nuts; but after he had eaten them he felt very badly about it. He had some good feelings in his heart, though nobody had ever taught him anything but evil. When he saw little Gertrude sitting mournfully on the door-step, next morning, he wanted to say, "I wish you a merry Christmas;"

but the words choked him, for he knew he had spoiled her Christmas. He whistled, and took up a stone and threw it at a dog; and nobody knew that Wolfgang's heart was troubled with some kindly and repentant feelings. He went forth into the streets with his old hat pulled over his eyes, and his hands stuck in his pockets. An orange woman, jostled by the crowd, had her basket knocked off her head. Wolfgang darted among the scattered oranges, and under pretence of helping to pick them up, he filled his pockets and ran home. "Here, Gertrude," said he, "here are some oranges for you. I am sorry you lost all your nuts and apples." The little girl's eyes sparkled at sight of the golden fruit. "Did the Christ-child give them to you?" she asked. Wolfgang felt a twinge at his heart; but he only whistled, and told her to call her brother. Heinrich had kept out of sight, because he wanted to beat Wolfgang, and was afraid to do it. But when Gertrude showed the oranges, and said he was sorry they had lost their nuts and apples, he ran out with boyish eagerness to ask where the oranges came from. "An old woman spilled them in the street, and I picked them up and run," said Wolfgang. "Oh, then the Christ-child did not give them

mean by saying she has one of her fits?" said the gentleman. "I don't know what fits are," replied the boy. "Old dame Turkheim says mother has crazy fits."

The gentleman followed the children into the room, where stood two broken chairs, and a rickety table, with a battered porringer, a mug without a handle, and a few potatoe skins. On the bed of rags lay a woman, whose fair pale countenance still gave indication of early beauty. Her eyes were open, but had a strange look, like one who walks in sleep. She took no notice of anything, and made no answer when spoken to. The stranger sighed deeply, as he looked round the miserable apartment. All, but the wretchedly poor, were rejoicing with Christmas presents, before a blazing fire. But these little hardy children were blue with the cold, and a few scattered boughs, some still tied to the broken chair, were all they had for Christmas. "Where is your father?" said he. "I don't know, sir," replied Heinrich: "he has not been home these two days." "Is he kind to you?" "When he is sober, he is very kind," said Heinrich. "If I take your mother along with me, would you like to go and have a good Christmas dinner? You shall all come back whenever mother

wishes." "Oh, please let us go," said Gertrude: "I saw the Christ-child in a garden, and he spoke to us just like you."

A sleigh was soon brought to the door, and the unconscious mother and her children were lifted in, and covered warmly with buffalo skins. Wolfgang was again urged to go, but he answered very gruffly, that he had rather stay where he was.

Heinrich and Gertrude were delighted beyond measure. It was the first ride they ever had. The multitude of happy-looking children in the street, the merry bells, and their rapid motion through the clear pure air, made them very glad. At last they came to a place which the gentleman told them was his home. Two large houses stood near each other, and around them were several smaller ones, with many barns and outhouses. A wide circular space around the large houses was laid out in garden walks, with many arches and arbours. Snow covered the garden with a pure white robe, and lay on the evergreen trees like a mantle of swan's down. The principal gate of entrance rose in a pointed arch, surmounted by a Cross, wreathed with a vine, from which some crimson leaves still fluttered. A group of boys were building a snow

man in one of the walks, and others were playing at bat and ball. From one of the houses came the sound of music, and of happy children's voices. The ride, the invigorating air, and the pleasant sounds, seemed to rouse the mother from her lethargy. She looked round bewildered, as if wondering where she was. The gentleman led them in, and a multitude of little folks flocked around them. "Here, my children," said he, "I have brought some new comrades, to help you play and work." They all began to jump and caper. A blind man sat by the fire-side, with a flute in his hand. He warbled the first notes of a joyful tune, and the children, of their own accord, took hold of each others' hands, and formed a circle round the new comers, singing,

Welcome, children, welcome here,
Where perfect love has cast out fear!
Here we work the live-long day,
And that makes us enjoy our play.
Welcome, little children dear,
For the Christ-child brought you here.

There was a large evergreen tree in the middle of the table, with gay ribbons in the branches, and among the topmost boughs nestled the image of an angel-child, with large mild eyes, and shining wings. The

children came running with little bags and baskets and books. "See," said they, "see what the Christ-child brought us last night! Did he bring you anything?" "He brought us some nuts and apples," said Heinrich, "but an ugly boy named Wolfgang stole them all. I wish I could beat him." Then spoke little Hans, the son of the blind flute-player: "Oh," said he, "that would only make Wolfgang want to beat *you*. The Christ-child never beats anybody. If one strikes him, he gives him a kiss, and then he wants to strike no more." "Oh no," exclaimed many voices, "the Christ-child never beats any one. The Christ-child loves every one, and every one loves him." "But," said Hans, "these little friends have had no Christmas-tree, and we will give them some of our presents." Then all were eager to bring something. One brought a picture-book, and another a basket; and a little chubby girl came with an apron full of red apples to fill the basket. Heinrich and Gertrude did not know what to make of all this. They never had such joy in their lives. Gertrude looked at the round red apples, and then at the angel-image in the tree; and she said, "Why don't the Christ-child speak to me? and say 'Be good, Gertrude—be

good, Heinrich.'" "The Christ-child can't speak, can he, father?" said the children, addressing the gentleman, who had brought the poor little ones from their cold dismal home, into fire-warmth and gladness. "Yes, my children," he replied, "he speaks inside your hearts; and he says ever, Be good; love one another."

They had a happy time there, at the Father-House and the Mother-House, that merry Christmas day! I wish all the poor children were brought from all the dark holes of the world into such a pleasant home. The wife of the gentleman had a beaming face and very friendly eyes. She took little Gertrude and Heinrich by the hand, and calling two or three of the older children to help her, she led them to the bathing rooms, and washed them, and combed their hair, and dresssed them in cheap, but very neat clothes. When little Gertrude came out of the bath, the water made her hair twist into curls, and the golden ringlets fell all round her innocent face. She looked first at herself, and then at Heinrich in his new garments, and then she clapped her little hands and laughed. When they went back to the large room, she stroked her clean apron with great satisfaction, and Heinrich kept

thrusting out his feet to look at his new shoes. Never were two children so happy. The poor mother had some nourishing food prepared for her, and was persuaded to take a bath, and dress herself in clean garments. It was very affecting to see her gaze upon her children. She had never seen them so happy before, and therefore she never knew how beautiful they were. Then came the remembrance of their drunken father, and their own miserable dwelling; and while her mouth was smiling, her eyes were swimming with tears.

The children all sung a hymn together, before they went to rest; and all kissed the two kind people, whom they called Father and Mother. As they parted off to their different rooms, sweet little voices were heard singing to each other, "Good night, good night." They all slept like dormice, until the bell woke them in the morning. Then they took a bath, and sang a hymn together. After breakfast, every one went to work, as busy as bees. Even the smallest child had something to do. At the end of two hours, they all had a run in the air, and came back to work till dinner time. "We like to work, about as well as to play," said Hans; "for you see our work *is* play. Each

boy does what he can do best, and he likes to do it. I like to weave baskets; and that boy there likes to cut images in wood; and that little girl knits famous caps. We choose some boy to carry these things to Hamburg to sell; and each of us likes to see how much we can earn." "Who do you earn the money for?" asked Heinrich: "is it for yourself?" "Not for ourselves, but for each other," replied Hans: "but you see that *is* for ourselves. If we can buy trees and grafts for our orchard, we all have more fruit; if we can buy bushes and seeds for our garden, we all have more flowers; if we can add to our library, we all have more pleasant books to read. We all give a portion of what we earn for our food and clothes, and a portion to the poor; and the remainder each gives as he pleases. One gives his toward buying some more books for the library; another toward maps for the school; another toward building an arbour, or a lattice for grapes; another to buy prints for our picture-room. We have bought two flutes and a clarionet, and a bass viol; and we hope we shall be able to buy a piano, some time or other. I put six cents a week into the piano treasury. Oh, it is a great deal pleasanter to work for a thing, than it is to have

it bought for you. When I hear the flute it pleases me to think I helped to earn that pleasure for all the others."

"And this man that you call Father, what makes him bring poor children here?" asked Heinrich. "Because he loves to do good and make everybody happy," answered Hans. "And if a boy won't work, does he flog him?" "Oh no, indeed," said Hans; "I have been here three years, and I never saw a whip, or heard a cross word spoken. Sometimes, children are lazy at first; but where they see everybody else working they want to work too; and they soon begin to feel uneasy, to be earning something toward the library, or the music-room, or the garden, or the play-ground."

"What does the Father do to stop the children from running away?"

"He makes them so happy they don't want to run away," said Hans. "I have heard him say, that when he came here, there were iron bars on the windows, and heavy bolts on the gates; but he took them all off. He says he don't want us held by any chains, but the chains of love. And we every one of us love Father and Mother so much, that we had rather cut off a finger, than do anything to grieve them. They

never scold at us, but if we do wrong, they seem very sad."

All this sounded very strange to poor Heinrich, who had seen so much fighting and quarrelling. It made him happy to hear his mother say that the good gentleman would try to persuade his father to leave off drinking, and come and live there too. It was several months before the drunkard could be persuaded to come. He thought it was all a trick to get work out of him for nothing. But he was very lonesome, and he had not the heart to take his children away from a place where they seemed so happy. When the summer came, he went out often to see his family; and when he looked at Heinrich with his wheelbarrow, weeding the garden, and Gertrude feeding the chickens, he could not help feeling thankful that they were removed from his dirty, stifled room in the city. One day his beautiful little daughter leaned on his knee, and looked up in his face with those large eyes, so plaintive and loving in their expression, and said, "Dear father, do come and stay with us always. It is so pleasant living here." The unhappy father caught her in his arms, and bursting into tears, said, "I will never get drunk again; I will never

swear again; I *will* be a good man, for your sake, my angel-child." He came next day to the Father-House, as it was called; and he was so steady and industrious, that he soon became the head gardener. He had been so used to scolding and swearing, that he once or twice said what he ought not to have said. But little Gertrude blushed for him, and Heinrich said, "Please, father, don't speak so here. You know the good man don't like to hear us speak any but kind, and pleasant, and clean words." And he would answer, "I did wrong, my son; but it was because I forgot." Thus did the little children take their father by the hand, and lead him to the angels.

And where was Wolfgang all this time? He was cursing, and swearing, and fighting. When the good Father went to Hamburgh, he several times tried to coax him to go back with him; but he always answered gruffly that he would rather stay as he was. At last, he was detected in stealing, and sent to prison, where he was treated severely, and kept company with many boys worse than himself. He came out with a heart much harder than when he went in. When the good Hans, son of the blind flute-player, tried to persuade him to go to the Father-

House, and be a better boy, he mocked at him, with his fingers on his nose, and then kicked him. But there was a soft place, in his heart, after all. Wolfgang once had a little twin sister, who died when she was about four years old. He loved that little sister more than he ever loved anything in the world. It chanced that Gertrude Ludwig came to Hamburgh one day, with several other little girls, and the good Mother, to sell flowers. When Wolfgang saw her standing with a bouquet in her hand, singing "Come buy my flowers," his first thought was to snatch the bouquet, and pull it to pieces. But then he remembered his little sister, and he thought Gertrude looked like her; and he could not do it. He lingered round them, as long as they staid. He thought of the prison he had lately left, and he wondered whether it was as pleasant at the Father-House, as Hans had told him. Gertrude had in her hands a garland which she had broken. She smiled at Wolfgang, and throwing him one end of the garland, in play, she said, "Come, Wolfgang, let me lead you to the Father-House. We will make you so happy there!" The innocent little creature did not know she was a missionary to the poor; but when the rough

boy gave her his hand, she jumped for gladness. She introduced him to the other children, as a new comrade, and they sung a welcome round him.

For a day or two, Wolfgang behaved tolerably well; but his evil habits were strong, and he soon began to be quarrelsome and mischievous. Heinrich was nursing a few currant-bushes in his garden, with great care. The bad boy dug them up by the roots, and when Heinrich came to look at them, he laughed and mocked at him. Heinrich grew very red in the face, and began to double up his fists. But, luckily, he remembered that the boys had been told to go to the Father-House and ask advice of their teacher, whenever they were in trou ble, or tempted to do anything wrong. Therefore, he did not say one word, but went straight to the Father, and told him the story. "You say you wanted to beat Wolfgang," replied the good man: "would that make him a better boy?" "No, sir," replied Heinrich; for he knew that beating never made *him* better. "Do you want to punish him, or do you want to make him a better boy?" asked the teacher. Heinrich hesitated; but finally answered, "I did want to have him punished; but I ought to want

to make him a better boy." "You have answered well," replied the Father. "I advise you to treat Wolfgang more kindly than ever, and make no allusion to what he has done. Offer to help him make his garden; and the next time you have fruit, or anything he particularly likes, give half your share to him. In the book I read to you, you know Jesus Christ says we must overcome evil with good. Let us try it with Wolfgang. The more evil he does to us, the more good will we do to him."

Heinrich promised that he would, and he went away glad that he had not struck his provoking companion. The next day, he helped dig Wolfgang's garden, and gave him some plants from his own. The rude boy was at first rather surly and ungracious, but his heart was touched; and when Heinrich came to him at sunset, with a basket full of berries, he could not help saying, "I am sorry I pulled up your currant-bushes. I only did it for fun. I will water them every day, and try to make them live." "Thank you," said Heinrich; and the two boys chatted pleasantly together, among the flowers. When Heinrich saw the teacher, he ran to him, and whispered in his ear "Father, the evil *is* overcome with good!

Wolfgang is sorry." A kiss and a smile were his reward; and he went bounding off, with a heart full of love and joy.

Wolfgang had formed very lazy habits, and he thought rich people were most to be envied because they could live without work. But the Father and Mother worked very industriously, and they taught all the children that God made everything to be useful; that he who did most for others was the noblest man; and he who made others serve him in his laziness, was the meanest man. Thus the boys learned to think it honourable to labour. They worked and played alternately, and did both with their whole hearts. By degrees, Wolfgang caught the spirit, and began to like work as well as play. He was very fond of music, and soon became ambitious to contribute toward a piano for the concert room. The teacher saw that he had uncommon gifts for music. He advised him to contrive some way of earning extra money enough to buy a flute; and the blind man offered to teach him to play upon it. I am glad Wolfgang will have a flute; for the sweet sounds will teach far gentler lessons, than the cursing and swearing in that dark alley. They will talk to him of worship and of tenderness, till his whole soul will be filled

with bird-warblings, and summer moonlight, and love for every helpless thing.

But habits of selfishness, once formed, are difficult to cure. Neither love nor music could make Wolfgang a good boy, without strong efforts. When he had been there a few weeks, he was one day detected in taking a small coin from the Treasury for Poor Children. Each one of the household put something into that box every week, to purchase books and clothing for those who came there destitute. Wolfgang had himself been clothed from that treasury; yet something evil tempted him to steal from it. The children were all very indignant with him, and many wanted to have him turned away directly. But the Father said to them, "Wolfgang has done this wrong, because he formed bad habits when he was small, and had nobody to teach him better. If we turn him into the streets, who will love him and pray for him? who will help him to grow good?" One little boy said, "Ah, we have all done so many wrong things, because we had nobody to teach us better." Another said, "Wolfgang lived nine years among bad people, and he has been here but a few weeks. We must give him time." Then a little girl burst into tears, and said

"Wolfgang's mother is dead. Let us all help him to be good." The teacher, deeply moved, said, "Whoever thinks as Mary does, may hold up the right hand." Every hand was raised. When the culprit saw this, he held down his head, and the big tears dropped on his feet. The good Mother said, "Let us sing together." And they sung a plaintive little song, that told how the mother loves her child, and wishes him to be good and happy. Every verse ended with the mournful chorus,

"But my mother died
A long, long time ago."

The poor boy could not bear this. He remembered how his mother used to kiss him; he remembered when she lay dead and could speak to him no more. He threw himself on the bench, and sobbed violently. The other children began to weep with him. The teacher said, "This is too sad. Let us sing a cheerful hymn together, and then we will go and play in the open air." But the good Mother took Wolfgang by the hand, and kissed him, and led him to her own room, where they talked together, till the stars were in the sky.

After that, Wolfgang was much changed

He became more gentle and obliging; he seldom spoke an improper word, and seemed perfectly honest. But his evil propensities were not quite conquered. He thought that blessed night that he should never want to do wrong again. But poor Wolfgang will sin and suffer more, before his soul becomes quite clean.

Two days before Christmas, he was chosen by the children to go to Hamburgh, to sell their baskets. Gertrude gave him particular instructions about a basket, which she had woven with great care. "Is it not pretty," said she, turning it round with delight: "I want it to sell well; for I mean to give every penny to the Christ-child, for poor children, who have no Christmas-tree." Wolfgang promised, and went away full of happiness and good resolutions. But in Hamburgh he met some of his old wicked associates. They teased him to give them a treat of cake and gin. When he refused, they called him stingy. When he told them the money was not his, they laughed at him, and asked him whether he hadn't done work enough out there, to have a little money to spend. Wolfgang was weak enough to feel ashamed when they made fun of him. After a while, he let them tease away the basket-

money, and spend it for gin, and cake, and marbles. He thought to himself that he would earn enough to make it up; but still he felt very unhappy. He tried to play with the boys; but an uneasy feeling troubled him all the time, and made his heart very heavy. The boys told him that he had lost all his spirit by living out there at the Father-House, and that he must drink gin and be merry. At first he refused; but they made fun of him, till he raised the hateful liquor to his mouth. He drank but one swallow, and set the mug down hastily. He remembered that he had promised the good Mother, that night when they sat together alone in the starlight, that he would never again taste of intoxicating liquor, and never steal again. When the boys saw that he did not drink, as he used to do, they raised a great shout, and mocked at him with their fingers, and cried, "Ah, you coward! you are afraid of the old tyrant at the Father-House!" "Say that again, if you dare!" shouted Wolfgang, doubling up his fist. "He is not a tyrant. He is a dear good father to all of us. He has been very kind to me. And I—and I—" He could not finish; but choking with emotion, he turned and ran away.

He took the road homeward; but after running a little way, he began to think that he had been too wicked to go back. "It is the first time they have sent me to Hamburgh," thought he, "and I have stolen their money, and drank gin, and doubled up my fist to fight. Poor little Gertrude! she was so ready to trust me; and now I am afraid she will cry about her pretty basket for the Christ-child. Oh, dear! I expected to have such a happy Christmas; and I could sing the tenor so well for the Christmas-hymn; and now I cannot go back—I cannot go back." He sat down on a rock, and cried a long time. Then he crept into a shed and slept under a heap of straw. The next morning, he skulked about, dreading to go to his old haunts, and not daring to go home. At last, the evening drew near; and it was Christmas Eve. In a few hours, the Christmas-hymn would be sounding at the Father-House, and the happy children would be gathering around the Christmas-tree. Again Wolfgang wept aloud; but this time something whispered in his heart, "Go back, poor erring child. They will forgive thee. Go, and sin no more."

The winter air blew keen and strong, but Wolfgang faced it bravely. He was in a

sad and thoughtful state of mind, and therefore the wind among the trees spoke mournfully, and the evening star seemed to look into the very depths of his soul. At last, he came in sight of the Father-House. The light of a blazing fire was streaming through the shutters, and the sound of the blind man's flute flowed through the evening air, like an angel's voice. Wolfgang spied a half-open shutter, and he crept timidly up, and peeped in, as well as he could through the frosty window-pane. The children were all around the flute-player, and two of the very little ones were dancing. The teacher stood among them, and played with castanets. Presently, the Mother came in. He could not hear what she said, but they all began to jump and caper, and he guessed she had called them to come and look at their Christmas-tree.

He guessed right. They all ran after the good Mother; and Gertrude, as she passed the window, saw a face peeping in. She started at first, but immediately arose the joyous cry, "Wolfgang is come! Wolfgang is at the window!" "He has done very wrong to stay so long in the city, and give us so much uneasiness," said the teacher; "but we will welcome him home. Let Gertrude

go out and invite him in; for she first led him to the Father-House." The little girl went out, much satisfied with her mission She did not come back soon, and Heinrich was sent for her. Presently they returned, and Gertrude said, "Wolfgang will not come in. He says he wants to see the Mother. When I asked him about my basket, he did nothing but cry." The Mother immediately went out, saying, "Wait a little for the Christmas-tree, my children. I will bring Wolfgang in." When the repentant child saw his kind friend coming toward him, he dropped on his knees trembling and weeping, and said, "Oh, mother, I have spent all their money, and drank gin, and doubled up my fist to fight; and I dare not go in to hear them sing the Christmas-hymn." "This is sad, indeed, my child," replied the Mother; "but you repent, and repentance always brings peace. Come in, and tell the whole story frankly. As they all sent baskets by you, they all have a right to know what you have done with the money." "I cannot. I cannot," said Wolfgang: "they will never forgive me. They have already forgiven so much." "And therefore can forgive more," said the Mother: "Come with me." She put his arm within hers, and led him in

But he slunk behind her, abashed, and stood gazing on the floor, until she whispered in his ear, "My son, is it not right to confess what you have done?"

Then, with many tears, Wolfgang told how he went away with good resolutions, how some boys, as bad as he used to be, tempted him, and how he had been weak enough to yield, though he knew it was wrong. "I have given them all your money," said he; "but I will not buy my flute, and I will work every minute of my play hours, till I earn enough to pay you."

When he had finished his story, the Father said, "Well, my children, what ought to be done to Wolfgang?" There was silence for a moment. Then little Gertrude said, "The Christ-child would forgive him." "And shall we forgive him?" asked the Mother. They all held up their hands. "And now," said the Father, "we will go to the Christmas-tree, and sing the Christmas-hymn. Come, Wolfgang, we are glad to have your voice to-night." The once rude boy was now gentle as a lamb. He covered his face with his hands, and said, "Oh, father, I am not worthy to sing the Christmas-hymn." "Then sing it, that you may become worthy, my son," replied the good teacher.

The Mother opened the wide doors of the dining-room, and there stood the Christmas-tree in a blaze of light, with ribbons and wreaths, and the smiling angel-image. Some of the children nestled close to the Mother's side, and privately put little presents in her hand, and said, "Please, mother, hang these on the tree for Wolfgang." And the Mother smiled and blessed them for their love.

When they sang the Christmas-hymn that night, Wolfgang's clear voice sounded distinct and strong; but when they came to the verse that told how Jesus forgave all injury, and ever returned good for evil, his voice quivered, and went silent.

When they were about to part for the night, the Father said, "Now, my children, I have something to propose to you. In a few days, we must send some more baskets to Hamburgh. Let us send them by Wolfgang, that he may see we trust him entirely. He must learn to meet temptation and resist it." "Oh, yes, we will trust him! we will trust him!" shouted many voices.

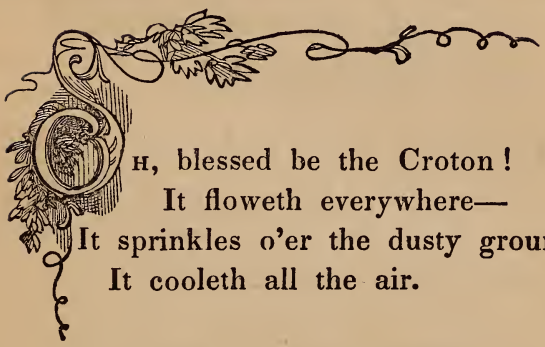
The offender dropped on his knees; but the teacher said, "Not to me, my child; not to me. Kneel before your Father in Heaven, who maketh his sun to shine alike on the evil and on the good." He kissed his

forehead, and the Mother led him to a room apart. There she laid his head on her bosom, and talked to him affectionately of his own mother, and of his little sister that died. She told him that through temptation and struggle, bad men become good, and good men become angels. She read to him some of the blessed words of Jesus; and they knelt down and prayed together for forgiveness and strength. In those sacred hours of love and prayer, the angels came into his heart, and he never after drove them away.

Thus did the spirit of Love lead those poor children out of that dark and dirty lane, and those dark and evil passions, into sunlight and peace.

# THE NEW-YORK BOY'S SONG

## TO CROTON WATER.



Oh, blessed be the Croton!
It floweth everywhere—
It sprinkles o'er the dusty ground,
It cooleth all the air.

It poureth by the wayside,
A constant stream of joy,
To every little radish girl,
And chimney-sweeping boy.

Poor little ragged children,
Who sleep in wretched places,
Come out for Croton water,
To wash their dirty faces.

And if they find a big tub full,
They shout aloud with glee,
And all unite to freight a chip,
And send it out to sea.

To the ever-running hydrant
The dogs delight to go,
To bathe themselves, and wet their tongues,
In the silver water-flow.

The thirsty horse, he knoweth well
Where the Croton poureth down,
And thinks his fare is much improved
In the hot and dusty town.

And many a drunkard has forgot
To seek the fiery cup;
For everywhere, before his face,
Sweet water leapeth up.

Then blessings on the Croton!
It flows for man and beast,
And gives its wealth out freely,
To the greatest and the least.

We city boys take great delight
To watch its bubbling play,
To make it rush up in the air,
Or whirl around in spray.

It is good sport to guide a hose
Against the window-pane,
Or dash it through the dusty trees,
Like driving summer rain.

Oh, blessed be the Croton!
It gives us endless fun,
To make it jump and splash about,
And sparkle in the sun.

And the Fountains in their beauty,
It glads our hearts to see—
Ever springing up to heaven,
So gracefully and free.

Fast fall their sparkling diamonds,
Beneath the sun's bright glance,
And like attendant fairies,
The shim'ring rainbows dance.

White and pure their feathery foam,
Under the moon's mild ray,

While twinkling stars look brightly down
Upon their ceaseless play.

And all about the crowded town,
In garden, shop, or bower,
Neat little fountains scatter round
A small refreshing shower.

Perhaps some dolphin spouts it forth
To sprinkle flower or grass,
Or marble boy, with dripping urn,
Salutes you as you pass.

Then blessings on the Croton!
May it diminish never—
For its glorious beauty
Is a joy forever.

NOTE.—In former years, water was very scarce and very bad, in some parts of the city of New-York. But now an abundance of delicious water is brought from the river Croton, forty miles off It runs under-ground, in big iron pipes. In every street, are conductors, called hydrants, from which small streams flow continually.

# MANIKINS;

## OR, LITTLE MEN.

In 1741, one of the most remarkable dwarfs ever seen was born in Lorraine county, France. His parents were absolutely frightened at his extreme smallness. His head was no bigger than a large nut, and his cry was as feeble as the squeak of a mouse. His mouth was so small that they were at a loss how to feed him; but by means of a very small silver tube, they at last contrived to give him a drop or two of luke-warm milk at a time. He was carried to church in one of his mother's wooden shoes, to be baptized. No one thought it possible that he could live; but he did live, and grew stronger every day. His size, however, increased but little. He

was never more than twenty-six inches high, and weighed fifteen pounds. His hands and feet were like those of a doll, and his little round fresh face was no bigger than an apple. He was a very lively and animated child, and before he was a year old, could walk very well. His mother did not dare to let him run about the house, for fear he would get lost, or run over; but his father arranged a line of boards for him, along which he would run like a squirrel.

He was exceedingly slow in learning to speak. At six years old, he could not articulate a single word. His parents were poor and very ignorant, and they thought that witches, or wicked fairies, had made him silent, and prevented him from growing. He was exceedingly sweet-tempered, affectionate, and generous. He was passionately attached to his family, and loved every little bird and lamb. As soon as he could walk, he was eager to be up early in the morning, that he might go into the lower court, with his little basket full of grain for the chickens. He would ask for bread continually, that he might crumble it up for the ducks and birds. If the greedy turkeys came after it, he would chase them away with a stick, though they were bigger than

ne was. An old goose and a sheep, on his father's farm, became so much attached to the kind little fellow, that they would follow him everywhere. The sheep would allow him to climb upon her back, and sit there by the hour together. If his mother allowed him to go to one of the neighbours to play, the goose would follow him, and watch every step with as much care, as if she were conscious that such a little person was exposed to unusual dangers. She would never allow a strange dog to come near him; and even if she saw one at a distance, she would stretch out her long neck, with hisses, to drive him away.

As he grew older, his parents allowed him to run about in the fields with his sheep and goose. Breathing the fresh air continually, and accustomed to constant exercise, his little face was blooming as a rose, and his well-formed limbs were remarkable for pliancy and gracefulness. People came from far and near to look at him; and they never could sufficiently admire his pretty little figure, and lively motions.

At last, his fame reached the ears of Stanislaus the Benevolent, then Duke of Lorraine, and afterward King of Poland. This prince heard such marvellous accounts of

the dwarf, that he sent to have him brought to court. His father packed him away in a rush basket, and covered him with leaves, as he would a rabbit. When he presented himself at court, the duke said, in a disappointed tone, "Why have you not brought your famous little son?" The villager took off the napkin that covered his basket, and little Nicholas immediately popped out his head, and jumped on the floor. The duke was so delighted with this remarkable child, that he wanted to keep him always. He found it hard to coax his father to part with him, but his very liberal offers at last induced him to consent. Thinking the prince would do more for the boy than he could, he left him at court, and went homeward with many tears.

All the lords and ladies caressed little Nicholas exceedingly, and overloaded him with sweetmeats and playthings. But the poor little fellow was very homesick. The richly dressed ladies did not seem like his own fond mother; and he liked a thousand times better to ride on the back of his sheep, than to be shut up in the Duke's grand carriage. He would not run, sleep, or eat. He became sulky, and took no interest in anything He would not try to say a word, except

"mamma, mamma;" and this he repeated, in a most mournful tone, through the whole day, and the long, long night. This continual unhappiness, with want of food and sleep, made him very ill, and they feared he would die.

He was too weak to be carried home, and the prince sent a messenger for his mother. The moment the poor child heard her well-known voice, his eyes sparkled, and his little pale cheeks flushed with joy. Feeble as he was, he sprang out of bed, and rushed into her arms. He could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment, and would sleep nowhere but on her lap. Under her affectionate care, he soon became strong and lively as ever.

He had never been to school, and his utterance was extremely imperfect. The prince offered him all kinds of playthings, if he would learn to read. He tried to do as they wished, but he could never remember anything except the vowels. He called all the consonants B; and he took such a fancy to that sound, that he used it to ask for almost everything he wanted. For this reason, he was generally called Be-Be, though his real name was Nicholas Ferry.

It was evidently of no use to trouble his

little brain with learning; for it was not big enough to hold it. In dancing, he succeeded much better. He soon became remarkable for the swiftness of his movements, and for all manner of graceful gambols. They taught him to handle a little gun very dexterously; and large companies often assembled at the castle, to see the manikin, in grenadier's uniform, jumping, vaulting, and fencing, upon a large table.

One day, the duke made a grand dinner, and invited many distinguished lords and ladies. The principal ornament of the table was a large pie, in the shape of a citadel, with towers, turrets, ramparts, and sugar artillery. When the first course was removed from the table, a band of musicians struck up a lively tune. Up jumped the pie-crust, and out started little Nicholas, holding a brace of the smallest pistols that ever were seen, and flourishing a little sabre over his head. The guests, being entirely unprepared for his appearance, were startled at first, but they soon enjoyed his frolics highly. When the dessert came on, he very gravely returned to stand sentinel at the pie, where he was pelted with sugar-plums, till they were piled up as high as his shoulders.

This adventure of the pie made Be-Be

more famous than ever. Painters took his likeness, and poets made verses about him. Other princes envied the duke the possession of such a curiosity, and privately offered large sums of money to any one who would decoy him away. Sometimes the servants of visiters, under the pretence of play, would put him in their pockets; or the sentinel, as he ran along the gallery, would cover him with his cloak; or the postillions would coax him to creep into their great boots, which they would tie together, and sling over their shoulders. He would let them play with him a little in this way, but as soon as he suspected something more serious than fun, he would utter such shrill cries, that they were glad to release him.

Stanislaus was, however, afraid that he would be stolen, sooner or later. He therefore ordered a number of pages to follow him wherever he went. Be-Be did not like this. He had been so much accustomed to run about the fields with his goose, that it annoyed him not to be able to stir a step without a sentinel at his side. He became melancholy, and ill. The duke, in order to divert his mind, ordered a little castle to be built for him on wheels. It contained a parlour, sleeping chamber, dining hall, and even

a little miniature garden, with flowers, trees, and fountains. The chairs, tables, beds, and time-pieces, were all adapted to his size. A small billiard-table, and a great variety of games, were prepared for him. A collection of animals, extremely small of their kind, were arranged in this pretty little hermitage. Sparrows, linnets, and wrens, hopped about in cages of ivory and silver; a little greyhound, not much bigger than a squirrel, ran from one room to another; and the Empress of Russia sent a pair of snow-white turtle doves, no larger than the smallest species of sparrows.

A company of well-behaved little children was likewise formed for his amusement, and called the Joyful Band. These affectionate attentions made Be-Be very glad, and he chattered thanks very earnestly, in his queer little language. It was funny to see him receive his small guests at dinner, and imitate the manners of a great man. He was extremely affectionate and gay, but he had strict ideas of politeness and good order. One day, a member of his little band became too noisy in his play, and awakened the duke, who was sleeping in his arm-chair near by. Be-Be insisted that he should do penance for his fault, by sitting on a foot-

stool at the door of his little palace, and eating his dinner alone.

On one occasion, a famous dwarf came from Polish Russia to visit him. His name was Count Boruwlaski. He measured just eight inches when he was born, and at thirty years old was only thirty-nine inches high. His mother was very poor, and had a large family of children. She gave him to the Countess Humiecka, with whom he travelled into various parts of Europe. In Turkey, he was admitted into the seraglio, and the women who live secluded there were as much amused with him as with a living doll. Everybody petted and caressed him, and he was universally called Joujou, the French word for plaything.

In Austria, he visited the empress, Maria Theresa. Her daughter, Maria Antoinette, afterward the unfortunate queen of France, was then only six years old. The empress drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on the miniken finger of Joujou. At Paris, he was received with great attention. A wealthy gentleman there gave him a dinner, at which all the plates, knives and forks, and even the eatables, were adapted to his size. In the course of his travels, he visited the court of Stanislaus, and was introduced to

Be-Be. In the latter part of his life, he visited Lapland and Nova Zembla, where the people crowded to see him night and day, so that he could get no chance to sleep. The savages devoutly thanked the sun for showing them such a little man; and he to thank them played them tunes on his small guitar. After many wanderings, he settled in England, and lived to be an old man.

Be-Be received Joujou with his customary politeness, and made his visit as pleasant as possible. It must have been a funny sight to see these little fairy men doing the honours to each other.

Be-Be was distinguished for neatness as well as courtesy. One day, when he was playing ball, he broke a glass lamp, and spilled the oil on his clothes. He tried to wipe it off, and seeing the spot spread, he begged earnestly for a pair of scissors, to cut it out. Being refused, he sobbed out, "Oh, how wretched I am! What will my good friend say, when he sees me so dirty?"

He was extremely generous. He had a great many jewels and beautiful playthings given him, but almost always gave them away, to the children who visited him. He liked nothing so well as a purse full of small bright money; for he delighted to walk on

the balcony, and throw it to poor children, who came there to catch it. Sometimes, he would roll up a crown in a paper with his sixpences, and throwing it to the raggedest little beggar, would cry out, "Catch it quick! it is for you."

Whenever he had a gold piece given him, he put it in a box and locked it up, to send to his native village, for his dear brother Louis; who, by his generosity, became one of the richest farmers in the country.

Be-Be was mischievous sometimes, and liked to trouble the pages, who were ordered to keep watch over him. One day, he hid himself in the bottom of the kennel with his greyhound; and there the little rogue remained eating and drinking with his playfellow the dog, all day and all night. The page was scolded severely, and threatened with dismissal. Be-Be, hearing him weep, sprang out of his hiding-place, and embracing the knees of King Stanislaus, entreated him to forgive the page, for he only was to blame.

He was always remarkable for the loving disposition, which characterized his infancy. Among the boys who visited him, was a little fellow about seven years old, named Zizi. Be-Be was so fond of him, that he

wanted to give him everything. He made him a present of his little gold watch, not bigger than a ten cent piece, containing his miniature set with gems. This watch was marked with only five hours, because the little man could never learn to count higher than five.

His favourite Zizi died of small-pox, after a very short illness. They were afraid to tell Be-Be, for fear his tender little heart would break with grief. Every hour in the day he would ask, "Where is Zizi? Why *don't* Zizi come?" He and Zizi had often talked together about the goose and the sheep that he loved so well; and at last, he took it into his head that Zizi had gone to his native village, to bring the goose and the sheep. Every day, he laid aside half of his cake, fruit, and playthings, for his beloved comrade; and to the day of his death, he always expected to see Zizi come back with his old friends, the goose and the sheep.

When King Stanislaus went to Versailles, to visit his daughter, he took Be-Be with him. There, as elsewhere, he was a great favourite. The ladies caressed him greatly, and always wanted to have him in their arms; but if they attempted to carry him out of sight of the king, he would call

out, "My good friend, the lady will carry me away in her pocket!" and he would struggle, till they released him, and let him run back to Stanislaus.

The poor dwarf never seemed like himself after he returned from his journey. He became very sad, wanted to be alone, and wept much. Sometimes he would sit for two whole days, without even changing his position. He lost his appetite entirely. One lark was enough for two dinners; and in a short time he could take nothing but a little weak lemonade, and burnt sugar. His round, blooming face wrinkled very fast, and though not yet twenty-two, he looked like a very old man. He begged most earnestly to see the king before he died, but his benefactor was then absent at Nantz, and they could not gratify his wishes. He repeated his name almost every minute; and as he lay in his mother's lap, and raised his dying eyes to hers, his last words were, "Oh mother dear, I wish I could kiss once more the hand of my good friend."

When Stanislaus returned, he was deeply affected to find that his little favourite was dead. He caused his body to be embalmed, and buried with much ceremony.

There was a famous English dwarf, named Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619. When seven years old, he was only eighteen inches high; and he grew no taller than this till he was thirty years old; when he suddenly attained the height of three feet and nine inches. The Duke of Buckingham presented this dwarf to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First. At her marriage feast, he was brought upon the table in a cold pie, from which he sprang forth at a given signal, to the great amusement of the queen and her guests. He did not bear the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, so well as Be-be did. He became very petulant and tyrannical, and disposed to quarrel with every one who laughed at him. Being once provoked at the mirthfulness of a young gentleman, named Crofts, the foolish little fellow challenged him to fight. The young gentleman being much amused at the idea of Jeffery's fighting a duel, came armed with a squirt, instead of a pistol. This was merely intended for fun; but the bad-tempered dwarf became so angry, that he insisted upon a real duel. They met on horseback, to equalize their height as much as possible, and at the first pistol-shot Mr. Crofts fell dead. Poor little Jeffery was not wise

enough to know that this was much more like dogs or game-cocks, than like men endowed with reason and conscience. In the time of Cromwell's revolution, he escaped to France, to follow the fortunes of Queen Henrietta. He met with a variety of adventures. He was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers, and at another time by a Turkish pirate. He returned to England, in Charles the Second's time, where he was imprisoned on suspicion of being employed in some political intrigue. He died in prison at the age of sixty-three.

Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and a very little woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburgh, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.

The most remarkable dwarf of modern times is Charles S. Stratton, called General Tom Thumb. He was born at Bridgeport,

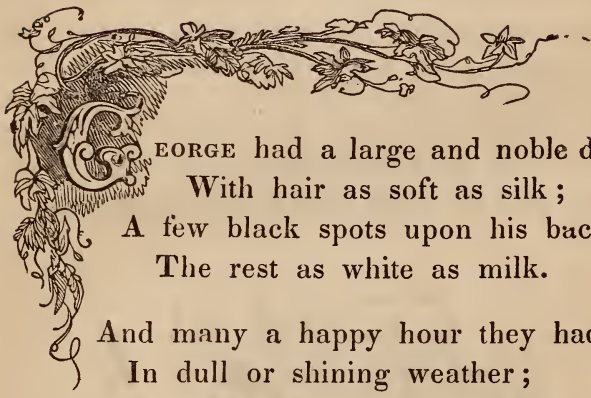
Connecticut, in 1832. He was a healthy, vigorous babe, and weighed nine pounds two ounces when he was born. At five months old, he weighed fifteen pounds; but at that time, from some unknown cause, he ceased to grow; and now, at the age of twelve years, he is a little miniature man, only two feet and one inch in height, and weighing but fifteen pounds and two ounces. His head is rather too large for his body, but his limbs are well proportioned, and he has the prettiest little feet and hands imaginable. He has been taught to perform a variety of exploits, and has been exhibited at nearly all the museums in the United States. He has a great variety of dresses, military, naval, &c. It is extremely droll to see him dressed up like Napoleon Bonaparte, and imitating his attitudes and motions, which he does to perfection.

Dwarfs, generally, have feeble voices. Tom Thumb's is weak and piping, like a very little child; but he sings a variety of small songs in a very agreeable manner. His boots and gloves are about large enough for a good-sized doll, and his little canes would answer for a small monkey. He has a little carriage, about big enough for pussy-cat to ride in; and into this a small

dog is fastened, with a very complete little harness. He has a house, too, about three feet high, into which he walks to rest himself, when he is tired of dancing a hornpipe for the amusement of spectators. He is a very lively child, and very winning in his manners. He makes a bow, and kisses his tiny hand, in the genteelest manner possible.

He has now gone to Europe, where he is very much caressed. Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, no bigger than a shilling; and Queen Victoria was so pleased with his performances, that she gave him a beautiful mother-of-pearl toy, set in gold, with flowers worked in enamel, and adorned with precious stones.

# GEORGE AND HIS DOG



GEORGE had a large and noble dog
With hair as soft as silk;
A few black spots upon his back,
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,
In dull or shining weather;
For, in the house, or in the fields,
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race,
Through fields of bright red clover,
And jump across the running brooks,
George and his good dog Rover.

The faithful creature knew full well
When master wished to ride;
And he would kneel down on the grass,
While Georgy climbed his side.

They both were playing in the field,
When all at once they saw
A little squirrel on a stump,
With an acorn in his paw.

Rover sent forth a loud bow-wow,
And tried to start away;
He thought to scare the little beast
Would be a noble play.

But George cried out, "For shame! for shame!
You are so big and strong,
To worry that poor little thing
Would be both mean and wrong."

The dog still looked with eager eye,
And George could plainly see,
It was as much as he could do,
To let the squirrel be.

The timid creature would have feared
The dog so bold and strong,

But he seemed to know the little boy
Would let him do no wrong.

He peeped in George's smiling face,
And trusting to his care,
He kept his seat upon the stump,
And ate his acorn there.

He felt a spirit of pure love
Around the gentle boy,
As if good angels, hovering there,
Watched over him in joy.

And true it is, the angels oft
Good little George have led;
They're with him in his happy play,
They guard his little bed.

*They* keep his heart so kind and true
*They* make his eye so mild;
For dearly do the angels love
A gentle little child.

# THE SQUIRREL

## AND HER LITTLE ONES.

BOY was once going home from school through the woods. It was very early in the spring time, and nothing green was to be seen, save some moss on the edge of a little brook, which ran along over the stones, talking to itself. As the boy went whistling along, with his satchel of books, and a small tin pail with his dinner, slung on a pole at his back, he saw by the new chips scattered about, that the woodcutters had been at work there, since morning. Looking round, he saw a large white oak tree lying on the ground. Thinking to make himself a whistle out of the green twigs, he set down his satchel and pail, and marched up to the tree. He soon discover

ed a large knot-hole in the trunk; and, boy like, he must needs peep into it. At first, he saw nothing but a little hairy bunch; but presently something began to move, and he saw that he had found a squirrel's nest. Here was a treasure for a school-boy! There were four little baby squirrels, their eyes not yet opened, curled up together on a nice warm bed of moss, in the old oak tree. He took them out, and put them in his tin pail, thinking to carry them home. But the boy had a very kind heart under his jacket; and the kind heart began to say to him, that when the mother of the squirrels came home, she would be in great distress to find her babies gone. So he packed them all in the hole again, and hid himself in a bush, that he might see what the old squirrel would do, when she came back and found her house knocked down.

Before long, he saw a gray squirrel running along the stone wall, with a nut in her mouth. She frisked down the wall, and over the ground, as swift as a bird; for she was in a great hurry to see her children. But when she came to the tree, she dropped her nut, and looked round in astonishment. She went smelling all about, then she mounted the stump to take a survey of the coun-

try. There she stood a moment, on her hind legs, and snuffed the air, with a look of great wonder and distress. Whether her sense of smell was so acute, that she discovered her little ones near by, or whether she remembered the familiar landscape, and the bark of the tree she had climbed so often, I know not; but she would not leave the spot. Again and again, she mounted the stump, stood erect, looked round keenly, and snuffed the air.

At last, a lucky thought seemed to strike her. She ran along the trunk of the fallen tree, and found her hole. You may depend upon it, there was great joy in the moss cradle! She staid a few minutes, long enough to give the little ones their supper, and then off she scampered on the stone wall again. The boy followed in the direction she went, and hid himself where he could watch. She came back shortly, took one of her young ones in her mouth, and set off at full speed, to the knot-hole of another tree. She came back again and again, almost as swift as the wind, and never stopped to take a moment's rest, till she had carried all four of her little ones to their new home. The boy followed her, being careful not to go near enough to frighten her; and he saw

her clamber up and place each one safely in a knot-hole. Afterward, when he went to drive the cows to and from pasture, he always went round by that tree; and when he saw the happy mother and her four little ones capering among the green leaves, or sitting upright on the boughs, eating, after their pretty fashion, he felt glad indeed that he did not rob the poor squirrel, who had been so careful of her young.

If the school-boy had known how to write poetry, he might have told his daily experience in verse like this:

"I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree;
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spoke unto those little things,
'Tis pleasant living here!"

The same boy afterward traded with another for a little squirrel, taken from its mother's nest before its eyes were open. He made a bed of moss for it, and fed it very

tenderly. It seemed healthy and happy, but never grew as large as other squirrels. He did not put it in a cage; for the kind-hearted boy thought that little animals, made to run and caper about in the green woods, could not be happy shut up. He knew it was not manly to be selfish about anything; and so he thought more of the squirrel's comfort, than he did of his own grief, if it should run away. Yet if he had lost his squirrel, he would have cried most bitterly. There was no danger. There is no cord so strong as that of kindness. The pretty little creature loved him too well to leave him. She would run after him, and come at his call, like a kitten. While he was gone to school, she would run off to the woods, to a favourite tree that stood near his path homeward; and there she would frisk round with the other squirrels, or take a nap in a knot-hole. If the weather was very warm, she would, according to the comfortable fashion of squirrels, make herself a bed of twigs and green leaves across a crotch of the boughs, and sleep there. When her friend came from school, he had only to call "Bun, Bun, Bun," as he passed the tree, and down she would come, run up on his shoulder, and go home with him for her supper.

If we always treated animals with tenderness, they would live with us in this free and familiar way. Would it not be beautiful?

I wish boys would learn to cultivate the spirit of the gentle poet Cowper, who thus addresses a little frightened hare, that took refuge in his garden:

"Yes, thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayest frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed;
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love."

# THE YOUNG ARTIST.

JOHN PAUL was born in a village of Massachusetts. His father died when he was very small, and his mother was poor. They lived far away from the road, in a little old house, half hidden with trees, lilacs, rose-bushes, and honeysuckles. All round the steps, peeped the bright little hardy flowers called Heart's Ease, Ladies' Delight, or Johnny-Jump-up. On an old post by the door, was a flower-pot containing a Perriwinkle, or Trailing Myrtle, its long green branches hanging almost to the ground, dotted with purple blossoms. At one corner of the old brown house, hung an Otaheitan geranium, in a basket, over which its light pendant foliage drooped gracefully, and moved about in the summer wind. At the other front corner of

the eaves, the barn-swallows had come to build for many a year. In the spring time their happy twittering might be heard all day long, as they went back and forth for little tufts of hair and wool.

The widow was fond of flowers, and loved dearly to see the still moonlight on the brook, and the sunshine on the distant hills. If she had been educated, she might have been a painter, or a poet. Without knowing it, she had made a sweet little picture, with her rose-bushes, her trailing myrtle, and her swinging basket of geraniums. People do not need to be rich, in order to have beautiful things. When a mind loves the beautiful things of nature, it makes all around it beautiful; and the birds, and the flowers, and the bees, all come to give their help.

The widow rejoiced in her children's love for flowers. John and Maria had small garden-beds of their own; and even little Fanny, though not three years old, would stick cowslips and dandelions in the sand, and call it her "darden." Great joy had they all, when, in the very early spring-time, they found the first Blood-Root blossom, or fragrant sprig of Wild Lilac, to bring home to their dear mother.

In rainy weather, their mother, if she was

not too busy, would sometimes make for them pretty little dogs and rabbits of yellow wax, which answered for playthings many a day. But these good little children did not play all the time. They were very industrious and helpful. Little Fanny had been lame from her infancy, and her brother and sister delighted to tend upon her. They might often be seen trudging over the hills, to the distant village store; John with baby in his arms, Maria with a big basket, and their little dog Pink running before, barking at all the geese and hens he met. Maria had a very sweet voice. When John was seated on the door-step, making hemlock brooms for his mother, and Fanny sat beside him, sticking the green sprigs into cracks, and Pink lay on the grass, with his nose up, watching for flies, she would sing to them like a bird, while she was helping mother wash the cups.

One day, when they were thus employed, a young gentleman who was rambling in the fields, heard her warbling voice, and came toward the house. He was an artist, and the beauty of the old moss-grown dwelling, embosomed in vines and roses, with the busy group about the door, at once arrested his attention. John heard somebody call Fanny

a pretty little darling, and looking up saw a tall, pale-looking stranger. After playing with the dog, and talking a little with the children, the traveller said the country was so beautiful that he had wandered farther than he intended, and with their mother's permission, he would gladly walk in and rest himself. He received a cordial welcome. The widow dusted a chair for him, John took his hat, and Maria brought berries and fresh milk to refresh him. He was very much pleased with this kind, cheerful family, and they were charmed with him. "I will be bound, sir," said the widow, "that the children always like you, wherever you go." He acknowledged that he was generally a favourite with little folks, for the simple reason that he loved them very much. Before he left, he told them he was staying at the village tavern, to take sketches of the country round about, and that he should like it extremely, if they would let him board with them a few weeks. The widow blushed, and said she was poor, and lived in too small a way to suit gentlemen. But the children cried out, "Oh do, mother, do;" and the stranger said, "Your small way of living seems to me very beautiful." So it was agreed that he might bring his portmanteau

the next day, and they would do the best they could to make him comfortable.

This visit added greatly to the happiness of the children, and had an important effect on their future lives. Mr. Page had read a great deal, and he told them much that they never knew before. He drew funny little faces, which greatly amused John. He cut paper figures for Fanny, and taught Maria new songs. From the twisted knotty boughs of an old oak, he fashioned a curious garden-chair, with the moss and bark on. John said the chair looked as if it were tipsy, and Maria said it was so twisted, that it seemed to be making up a face. This odd-looking chair, placed under the shade of a big tree by the side of the house, was Mr. Page's favourite seat. There he sat, finishing the landscapes that he sketched in his rambles. John, who had never seen any pictures, except in his spelling-book, used to gaze with wonder and veneration, when he saw hills, rivers, animals, and flowers, appear to start into life under his hand. His eyes brightened with joy when he obtained leave to roam in the woods with this new friend, or to accompany him in a light little boat, as he dodged about among the numerous green islands up and down the river. On such

occasions, little Fanny grew very impatient for them to come back, and Maria was careful to have their supper neatly spread, and everything looking bright, clean, and cheerful.

When the artist had been there about three weeks, he one morning surprised them with a picture of their own house, with the bushes and vines, the hanging geranium, the crooked garden-chair, and the children just starting off with dog and basket. John was absolutely beside himself with joy. He jumped up, and clapped his hands, and jumped again. "Oh, mother!" exclaimed he, "shouldn't you think our Maria was just going to speak? and was there ever anything so like as little Fanny? and as for the dog, he is best of all. I do believe if Mr. Page had put a pig in the picture, Pink would bark at it."

The artist was much gratified by these expressions of childish joy and wonder, and with the more quiet pleasure manifested by their good mother. He said it was painful to him to leave them; for he had never seen a place which he felt so strongly inclined to make his home. But business called him away, and he bade them farewell, with a hearty promise that if he lived and prosper

ed, he would try to do something for his favourite John. The poor boy had learned so much from him, and loved him so well, that he was too sad to attend to anything for several days after his departure. Maria often observed him standing by the mantelpiece, with his eyes fixed on a plate of peaches, which his friend had painted for him. His mother noticed that he often sat in silence, as if in deep thought; and even little Fanny said that brother John did not laugh and play as he used to do.

The fact was, this good boy had long had an earnest wish to do something for the support of his mother and sisters; and now a new thought had entered his brain. He could mould little rabbits in bee's wax, almost as well as his mother; and he began to wonder within himself whether he could ever paint as well as Mr. Page. When he went across the fields, he noticed more than ever how the bright sunlight struck across the hills, and left them half in shadow. When an apple or a peach was placed on the table, he observed that the light fell brightly on one point, and he guessed that was the reason why Mr. Page put a white spot on the peaches he painted. He did not tell his thoughts to his mother and sisters, for fear

they would think him a foolish boy. One day when he was going to the village to get a pair of shoes mended, his sisters, as usual, prepared to accompany him; but to their great surprise, he told them he wished to go alone. Maria did not complain, but when he had gone, she sat down and cried, and poor little lame Fanny cried with her. Their mother tried to comfort them, and told them doubtless John had some good reason; but they had been so accustomed to go everywhere with their brother, that they thought it very unkind in him to choose to go alone. Had Maria known his motives, she would not have been thus grieved. The fact was, John had collected all his money to buy a paint-box and brushes; and he wanted to keep it a profound secret, till he had tried his skill in painting.

About a mile off, their lived a wealthy gentleman, named Loring, of whom Mr. Page borrowed the boat for his excursions on the river. He had a son Thomas, with whom John had struck up an acquaintance, as he went to and fro with messages. Thomas took a great fancy to the joyful, well-mannered boy, and often loaned him books and playthings. John remembered having seen a paint-box in his room, with the cakes

of paint somewhat broken; and he thought he might possibly buy it with what money he had. He went to Mr. Loring's, and stated his wish so eagerly, that Thomas laughed heartily, and offered to give it to him. "But do tell me," said he, "why you are so very anxious for a paint-box." John blushed and stammered, and finally ventured to tell the hopes he had dared to form. His friend, instead of laughing at him, as he expected, entered very warmly into his plans, and told him he would do all he could to help him. Thus encouraged, John returned home with a light heart. He hid his paint-box in the trunk of an old tree, and kept the secret to himself. But he felt so happy, that he jumped about, and made faces at Fanny, and kissed Maria, and made Pink bark, till he set them all a laughing at his pranks.

Next morning, the enthusiastic boy rose very early, and having finished all his work, started for school an hour and a half earlier than usual. He stopped at the tree, and took out his precious box. His first attempt was to sketch a bunch of acorns lying on the ground; and though the drawing was rude, it was done remarkably well for a boy, who had had no instruction in the art. He was so occupied with his delightful employ-

ment, that he arrived at school nearly an hour too late. The teacher had many wild boys, and was obliged to make very strict rules. When John confessed that he brought no excuse from his mother for his tardiness, he ordered him to stand in the middle of the room for an hour. John had never before met with any disgrace at school, and he was very much mortified. For a little while, he resolved not to touch his brushes again; but when he passed the tree on his way home, he could not forbear stopping to look at his acorns; and when he had looked at them, he was tempted to try whether a few oak leaves would not improve them. Again he was so much occupied with his painting, that the school hour passed unheeded; and, dreading to go too late again, he spent the whole afternoon in the woods. But John was too honest a boy to feel satisfied because he was not found out in doing wrong. He acknowledged to his mother that he was making something, in which he was so deeply interested, that he had unintentionally gone to school too late, and had been punished for it; that he did the same thing in the afternoon, and then was afraid to go at all. His mother was very sorry, for it was the first time she had ever known him stay away

from school; but she knew her son so well, that she felt sure he had not been employed about anything wrong. She told him that his honesty in confessing his fault was a great comfort to her; that she felt the fullest confidence in him, and should not inquire what he had been doing, if he wished to keep it a secret. Being thus treated like a man, made him feel like a man; and he answered very warmly, "Thank you, mother. You shall know the secret very soon, and I promise not to be late at school again."

It required some strength to keep this promise; for work and school left a very small portion of the day for his favourite employment. But he never again neglected his studies, or had occasion to ask his mother for a written excuse for absence. By rising very early, and working hard, he generally found about two hours a day to make drawings. In the course of eight or ten weeks, he improved so much, that he thought he might venture to have Pink sit for his portrait. The dog, altogether unconscious of the honour intended him, followed his young master into the woods, and seated himself on a log, with his nose turned up in the air, as he was directed to do. John resolved that, if he succeeded in making a good likeness

he would carry it home, and surprise his mother and sisters with it. It was a long time before he succeeded in pleasing himself. The poor animal jumped down two or three times, and whined when ordered back again, to sit with his paws folded up, while the patient artist sketched and rubbed out, sketched and rubbed out, fifty times over.

John's head was so full of this business, that he found it very difficult to attend to his lessons at school. His teacher could not imagine what was the matter with the boy. One day, he gave him a simple sum in the rule of three, which he could easily have done, had his mind been on arithmetic. Two hours passed, however, and the sum was not finished. The teacher stepped that way, and looking over John's shoulder, saw in the very middle of the figures, the picture of a dog tossing up his head, as if to catch flies. The young artist was so intent upon finishing the bushy tail, that he was not aware of his master's presence, till he heard himself spoken to very severely. When called upon to give a reason for such conduct, he hung his head, and said he had forgotten his sum. The teacher did not believe it ever did any good to whip his scholars; but he was seriously offended, and told him he must quit

the school, unless he could be more attentive.

Poor John thought he had a great deal of trouble in trying to be a painter; but he was not discouraged. On his way home, he stopped at the tree, and put a finishing touch to his dog's picture. Thomas Loring was there waiting for him, according to promise. Never were two boys more delighted; one with the picture, and the other with the praises bestowed upon it. In high glee, they carried it home; and after much managing, and many sly glances between them, they succeeded in fastening it up against the wall, without being observed. Little Fanny was the first one to perceive it, and instantly called out, "Do look at Pinky! There he is, sitting on a log, to catch flies." Maria and her mother both exclaimed at once, "I declare it does look exactly like our Pink—the white spot on his neck, and all! Where *did* you get it, John?"

Thomas, with sparkling eyes, proclaimed that their brother painted it himself. A glow of surprise and delight went over the good mother's countenance; but an instant after, she said, half doubtingly, "Is he making fun of us, my son?" "Indeed I did do it, mother," he replied. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

The famous Benjamin West said that his mother's kiss made him a painter. John Paul might have said the same; for he never forgot the joy his mother manifested when she saw his first picture, and it helped him to persevere in overcoming many difficulties.

Thomas took the greatest possible interest in John's improvement. One day, as he was going home from school, he met him at the memorable tree, and surprised him with a present of oil-colours, canvass, and all the utensils needed by an artist. There happened to be a vacation about that time, and the boys resolved to spend much of it in the woods. But eager as John was to paint, he never neglected to pick up chips, chop wood, and bring water sufficient for his mother's use, before he set out on these pleasant excursions. Mr. Loring had heard such a good character of John, and was so much pleased with his frank countenance, and modest manners, that he was pleased to have his son spend most of his vacation with him. Never were happier holidays than the friends had. Sometimes Maria and Fanny carried their dinner to them in the woods, and sometimes John's kettle was packed in the morning, with bread and cheese, and dough-nuts, in real farmer's style. It was a pleasant sight

to see the two healthy, happy lads march off in the cool bright morning, Pink capering at their heels, and Maria, with Fanny in her arms, following to the very edge of the wood, to say good-bye.

One day, when they had been at work chopping brush all the forenoon, John resolved to spend the afternoon in sketching a landscape from where they stood. He proposed to have an early dinner, and that Thomas should amuse himself with finding nuts, or skipping stones in the little pond, while he was painting. "No danger but I will find enough to do," said the cheerful Thomas; and away he went, to drive some stakes into the ground, and find a piece of board large enough for a table. His pocket-handkerchief answered for a table-cloth, on which the provisions were spread with much taste, ornamented with green leaves and acorns. John, who was up in a tree, cutting dry branches, repeatedly called out to know what he was doing. "You'll know by and by," said Thomas, as he ran off with the keg, to fill it with fresh water at the spring. On his way back, he called out, in an exulting tone, "Come down now, John. Dinner is all ready." "It's a mighty great thing to get our dinner ready, to be sure," said John

"you had better imitate the African prince, who, before eating, causes proclamation to be made that all the world are invited to come and eat of his yam." He hastened, however, to obey the summons. But when Thomas came into the open space, whence their rustic table was visible, he stopped in utter consternation. There stood the mischievous dog, munching the last bit of cheese, while board and table-cloth, with its pretty wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, lay prostrate on the ground! Being naturally a passionate boy, he caught up a stick and chased poor Pink, who scampered off with the cheese in his mouth. John understood at a glance how the case was; and there he stood by the overturned table, with his hands on his knees, laughing till his cheeks ached. Thomas soon came back, his face red with vexation and hard running, and throwing down his stick, exclaimed, "The plaguy dog! I wish he had been to Bantam!" But when he saw John shaking his sides, he could not forbear laughing too. "Oh, it was worth forty dinners," said John, "to see you look as you did, when you took up that stick to chase the dog! I do believe I could paint that scene, it was so funny!" Thomas thought it was a happy idea; and the young artist ventured

to undertake the task. Vacation passed by and several weeks more, before the picture was finished; but when it was done, it was really a remarkable production for a lad of his age. There were great faults in the drawing, and the likeness was not very good; but the expression of disappointmen and vexation, and the dog impudently shaking the cheese in his mouth, were enough to make any one laugh.

Thomas was going to spend his long vacation in Boston, with his father, and he insisted upon carrying the picture with him. He had not been there a week, before a letter came from Mr. Loring, urgently inviting John to come to Boston, and promising to pay the expenses of the journey. This was a great event in the life of a country lad, who had never been out of sight of his native village. The whole family were busily occupied with fitting him out. Maria, though she had much to do, found time to knit a pretty purse for Thomas, and make a neat little melon-seed basket for his sister. These were the only presents they had to send; but they loaded John's memory with kind messages, and half-happy, half-tearful, they saw him depart on this important visit.

When the young rustic first entered Mr

Loring's elegant city mansion, he was dazzled and almost overpowered, by the rich furniture, the statues, and the paintings. But Thomas was so rejoiced to see him, and Mr. Loring put his hand on his head so affectionately, and bade him welcome in such a kind voice, that he soon felt it was only another kind of home. As for politeness, John had no occasion to learn it as an art; for the modest and the gentle are polite by nature.

A few days after his arrival, Mr. Loring proposed to the boys to accompany him to the Athenæum, where a large collection of pictures are exhibited. Our self-taught artist, who had seen no pictures, was struck dumb with wonder. Had a stranger seen him staring round, he might have thought him a stupid boy. He staid very long, and even when the dinner-hour arrived, was extremely reluctant to go. As he passed near the stairs, he saw Mr. Loring shake hands with a gentleman, who said to him, "Did you say, sir, that this spirited little sketch was done by a country boy, who had received no instruction?" "I did," he replied. "May I ask his name?" The voice sounded familiar to John's ear, and his heart began to beat. "He is an old acquaintance of yours," an-

swered Mr. Loring, smiling. "No other than John Paul, the son of our neighbour in the fields. And here he is, to answer for himself." The meeting was a joyful one. Some one had placed in Mr. Page's hands the picture of the dog and the spoiled dinner; and he was both surprised and delighted to find that it was the production of his little rural friend. John blushed, and looked happy, and said modestly, that he sometimes hoped that he might one day become an artist; but if he ever did, all the thanks would be due to the kind stranger, who first showed him how pictures were made. Mr. Page afterward pointed out to him the faults of his drawing, and impressed it upon his mind, that though remarkable for a boy, it was still very imperfect. John had good sense enough to receive this instruction with even more thankfulness than he did the praise.

Mr. Loring was so much pleased with his modest deportment, and with his eagerness to improve, that he paid one of the best teachers, to instruct him in perspective. The art of perspective consists in drawing various objects in such a manner as to make the distances *appear* what they really are in nature, though the piece of paper is much too small actually to contain such distances.

The inside of a very large church may be represented on a sheet of letter-paper; and this effect is produced entirely by drawing the lines according to certain rules. The teacher had a good many curious specimens of perspective. When John entered his room, and looked through a small hole in a screen, as he was requested, he saw a pretty stair-case, winding, winding away, till it was lost in the distance. Through another hole, he saw a piano, one pedal of which seemed to have been slightly pressed down by the foot that rested on it. Through another, he saw the interior of a kitchen, with a cabbage cut in two lying on the table; an old basket just ready to tip off of the little shelf on which it stood; a towel hanging on a nail, &c. In another place, was to be seen a pretty little velvet ottoman, carelessly covered with cards, as if a child had been playing there. Some of the cards had fallen on the floor, and others looked as if a breath would make them fall.

"Are they not worth looking at?" asked Thomas.

"They are pretty indeed," replied John; "but the stairs and footstools in your father's house are a great deal handsomer. I don't see why these should be kept for a show."

Thomas laughed heartily, and told him there were no such things there, as winding stairs, piano, basket, or ottoman. They were all painted on the wall; but drawn so correctly, according to the rules of perspective, that they appeared exactly like real furniture. The teacher then came forward, and told them that there was one real article among the painted ones, and if either of them could tell, at one guess, which it was, he would give him a handsome penknife. They both tried, but neither of them guessed right. When John was informed that Mr. Loring had employed this gentleman to teach him the rules of perspective, he did not know how to express his gratitude; but in his own mind, he resolved to do it by making the most rapid improvement possible.

On their way home, the boys met Mr. Page, who invited them to go with him to see an engraver. John had a very imperfect idea how engravings were made, and he had a great curiosity to see it done. When they entered the room, Mr. Page pointed out to him a large plate of steel, with fine lines cut all over it. He saw that there were trees and children, but he could not clearly make out what it was, till the engraver held up a sheet of paper, and told

him it was an engraving taken from that plate, after the proper ink had been rolled over it. John gazed in astonishment; for there stood their little old house in the fields, with the trailing geranium, the crooked garden-chair, himself, and Fanny in his arms, Maria with her big basket, and Pink capering round them! Mr. Page smiled at his look of surprise, and asked him if he didn't remember the picture he painted, while he boarded at their cottage. "Indeed I do, sir," replied the enthusiastic boy; "for that picture was the first thing that made me want to be a painter." Mr. Page patted him on the head affectionately, and told him he should have one of the engravings, handsomely framed, to carry to his good mother.

After a delightful visit of six weeks, John went home, with wonders enough to talk about all winter. He was more diligent than ever to improve himself, both in his studies and his drawings; but he never neglected to perform every little service he could, for his mother and sisters. "I should have been perfectly happy in Boston," said he, "if I had not often thought how you would miss me; and that perhaps Maria would be tired lugging Fanny about; and your arms would ache bringing water from

the well, for washing." His mother kissed him, and said, "I am glad, my son, that all the praise you have had, and all the fine things you have seen, have not made you selfish, or forgetful of your daily duties."

"I would never touch pencil or brush again, if I thought they would make me grow selfish, lazy, or proud," replied the warm-hearted boy.

In the summer, Mr. Loring and his family were again in the country, and the boys had happy times together. When they returned to Boston, in the autumn, he proposed to take John with him, to attend school with his son. The mother, though sad to part with him, consented with a grateful heart. But John hesitated, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Should you not like to go?" inquired Mr. Loring. "I should indeed, sir," replied the good boy; "but my mother has need of somebody to chop wood, and draw water, and bring home stores from the village; and I am afraid it would be selfish to go."

"No, my good child," said his mother; "the best way to help me, is to improve yourself."

"And you know," said Thomas, "that you and I are going to make a nice little wagon of willow twigs, and a good strong

sled for Fanny, so that Maria will not need to carry her in her arms."

"So we will," said John; "and perhaps I can sell some of my drawings, and those little things cut in paper, which your father likes so much; and if I go, I will hire Tom White to come up every day to see that mother has wood and water, and that the snow is shoveled out of her paths. I do wish postage was not so dear; for I should like to write a letter home every day."

The good little fellow kept his word. If he had been thirty years old, he could not have been more thoughtful in taking care for his mother and sisters. He continues to improve very fast, and some people think he will make one of the best artists in the country. The strongest desire of his heart is to be able to earn enough to put his sisters to some good school. Maria and Fanny are as busy as bees, braiding straw for the same purpose. "I do not want my brother to work for us all the time," said the noble girl. "I will earn my own living, and I will help to support our dear mother, when she grows old."

"And I will help, too," said little Fanny.

"God bless you all, my good children," said the happy mother; and they were blessed.

# HOW THE BIRDS MAKE THEIR NESTS.

"Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills,
Birds are by the sea."

"Mark it well, within, without!
No tool had she that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; her little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished!"

ID you ever see a bird's nest, my young reader? I dare say you have, and have greatly wished that you could watch the pretty little creature, while she made it. There are a great variety of nests. Some birds make them

with much more neatness and ingenuity than others. There are the Ground-Builders, the Platform Builders, the Mining-Birds, the Mason-Birds, the Carpenter-Birds, the Basket-making-Birds, the Dome-Builders, the Cementers, the Weaver-Birds, the Tailor-Birds, and the Felt-making Birds.

Birds that build on the earth, or the floor, are called Ground-Builders. The Redbreast, the pretty little Song Sparrow, and the Yellow-winged Sparrow, build their nice little nests of dried grass, lined with horse-hair, close to the root of some protecting bush, or under the shelter of a high tuft of grass. The swamp Sparrow, and other little birds that love watery places, make their nests of wet grass, rushes, and sea-moss, often in the midst of a bunch of rank grass, surrounded by water.

The famous Eider-Duck, from which the warm eider-down is obtained, for our hoods and cloaks, builds near the sea-shore, under a Juniper bush, or a bundle of dry sea-weed. They make a rough matress of dry grass and sea-weed, over which the good mother spreads a bed for her little ones, of the finest and softest down, plucked from her own breast. She heaps it up, so as to form a thick puffed roll round the edge; and when

she is obliged to go away in search of food, she pulls the roll down, and carefully spreads it over the eggs, to keep them warm till she returns.

This down is so very light and warm that it brings a high price. One nest generally contains about half a pound, which sells for two dollars. In some parts of Greenland and Iceland, these nests are so thick, that you can scarcely walk near the sea-shore without treading on them. People steal the down, and the poor mother again plucks her breast, and patiently lines the nest anew. If again robbed, and she has no more down to give, the father-bird plucks his breast to line a cradle for his family. These birds often build in places so hard to get at, that men are let down by ropes, over steep precipices, to rob their nests of the precious down.

Birds that do not shape a hollow nest, but simply strew their materials on a flat surface, are called Platform-builders. The Ring Dove, or Wood Pigeon, merely lays a pile of twigs and leaves on the branches of an oak or fir tree. The Eagle builds his rude, strong nest of large sticks and sods of earth on the ledge of some high precipice. Storks spread twigs and straw on the roofs of houses,

the towers of old churches, and the columns of ruined temples. Almost every pillar among the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia, contains a stork's nest. In Bagdad, and other cities of Asiatic Turkey, nearly all the towers of the mosques are surmounted by a stork's nest; and the large bird, stretching up her long neck, looks like a carved pinnacle or ornament. The ancients considered the stork sacred, and in all modern countries visited by these birds, they are viewed with great tenderness. This is partly owing to their usefulness in destroying reptiles and vermin, and partly because they are so faithful and affectionate to each other. In winter, they go south, to Arabia, Egypt, and other warm countries; but the same mates return, year after year, to the same nests. In Germany and Spain, many families know their own particular storks, and the storks know them. It is considered great good luck to have them build on the house roof. In marshy districts, where they are particularly useful in destroying reptiles, the inhabitants often fasten an old cart-wheel on the top of a strong high post, and the storks are almost always sure to spread their nests upon it. The Turks hold them in peculiar veneration; and the storks understand their

attachment so well, that in cities abounding with foreigners, they will single out the Turkish houses to build upon. When the Greeks were at war with the Turks, they were unmanly enough to show their hatred by killing the storks. When remonstrated with for their cruelty, they answered, "It is a vile Turkish bird, and will never build on the house of a Greek." But if they had loved and protected the birds, I dare say they would have nestled on their houses.

Mining birds are those that scoop out nests in the ground. Bank Swallows cling with their sharp claws to the side of a sandy bank, and peck at it with their hard bills, as a miner would with a pick-axe. They bore little winding galleries two or three feet into the bank, slope them upward to keep out the rain, and at the end, place a nice little bed of hay and feathers. These birds live together in large flocks. Sometimes the face of a sand bank will be entirely covered with the round holes by which they enter their nests.

Owls, Puffins, and Penguins, burrow deep holes under ground, with many turnings and windings. They dig with their strong sharp bills, and scrape out the rubbish with their feet. In some unfrequented places, they

bore so many holes in the loose sandy soil, that it caves in, when a traveller attempts to walk over it. No doubt they are very neighbourly in such cases, and lend each other their houses, till repairs can be made.

Mason birds build with mud and clay, moistened by a kind of glutinous liquid from their own throats. Cliff Swallows go in flocks, and fasten a whole settlement of such nests under a projecting ledge of rock, or under the eaves of a house. They look like rough little jugs glued against the wall, with the open mouth outward for an entrance. Within, they are lined with dried grass. Though they have no shovels to mix their mortar, and no barrows to carry their sand, these industrious little creatures finish their houses in the course of three days.

The Window Swallow is so called because she likes to place her nest in the corners formed by the brick or stone work of windows. She makes it of mud or clay, with little bits of broken straw kneaded in, to make it tough. As she builds against an upright wall, without anything to stand on, she is obliged to cling tight with her sharp claws, and steady herself by pressing her tail against the wall. In this way, she lays a foundation, by plastering her materials

against the brick or stone. She frequently goes away, to leave her masonry a chance to dry; and when it becomes hard enough not to fall by its own weight, she adds a little more. People sometimes place scallop shells near their windows, to induce the sociable little creatures to come and build. They often nestle in them; but, for fear of a tumble, they are always careful to make a substantial ridge of masonry underneath the shell. A pair of these birds built, for two successive years, on the handles of a pair of garden shears, stuck into the boards of an outhouse. They line their little cradles with straw and feathers, or moss interwoven with wool.

The Barn Swallows, of this country, are as universal favourites as the Window Swallows are in England. They build among the rafters and beams of barns and sheds, and fly in and out when the farmer is tending his cows, without seeming the least afraid. They make a plaster of clay and bits of fine straw, and in some snug corner of the rafters they fashion a little cup-shaped nest, warmly lined with fine bits of hay, hair, and feathers.

"Often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,

Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows."

Sometimes twenty or thirty swallows will build side by side, in the same barn. They never quarrel, but seem to live together in most happy friendship. I once watched a pair of swallows, while they were making their nest, and feeding their young. It was great joy to me to hear their happy voices, as they flew in and out with straws and feathers. The father-bird was very kind and attentive to his mate. When he found a particularly large and downy feather, he would bring it to her in a great hurry, and pour forth a gush of song, as if his little heart were brimful of love and joy.

But the neatest nest is made by the Song-Thrush. In some hawthorn-hedge, holly-bush, or silver-fir, she lays a foundation of feathery green moss, which she fashions into a rounded wall, by means of grass stems and bits of straw. Round the edge, she makes a thick band, to keep all in place. When the frame is completed, she lays on the inside a thin coating of yellow plaster, which is hard, water-proof, and as smooth and polished as a tea-cup.

NEST OF THE SONG THRUSH.

In South America, a bird, called the Baker-bird, makes a nest shaped like a baker's oven, on the leafless branch of some tree, a high post, or a crucifix. It is made of mortar, which the birds carry in their bills, in small pellets, about as big as a filbert. The interior is divided into two rooms, by a partition

of the same mason-work. A bed of dried grass is spread for the eggs. These nests last more than one season, and are so convenient that swallows, parroquets, and other birds, are apt to go in and take possession, and the builder has trouble to drive them away.

You have probably seen, in museums, tall scarlet birds from Africa, called Flamingoes. These birds build, in the marshes, hillocks of mud and slime, as high as their long legs. The base is broad, and a little hollow is left at top for their eggs, which they hatch standing. They look awkwardly enough, straddling across their mud hillocks.

The Carpenter-birds cut places for themselves in the trunks of trees. The strongest and most active of them are the Woodpeckers, of which there are several species. They have short bills, very sharp and hard. When they find a suitable tree, the father-bird begins to cut a hole, as round and smooth as if made by a carpenter's tool. While he rests, the mother does her share. They carefully carry away all the chips they make; probably to avoid drawing attention to the nest. The entrance is just big enough for the bird to pass through. It slopes downward, and terminates in a sizeable little room,

as neat as if finished by a cabinet-maker Some species make it eighteen or twenty inches deep, others three or four feet. But notwithstanding the pains they take to place their little ones in safety, an ugly snake sometimes gets in and eats them up; and if a naughty boy pokes in a stick, to disturb the poor little woodpeckers, he sometimes starts out a great black snake.

The House-Wren is a great pester to the Woodpecker. Though a very small bird, she is very noisy, pert, and mischievous. If she finds a nice little nest of the Blue Bird, in the hole of an apple-tree, or among the box in the garden, she watches till blue bird is absent, and then pulls her nest to pieces, as fast as her little bill can work. When a woodpecker begins his house, she watches till she thinks he has made a hole deep enough to suit her purpose, and then, while he has gone to carry off his chips, the impudent thing walks in and takes possession. I once saw a very amusing contest between these birds. The wren stole a nicely chisseled hole, and began to make her nest. While she was gone for food, the woodpecker came back, and pitched all her twigs and feathers out of doors. The wren kept up a shrill scolding about it, and as soon as the wood-

pecker left her hole, she carried back all the straw and feathers. But the moment she left her stolen tenement, the woodpecker tossed them all out again. Birds of various kinds and sizes gathered round, to witness the quarrel, and made as loud a chattering about it, as if they had called an extra session of Congress to settle the dispute. At last, the woodpecker went off to cut a hole in another tree. If the wren had known where he went, I dare say she would have followed him, and turned him out of his own house again.

The purple Martins, for whom we build such pretty little martin-boxes on our barns and outhouses, are likewise much plagued by the bustling, scolding little wren. She quarrels with the martins, breaks up their nests, while they are away from home, and takes possession herself. A gentleman who watched one of these fights, says the martins, at last, went into the box when the wren was absent, and built up the opening with clay and straw, so that she could not get in. The wren, after sputtering and tearing round for two days, finally went off, and left the martins in peace.

The House Wren seems to be in America a bird of the same character as the House-

Sparrow in Europe; of whom Mary Howitt writes:

> "At home, he plagues the martins with his noise—
> They build, he takes possession and enjoys;
> Or if he wants it not, he takes it still,
> Just because teasing others is his will.
> From hour to hour, from tedious day to day,
> He sits to drive the rightful one away."

The Basket-making birds weave sticks and twigs together like a little basket, and line it with a nice soft matting of fine fibrous roots. The Blue Jay, the Bulfinch, the Mocking Bird, the Solitary Thrush, and several other small birds, build in this way. But none of them makes a neater nest than the Blue Linnet, or Indigo Bird. She swings her pretty little cradle between two stalks of corn, or strong high grass, around which she fastens strips of flax, woven into a basket-work frame, and lined with fine dry grass.

The Reed Bunting builds among reeds in a similar way.

Crows make a clumsy basket-nest, of twigs and black-thorn branches, with the thorns sticking out all round. Within is a soft bed of wool, or rabbit's fur.

Rooks make a frame-work similar to their cousins, the crows, and line it with a basket-work of fine fibrous roots. These birds live

NEST OF THE REED BUNTING.

together in flocks. In England, whole groves of trees may be seen loaded with their nests. They are likewise fond of building among the spires and battlements of old Gothic buildings. Sometimes a young couple wil

pilfer from an old nest, to save themselves the trouble of flying far for sticks and twigs. As soon as the rooks find this out, they gather together, and show their displeasure by pulling the stolen nest to pieces. Their dislike of such thievish neighbours is so strong, that when they try to rebuild their nest, one is obliged to stay and guard it all the time, while the other goes for materials. But when the mother begins to lay her eggs, the neighbours cease to molest them, and leave them to bring up their brood in peace.

Of all the basket-makers, the Sociable Grosbeak of Africa seems the most remarkable. These birds cover the boughs of an entire tree with a roof made of Boshman's grass, so firmly basketed together that not a drop of water can get through. It slopes, like an umbrella, to carry the rain off. All round the eaves of this canopy are a multitude of little nests, so close together, that the same opening sometimes answers for two or three families.

Birds which make their nests with an opening at the side, instead of the top, are called Dome-Builders. In hot countries they are more apt to build so; probably for the sake of a roof to shield them from the sun. The European wren builds a beautiful little

nest in this way, of green moss lined with hair. It looks like a common bird's nest standing up on end.

The Hay Bird builds a loose nest, in similar fashion.

HAY-BIRD'S NEST.

The American Marsh Wren makes a very strong and ingenious nest. It is formed of wet rushes mixed with mud, well intertwisted, and moulded into the form of a cocoa nut. A small hole is left in the side, and the upper edge projects over the lower, like a penthouse to keep off the rain. The inside is

lined with fine soft grass and feathers. It is generally suspended among strong reeds, above the reach of the tide. It is tied so fast that the winds cannot blow it down, and when hardened by the sun, it will stand all kinds of weather.

The Magpie makes a loose irregular fabric of thorny branches, and builds a dome over her nest with the same material. The opening is small, and the thorns sticking outward form a prickly fence all round. Inside is a bowl of well-wrought clay, as much as a foot deep, lined with dry grass and fibrous roots. Even the fox, with all his cunning, would find it difficult to get at her treasure. Magpies are great thieves, and take a particular fancy to shining things, such as buttons, spoons, and rings, which they carry off and hide in their deep nests.

There is a British bird called Jack-in-the-Bottle, or Bottle-Tit, because he builds a long, bottle-shaped nest, with the mouth tipped downward, so that the large round end forms a nice overarching dome for his little ones. It is made of white and gray lichens, lined with moss, wool, and cobwebs, closely felted together, and covered with an abundance of feathers.

Some birds are called Cementers, because

they form their nest of a kind of cement. The most remarkable of these is a small gray bird in China, called the Esculent Swallow. They build in deep caves near the sea-shore, and their nests are firmly glued against the rock. They are of a substance like isinglass, supposed to be manufactured by the birds from a glutinous kind of fish-spawn, that floats on the surface of the sea. They are called Edible Nests, because epicures like to eat them in soup or broth. Before they have been used by the birds, they are very white and clean, and in that state often sell for more than their weight in silver.

Of the Weaver-Birds the best workman is the Baltimore Oriole, likewise called the Golden Robin, and Fiery Hanging Bird, on account of the flaming brilliancy of her feathers. Of flax, hemp, or tow, she weaves a strong cloth-like nest, hangs it from a forked twig, and sews it firmly with long horse-hair. They will carry off skeins of thread, and strings from the grafts of trees, to weave into these curious nests. Near the top, there is a hole for entrance. The inside is lined with soft substances, and finished with a neat layer of hair. One of these ingenious birds, having found an old epaulette, pulled it to pieces, and wove a nest of silver wire.

"The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowery twig 'twas curled—
The bird can show you how."

This glittering nest was shown as a great curiosity; but I don't believe the young birds found it any more comfortable, or liked it any better, than one made of tow.

The Hindoos are much attached to a docile little bird called the Bengal Sparrow. She weaves grass into a bottle-shaped nest, hung on the highest tree she can find; usually a Palm, or an Indian Fig-tree. The entrance is at the bottom, as a security against snakes, and other creatures of prey. It is fastened very securely to the twig, but swings about in the wind. The interior consists of two or three chambers, against the walls of which they fasten, in moist clay, the brilliant fire-flies of India. The Hindoos believe they do it to light their rooms. Whether this conjecture be true or not, it is a well established fact that they do fasten these luminous insects inside their nests; and if taken away, they immediately procure others. These knowing little birds can be taught to fetch and carry notes from one house to another; and if a ring be dropped over a well, they will, at a given signal, dive with

astonishing swiftness, and catch it before it touches the water.

Felt-Making Birds manufacture their nests of moss, leaves, and wool, closely felted together, into a substance like that made by hatters. The English Chaffinch and Goldfinch build such nests in the fork of a tree,

NEST OF THE GOLDFINCH.

with a neat lining of smoothly woven hair Canary Birds make a felted nest, in the crotch

of an Orange tree, and line it with the hair of deer or rabbits, if they can find it.

Tailor-Birds are those that sew their nests together. The Orchard Starling of the United States, makes a nest of long tough grass, sewed through and through in a thousand directions, as if done with a needle and thread. It is lined with button-wood down, and almost always suspended from the twig of an apple-tree.

The Tailor-Bird of the East Indies, by the help of her long pointed bill, and the fine flexible fibres of plants, sews two large leaves firmly together, and makes inside a nice little bed of cotton-down and feathers.

The dear little Humming-Bird makes a jewel of a nest, about an inch in diameter. The outside is of the bluish-gray lichen, so common on old trees and fences. Inside is the down of mullein, fern, and other plants, closely felted together, and laid as smoothly as a carpet. It contains two pure white eggs, not much bigger than large peas. This cunning little nest looks like a knot of moss on the branch of a tree.

In Africa, there is a small bird, called the Cape-Tit, which felts together a species of cotton-down into a fabric as thick as a stocking. It is shaped like a bottle, and near the

top is a snug little pocket on the outside, for the father-bird to sleep in. If both the birds go away at once, they beat the opening of the nest with their wings, till they felt it together, and thus close the entrance completely. This is their way of shutting the nursery door and taking the key.

Can any boy read how much pains these pretty creatures take to make a safe and comfortable home for their little ones, and not resolve that he will never do harm to a bird's nest? I hope not. I would almost as soon steal a baby in its cradle, and leave the poor mother to grieve, as I would rob a bird of her nest, or her eggs. They have little hearts, that ache as ours do, when anybody kills those they love. Sometimes they even die of grief. The poor little things!

A very good man, named John Woolman, tells this story of himself: "Once, in my childhood, as I went to a neighbour's house, I saw, on the way, a robin sitting on her nest. As I came near, she went off; but having young ones, she flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till one struck her, and she fell down dead. At first, I was pleased with this exploit; but after a few minutes, I was seized with horror, because

I had, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful of her young. When I beheld her lying dead, I began to think how those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of a mother to feed them. After some painful reflection, I climbed the tree, and killed all the young birds; thinking it better to do this, than to leave them to pine away, and die miserably. Thus did I fulfil the Scripture proverb, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Then I went on my errand; but for hours I could think of little else but the cruelty I had committed; and I was much troubled."

I wish all my young readers may have as kind a heart, and as tender a conscience, as this good boy, who lived to be a man, and was a great blessing to the poor and the distressed.

# THE PRESENT.

## A LITTTE DRAMA.

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Charlotte. (*Coming slowly out of the breakfast-room.*) Father has not come down yet. I do wish he would. George, what do you suppose he meant when he said last night that he should make us a charming present this morning?

*George.* I think he has bought me a cap and feather. I asked him for one. You know they made me captain of the boy's company last week.

*Charlotte.* (*Laughing.*) My heart, George, don't try to walk so tall! If you want to be a mighty magnificent little man, as father calls you, do step upon the cricket, and take this pen for a sword, Captain George. Come, don't be in a pet, now. You know I think it is a very grand thing to have a captain for a brother. But I am sure father did not mean a cap and feather; for he said the pre-

sent was for *us*. He did not say it was for *you*. Besides, he told me I must be more like a woman, after I received this present; and that I must try hard to keep my good resolutions. And I do mean to be good. I don't mean to tell the least mite of an untruth all this year. Father says I am almost a woman now. There's the door-bell ringing. I'll speak to John. (*She opens the door just as John is passing.*) John, there is somebody ringing. If it is any little girl to see me, tell her I am very much engaged. Don't say I have gone out. I don't wish you to tell any lies for me. Now, George, please tell me what you are laughing at?

*George.* My heart, Charlotte, don't try to talk so very tall! If you want to be a mighty magnificent little woman, as father says, just step upon this cricket.

*Charlotte.* (*Pouting a little.*) I say it isn't fair of you to plague me so, George.

*George.* Come, don't be in a pet, now. You know I think it is a very great thing to have such a lady for a sister. But here comes father. Now for the present! (*They jump, and catch hold of the skirts of his coat.*)

*Both.* What is it, father? What is it?

*Father.* What do you guess it is?

*George.* A cap and feather.

*Charlotte.* A big French doll.

*Father.* Charlotte has made the best guess. It is more like a doll, than it is like a cap and feather.

*George.* Is it anything alive?

*Father.* Yes, it is something alive.

*George.* Is it a bird?

*Charlotte.* Is it a lamb?

*Father.* It is something like a lamb.

*Both.* Do show it to us, dear father.

(*He goes out, and soon after returns with a baby in his arms.*)

*Father.* Here is a little sister for you.

*Charlotte.* I declare, it is a baby sister.

*George.* Why, so it is!

*Father.* Is this as pretty a present as you expected?

*George.* Why, I thought it would be a cap and feather.

*Charlotte.* And I thought perhaps it would be a great doll. But I think I shall love this little sister better than a doll. What a pretty little mouth she has; and what cunning little fingers. By and bye, she will know me; won't she, father? (*She kisses the babe.*)

*George.* Let me kiss her, too. I like her, though she is not a cap and feather. By and bye, she will trot round after me,

and call me Dordy. And I'll pull the ribbon off her hair, and make her squeal.

*Charlotte.* No you mustn't. Shall he, father? She is my sweet little sister, and I won't let you vex her.

*George.* Oh, Charlotte, she will soon be big enough to jump on the cricket, and be a mighty magnificent little woman; and when the bell rings, she will say, John, if any little girls call to see me, say that I am very much engaged; I don't wish you to tell any lies for me. (*He runs out, looking back and laughing.*)

*Charlotte.* (*Running to the front door, calls after him.*) Oho, Captain George, I suppose you feel very tall, with your company! Where's your cap and feather?

*George.* Where's your doll?

*Charlotte.* My doll is alive. She is a sweet little sister.

# THE INDOLENT FAIRY.

NCE there was a little fairy remarkable for her impatience and indolence. They are generally a busy little race; but, as there are drones in a bee-hive, so there have been, as it is said, lazy fairies. I will name this one Papillon, which is the French word for butterfly; for she dearly loved to be dressed in gaudy colours, to sleep in the rich chambers of the Foxglove, and flutter over the fragrant Mignonette. In truth, she was a luxurious little fairy as ever the sun shone upon. So much did she love her ease, that she would not even gather a dew-drop to bathe her face, or seek a fresh petal of the rose for a napkin.

The queen of the fairies observed the faults of Papillon, and resolved to help her correct them. She summoned her one day,

and ordered her to go to a cavern in Ceylon, and there remain until she had fashioned a purer and more brilliant diamond, than had ever rested on the brow of mortal or fairy. Papillon bowed in silence, and withdrew; but when she was out of the presence of the queen, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. "I shall have to watch that diamond months and months, and years and years," said she; "and every day I must turn it over with my wand, that the crystals may all form even. O, it is an endless labour to make a diamond. O dear, I am a most wretched fairy."

Thus she sat, and sobbed and murmured, for many minutes. Then she jumped up, and stamped her feet on the ground so furiously that the little blue-eyed grass trembled. "I won't bear it," she exclaimed; "I will run away to the fairies of the air. I am sure they will glory in my beauty, and willingly be slaves to my pleasure. As for making a diamond, it is an impossible thing for such a little fairy as I am." As she looked up, she caught a glance of her image reflected in a brook. She saw that the splendid green of her wings was changed, and that the silver spots were all dim; for if the fairies indulge any evil passions, their wings

always droop, and their beauty fades. At this sight, Papillon again wept aloud, with vexation and shame. "I suppose the tyrant thinks I won't go away in this plight," said she; "but I will go, just to let her see that I don't care for her." As she spoke, the silver spots disappeared entirely, and her wings became a deeper and dirtier brown. She waved her wand impatiently, and called,

"Humming-bird, humming-bird, come nigh, come nigh,
And carry me off to the far blue sky!"

In an instant, the bird was at her feet; and she sprang upon his back, and they flew away to the golden clouds of the west, where the queen of the air fairies held her court. At her approach, the queen and all her train vanished; for they saw by her garments that wicked feelings had been busy at her heart, and that she was in disgrace at home.

Everything around her was beautiful. The clouds hung like transparent curtains of opal, and the floor was paved with fragments of rainbow. Thousands of gorgeous birds fluttered in the sunlight, and a multitude of voices filled the air with sweet sounds. Papillon, fatigued with the journey, and lulled by the music, fell into a gentle slumber. As she slept, she dreamed that a

tiny bird, smaller even than the humming-bird, was building a nest beside her. Straw after straw, and shred after shred, the patient little creature brought, and fitted into its place; and then away she flew, far over the hills and fields, to bring a fresh supply. "She is a foolish little thing," muttered Papillon. "How much labour she takes upon herself; and I don't believe she will ever get it done, after all." But the bird worked away diligently, and never stopped to think how long it would take her; and very soon she finished a warm soft nest, fit for a fairy to sleep in.

Papillon peeped into it, and exclaimed, "O, what a pretty thing!" Immediately she heard the tinkling of a guitar, and a clear voice singing,

"Little by little, the bird built her nest."

She started up, and the queen of the air fairies stood before her, in a robe of azure gossamer, embroidered with the feathers of the butterfly. "Foolish Fairy," she said, "return to your own queen. We allow no idlers among us. Time and patience can accomplish all things. Go and make your diamond, and then you shall be welcome here." Papillon wanted to urge how very

long it took to make a diamond; but the queen flew away, touching her guitar, and singing,

"Little by little, the bird built her nest."

Papillon leaned her head upon her wand a few minutes. She began to be ashamed of being an indolent fairy; and she felt half disposed to set about her appointed task cheerfully. She called the humming-bird and returned to earth. She alighted on the banks of "Bonnie Doon," close by the verdant little mound, where her offended queen resided. Near her, the bees were at work in a crystal hive. Weary and sad at heart, she watched them as they dipped into the flowers, to gather their little load of pollen. "I wish I loved to be industrious, as they do," thought she; "but as for that diamond, it is in vain to think of it. I should never get it done."

Then a delightful strain of music came from within the mound, and she heard a chorus of voices singing,

"Grain by grain, the bee builds her cell."

Papillon could have wept when she heard those familiar voices; for she longed to be at home, dancing on the green sward with her sister fairies. "I will make the diamond,"

murmured she: "I shall get it done some time or other; and I can fly home every night to join in the dance, and sleep among the flowers."

Immediately a joyful strain of music rose on the air, and she heard well-remembered voices singing,

"Welcome sister, welcome home!
Soon the appointed task is done."

Alas, bad habits are not easily cured. Papillon began to think how hard she should have to work, and how many times she must turn the crystals, and how far she must fly to join her companions in the dance. "I never can do it," said she. "I will go to the queen of the ocean fairies, and see if her service is not easier."

Mournful notes came from within the mound, as Papillon turned toward the sea shore; but she kept on her wayward course. When she came to the beach, she waved her wand thrice, saying,

"Argonaut! Argonaut! come to me,
And carry me through the cold green sea."

The delicate little pearly boat of the argonaut, or paper-nautilus, floated along the ocean, and a moment after, a wave landed it at her feet. And down, down they went into

a coral grove, among the lone islands of the Pacific. Magnificent was the palace of the ocean queen! Coral pillars were twisted into a thousand beautiful forms; pearls hung in deep festoons among the arches; the fan-coral and the sea-moss were formed into coo deep bowers; and the hard sandy floor was tesselated with many-coloured shells.

But as it had been in the air, so was it in the ocean. The palace was deserted at the approach of the stranger. "O, how beautiful is all this!" exclaimed Papillon. "How much more beautiful than our queen's flowery arbour. The giants must have made these pillars." As she spoke, her eyes were nearly blinded by a swarm of almost invisible insects; and she saw them rest on a half-finished coral pillar, at a little distance. While she looked and wondered, there was a sound as of many Tritons blowing their horns, and she heard the chorus,

"Mite by mite, the insect builds our coral bower."

The sounds came nearer and nearer, and a hundred fairies, floating on beautiful shells, drew nigh. At their head was the queen, clothed in a full robe of wave-coloured silk, spun by Pinna, the Ocean Silk-worm. It was as thin as the spider's web, and the

border was gracefully wrought with the smallest of seed pearls. "Foolish Papillon, learn to be industrious," she said. "We allow no idlers about our court. Look at the pillars of my palace. They were made by creatures smaller than yourself. Labour and patience did it all."

She waved her wand, and the hundred shells floated away; and ever and anon the fairies sang in full chorus,

"Mite by mite, the insect builds our coral bower."

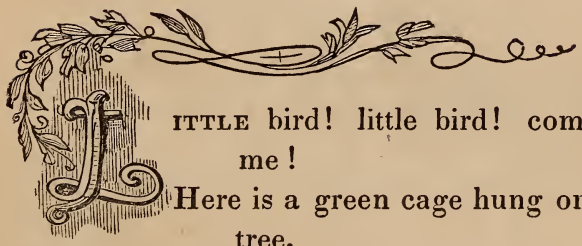
"Well," said Papillon, sighing, "all creatures are busy, on the earth, in the air, and in the water. All things seem to be happy at their work; perhaps I can learn to be so. I will make the diamond; and it shall be as brilliant and pure as a sunbeam in a water drop."

Papillon sought the deep caverns of Ceylon. Day by day, she worked as busily as the coral insect. She grew cheerful and happy; her green wings resumed their lustre, and the silver spots became so bright that they seemed like sparks of fire. Never had she been so beautiful, never half so much beloved.

After several years had passed away, Papillon knelt at the feet of the queen and

offered her diamond. It was brilliant beyond anything the earth had ever produced. It gave light like a star, and the whole palace shone with its rays. To this day, the fairies call it Papillon's diamond.

# LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!



LITTLE bird! little bird! come to me!
Here is a green cage hung on the tree.
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew.

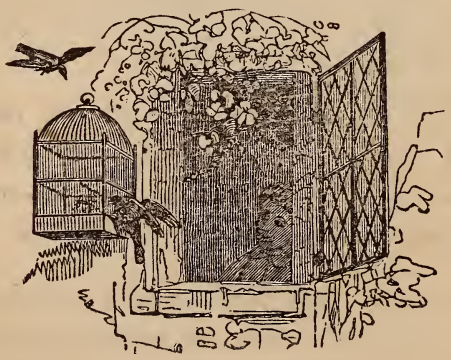
Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care;
But I dearly love the free broad air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree
Is better than golden cage for me.

Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,
When the fields are all buried in snow?
The ice will cover your old oak tree;
You had better come and stay with me.

Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky.
When Spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again.

Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way

Ah no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea.
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere.



# THE DEAF AND DUMB.

In old times, those who were so unfortunate as not to be able to speak or hear, had no means of instruction. They grew up and died, without being able to write their thoughts, or to read pleasant books. But of late years, the power of teaching them by signs has been carried to such perfection, that they can read and write perfectly well. Institutions for their instruction are now established in nearly all Christian countries. The best in this country is at Hartford, Connecticut. It is a most beautiful sight to see these unfortunate children striving so eagerly to receive ideas through their imperfect senses, and to express them by means of a language they have never heard spoken.

The pupils in the Deaf and Dumb School

at Exeter, England, lately wrote and printed a little book, which they dedicated to their teacher. One little boy, named John Wilton, writes to her thus, "Dearest Madam, I and my dear school-fellows desire to put your great name in this little book to give to you. We all love you; because you thought about us in our young life, and built this house for us, with your many friends. We look at this beautiful place, and we think of you, and we think of our ignorance, and loneliness, and unhappiness, before we came here; and we say we truly love you, and your name is in our hearts and in our minds, and your face is confirmed to us. You knew me in my little years, and I was at your house for teaching; but some of my school-fellows did not see you before, but they sign to me that they are grateful, as I am, to you. We pray much for you. Do you like us to pray for you?"

The volume is composed of short religious pieces, written by several deaf and dumb boys; but the most beautiful spirit among them all is named Hugh Coyle. He writes: "O, my God, thou knowest I have no hatred to men. I would not have revenge to any. But, O, my Father, when any one teases me, my heart is hot with passion, and my face

is red, and my eyes are bright to anger. But I will not beat him. I will not slander about him. I will not keep malice against him; because I suffer for my Jesus Christ. I try to suppress evil passions like him. I endeavour to bear tribulation with noble mind. But, O my Father, I tell thee it is hard to know well about this, because I am ignorant. O my God, I am humble in thy sight, because I know I am imperfect in my all. I feel sin is dull to me. It has no pretty thoughts, and no peace. I have looked at the new bird in the cage, and it was uneasy, and it disliked the prison. It would fly away in the pure air to the high tree. Sin is like a cage to me, because it makes my mind unhappy and heavy. I every day pray thee to pardon me, because every day I do sin in thy sight, O my Father. I believe that prayer prevails with thee, and I am at rest in my heart. I know I often ask what is not proper for me; but thou refusest to give me, because thou art merciful and wise. I ask much money of thee, because I think to be charitable to poor men; but thou givest me no great money; for thou knowest it would make me proud, and vain, and indolent. Thou givest me all things better than money. Thou givest me patience.

Thou givest me thirst for knowledge. Thou givest me cheerfulness in my religion. Thou givest me trust in my Jesus Christ. Thou givest me charity in heart that makes me pray to thee for others; and I am happy with all thy doings to me. My heart sings to thee. I choose pretty words in mind for thee. I have great names for thee in my heart. I love to hold converse with thee; and I sometimes weep to thee, O my Father.

"My father-man is gone from me, O God; and I am my own one Hugh Coyle in the world. I am poor in my clothes, and I am like a little tree in the far wide field. But I see thou givest trees new dresses; and I see thou makest men kind to thy little birds and pretty animals; and I know thou wilt make men friends to me, and kind to me; because thou art happy to love me, and see me pray, O my Father."

# LOUISA PRESTON.

Louisa Preston was the daughter of a poor widow, who lived in Boston. Her father was an Englishman. He came to America because he could not earn a living in his native land. In this country he found employment and good wages, but he always continued poor because he had a large family of children to support, and his wife had very slender health. When his daughter Louisa was about ten years old, he died, and his widow was obliged to take in washing to support the family. At this trying period, Louisa, young as she was, was a great help and consolation to her mother. She brought water, hung out the clothes, washed the hearth, and tended her baby sister, till it seemed as if her arms would break. Besides all this,

How I should cry if she were gone!
I could not dress my doll alone.
Therefore, dear uncle, I do pray
You will not make her go away.
Good cousin Jane may live with you;
She has no little sister Loo.
You may give her the bright Canary,
And let me keep dear sister Mary.
I'm very sure she will not go
From little Loo who loves her so

UNCLE.

Now blessings on your gentle heart!
I should be loth to see ye part.
You need not cling to her in fear;
You shall not lose your playmate, dear.
My words were merely meant to prove
How dearly you your sister love.
I will give her the bright Canary,
And she shall be *your* sister Mary

sometimes vented their evil feelings by laughing at her dress.

"Well, Miss Creak-shoes, I hope you are easy, now you've got up to the head again," said Hannah White.

"I should be ashamed to stand at the head, if I had such a coarse, short gown as yours," said Harriet May.

"It is the best my mother can afford," answered Louisa, meekly.

"Then I'd stay at home and help her wash," said Hannah White.

Some of the girls laughed, as if they thought there was disgrace in having a poor, industrious mother. Louisa blushed painfully, and their laugh went through her heart like a dagger. For a moment, she felt ashamed of being a washerwoman's daughter. She turned round suddenly, and came very near saying some angry things to Hannah White. But the good girl had learned to govern her temper. The flush on her cheeks died away, and the tears came to her eyes; but she spoke not a word. When children do unkind things, it is more from thoughtlessness than cruelty of heart. Louisa's tearful eyes at once made all the little girls feel sorry.

"I am sure I did not mean any harm by

laughing," said one. "I should be ashamed if I were you, Hannah White," said another; "for you know there never was a better girl than Louisa."

"We did not mean to hurt your feelings," said a third. "We did not think what we were doing, when we laughed. We could not love you better, if you wore a silk gown."

Louisa was comforted by these expressions; but she was mortified and grieved, and she did not return home as light-hearted as usual.

When she entered their little dark room, she found her mother at the wash-tub, looking very pale and tired. "Here is Loolly, dear," said she to little Mary, who was so busy scrubbing doll-rags in a little wooden bowl, that she did not notice her sister's entrance. "Oh, Loolly! Loolly!" shouted the little one; and her voice sounded merry as a Christmas bell. Her mother smiled, and looked affectionately on her oldest daughter, as she said, "Oh, Louisa, how could we get along without you? You are the best child that ever lived; and God will bless you for your kindness to your poor mother."

Louisa's heart was too full to bear this She threw her arms round her mother's

neck, and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" asked her mother. "Nothing," she replied; "at least, nothing that I can tell." When urged to keep none of her troubles secret from her mother, she answered, "I would tell you, certainly I would, if it were right; but the girls at school said something to me that hurt my feelings very much; and it is not proper for me to tell you what it was."

Her mother did not urge her. She knew Louisa was a girl to be trusted, and she suspected that some allusion had been made to her poor dress, which she, with genuine delicacy, had forborne to mention.

Louisa persuaded her mother to sit down and dry her feet, while she hung out the clothes, washed the room, put John and Mary to bed, and made a cup of hot tea. While she was busily engaged in performing these kind offices, her mother often looked upon her with an expression of love, which seemed to say she had nothing else in the wide world to lean upon, but her. Louisa understood the language of her face, and it filled her with self-reproach. She asked her own heart, "How could I, for one moment, feel ashamed of that good mother, who has always loved me; who took care

of me when I was a babe; who has toiled many a time when she was ill herself, in order to make me comfortable? I am proud of my mother for her goodness, her industry, and her self-denial. How could I have such wrong feelings, on account of anything those thoughtless girls could say?"

Most girls of her age would not have been so much troubled because they had been for a few moments ashamed that their mothers were poor hard-working women; but Louisa had a very tender conscience, and she knew that such pride was not pleasing in the eyes of her Heavenly Father. Before she went to bed that night, she prayed earnestly that such feelings might never again come into her heart; and the sleep of the good child was sweet and refreshing.

In the morning, her mother said, "Louisa, dear, I do not like to keep you a moment from school; but Mrs. White's bundle of clothes is too heavy for John, and I have nobody but you to carry it."

Louisa's face crimsoned for a moment. It was only the day before that Hannah White had ridiculed her for being a washerwoman's daughter. She could not bear to carry the clothes home, when she was likely to meet her on the way to school; but she remem-

bered how wretched such thoughts had made her the day before; and she answered, with one of her sweetest smiles, "I can go just as well as not, mother. I shall get to school in good season, if I walk quick."

Her mother thanked her; and with a large bundle in one hand, and book and atlas in the other, she left home with an approving conscience, and a light heart. She met several of her companions on the way, and she thought some of them looked as if they pitied her; but she did not let that trouble her. When she reached school, she found that her class had just risen to recite. Her heart beat violently, for she was anxious not to make any mistake, and she had not had time to review her lesson. She could not answer the second question that was asked her; she lost her place at the head, and when recitation was finished, Hannah White remained above her.

Hannah looked triumphant, and poor Louisa found bad feelings again rising up in her heart. She tried to crowd them back; but, overcome with many temptations and troubles, she burst into tears. The instructer supposed all her grief was occasioned by losing her place in the class. He felt exceedingly sorry for her, because he knew

there must be some very good reason why she had neglected her lesson. He did not say anything, however, for he disliked to call upon her the attention of the whole school. But, by way of exciting her hopes, he mentioned that a committee of gentlemen would visit them in a few days, and that one of them had proposed to give a handsome copy of Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales, and one year's education at the best school in the city, to the young lady who should, at the end of eight weeks, evince the most thorough knowledge of ancient and modern geography. All Louisa's class felt sure that she would get the prize; and next to being successful themselves, they wished her to be. Hannah White and Harriet May were the two next best scholars in school, and they resolved in their own minds that they would be victorious, if studying would make them so. Not that they cared about the year's schooling; for their parents were pretty rich; but it was an honour, which they thought worth trying for. Louisa knew they were the only competitors she had to fear; and she was conscious it would cost her an effort not to be jealous of them. Hannah White was not a bad-hearted girl, but she had pert, unpleasant manners. During

recess that day, she said many sneering things, which made Louisa feel unhappy, in spite of herself. More than one little girl said, "If I were Louisa Preston, I'd never speak to Hannah White again."

The young lady who had told Harriet May and Hannah White that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for laughing at Louisa's coarse gown, was named Emily Minot. She now came up to Louisa very kindly, and putting her arm within hers, offered her half the orange she was eating. She was a kind girl, but wild and thoughtless, and very fond of fun. When they again went into school, she amused herself by cutting figures in paper, and holding them up for the entertainment of her companions. One of these figures was so very ridiculous, that all who saw it burst into an unconstrained laugh. The instructer looked up surprised; but every face was sobered, and intent upon a book. A few minutes elapsed, and a tittering laugh was again heard throughout the school-room. The teacher was displeased with such conduct, and insisted upon knowing the cause. No one was willing to tell. Emily Minot, fearing that search would be made, hastily pushed the papers out of the way, and sat as de-

mure as a kitten. Some of the papers fell on the floor, and others were found in Hannah White's desk; and as she was very apt to be roguish, the teacher concluded that she was the culprit. He requested her to leave her seat and stand beside his desk, till he could decide what course to pursue with a young lady, who spent her time in disturbing school. She again and again declared that she had not cut the papers, or shown them; but the teacher knew she did not always tell the exact truth, and he did not quite trust her. As she was not a favourite in school, and Emily Minot was, no one liked to step forward and vindicate her. Trembling and blushing, with her eyes full of tears, Hannah prepared to obey the orders she had received; but Louisa Preston rose, and in a modest but firm tone, said, "Hannah is not to blame, sir; she only laughed, and we all did that." "Who then has done the mischief?" Louisa was silent, and hung down her head. Emily Minot had been so kind to her, and had always been so ready to take her part when the other girls vexed her, that she could not bear to bring her into trouble, though she knew very well that she deserved it. The teacher began to grow impatient at having

the school interrupted by such delay. "Very well, Louisa," said he, "if you know who the culprit is, and will not tell, you must take her place yourself." The poor girl was much frightened. She was very bashful, and the idea of having the eyes of all the scholars fixed upon her was extremely painful. She glanced timidly round the room, but no one dared to look up at her. She remembered how Emily Minot had taken her arm, and given her half an orange that morning; and with a beating heart she left her seat and stood beside the instructer's desk. There was silence throughout the school. Emily Minot was grieved and ashamed. She trembled violently; and when the teacher placed the ridiculous paper figures in Louisa's hand, and told her to hold them up as high as she could reach, until he gave her leave to lower her arm, Emily burst into tears, and said, "It was I who did it."

The instructer was rejoiced to find so much good and generous feeling among his pupils. After expressing his extreme unwillingness ever to resort to punishment of any kind, he urged upon them the necessity of preserving good order in school, and declared his readiness to forgive the offender. The adventures of that day were long re-

membered by all the scholars, and helped to make them wiser and better girls. Hannah White's good feelings were touched by Louisa's disinterested vindication. She was conscious that she had not deserved it at her hands. From that period, her character and manners began to change. She was always kind and polite to her playmates, and particularly so to Louisa. Thus may evil always be overcome with good.

A day or two after this affair, she whispered to Louisa, as they left school together, "My mother told me to ask you to spend next Saturday at our house. She says it will particularly oblige her, and you must not fail to come." Louisa was very much surprised, and so was her mother, when she heard of the invitation; but they both thought it would be proper and polite to go.

Mrs. White received her young visiter very affectionately. She told her that what she heard of her character and conduct, both at home and at school, made her very desirous to assist her. She gave her a good supply of neat clothing, and interested several ladies in behalf of her good mother. Mrs. Preston no longer suffered from extreme poverty. She was constantly employed by ladies, who did not think it right to pay poor

women poor prices for their work. She was grateful to her Heavenly Father for having sent her such a daughter; and often, and often, when they had knelt and prayed together, before retiring for the night, she would put her hands affectionately on Louisa's forehead, and say, "I always thought you would bring blessings to us all. You were always such a good girl." At such moments, Louisa rejoiced that she was a washerwoman's daughter; it gave her the means of being so helpful, and of living for others rather than herself.

This was a sunny time in the good girl's life. She was useful and beloved at home, and at school she went on improving and gaining friends every day. Her progress in geography surprised even her teacher, though he expected much from her intelligence and industry. There seemed to be no doubt that she would win the prize.

Little Mary knew nothing about this good luck. She had always loved her sister as well as ever she could, and she could not love her better now. One day, when Louisa, as usual, kissed her and bade her good-bye, before she went to school, the little pet took hold of her gown, and said, in her most coaxing tones, "Loolly stay wi' Mary! Loolly stay wi' Mary!"

"I can't stay," replied Louisa: "I must go to school now; but by and bye Loolly will come back to see dear little Mary." The child sighed, and still keeping hold of her gown, said, in her artless, prattling way, "Mary love Loolly. Don't Loolly go." Louisa's heart was so much touched by these simple signs of love from her little favourite that she found it very hard to leave her But it was quite school time, and after putting the hair nicely out of her eyes, and kissing her pretty white forehead, she ran away. She stopped a moment in the road, to look back and shake her satchel playfully at her as she stood peeping out of the door.

With a light and happy heart, she went into school. Among all the rich and indulged little ladies in town, not one could be found that day so happy as Louisa Preston. She had been in school two hours, when a boy came running in out of breath, exclaiming, "Mary is burned to death!" Louisa became as pale as chalk, and her limbs trembled so, that she could hardly move. At first, it seemed as if she would faint away; but she summoned her strength instantly, and flew out like an arrow. She hardly knew she had left the school-room till she found herself at her mother's bed-side.

Oh, what a sight was there! It was enough to break her heart to look upon it. Mary was not dead, but she was burned so badly, that Louisa could hardly distinguish anything in the shape of a face, where she had that morning kissed the prettiest features and the fairest skin, that ever belonged to a little child. Her tongue, which had uttered such sweet sounds that morning, was now useless. She could not speak. The doctor said she would never speak more; and Louisa knew that she should never again see the loving expression of her beautiful eyes. It was very hard to bear. The heart of the affectionate sister ached so, that she could not weep. Sometimes, indeed, the tears would come, when the little sufferer tried to nestle close up to her cheek, or made a moaning noise, if the supporting arm was withdrawn from her head. Mary lingered three weeks, in great pain. During all that time, she was not willing that her beloved sister should leave her even for a moment. It was not until she had repeated half a dozen times over, "Loolly will come back again," that she could get away from the bed-side. The poor little creature could not answer; she could not even smile. But her sister knew very well, by the patient manner in which

she withdrew her hand, that she was willing she should go; and when she returned, the eagerness with which the little hand moved toward her, spoke whole volumes of love.

At last, Louisa's long and painful service ended. Little Mary died. Her body was buried in the ground, and angels came to carry her gentle little soul home to her Heavenly Father.

Louisa did not weep bitterly. She had seen her little darling suffer so much, that she did not wish her to linger any longer in such dreadful pain. Sometimes, indeed, when she remembered how Mary had tried to coax her to stay at home from school, she would think to herself, "Ah, if I had only been at home, while mother was hanging out the clothes, the poor little thing would not have played with the fire." But she did not say this; for she knew no one was to blame, and that it would only make her mother's heart ache. It was a comfort to hear the bereaved parent say, "Louisa, what should I have done through this dreadful trial, if it had not been for you, and the friends you have raised up for me?" Then she still had her brother John to love. He had left his boyish noisy sports, during little Mary's illness, and seemed to pity his good mothe

and sister with all his soul. Sorrow softens the heart, and makes it pitiful. After John saw the body of his merry little sister laid down and covered up in the ground, he became more gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful.

When Louisa recovered from her extreme fatigue, she began to think about school. Her mother was too much worn out to be left alone; and for another fortnight, the diligent girl could scarcely find an hour a day to study the maps she was so eager to learn. At last, with a long-drawn sigh, she gave up all hopes of getting the prize. She did not let her mother know that it made her unhappy; for she knew that when she made a sacrifice for another, it was very unkind and selfish to complain of it. But it is pleasant to have some one to whom we can speak of what troubles us. John was very young, and had heretofore been a remarkably heedless boy; but he was more sober and attentive now, and she knew that he would feel interested for her. Sometimes, when their mother was asleep, she would talk with him about the prize. "I do not care so much about losing the books," said she; "though I dearly love to read. But I did hope I could go to a private school for one year. I think I could be

fitted for a teacher myself, if I could only do that." John sympathised in all her wishes and plans. It made him feel like a man, to have his elder sister confide in him. In his homely way, he would answer, "Now, Louisa, I'd give all my old shoes, if you could get that prize. Why won't you go to school, and let me stay at home and take care of mother?" "I should not like to have her know how much I want to go," replied Louisa; "besides you know you couldn't do the mending mother has taken in." "I can carry it home, and tell the folks that we can't do it," said John. "But mother needs the money, and cannot get it, without I earn it for her," rejoined his thoughtful sister. "Mrs. White will give us some money, if you go and tell her that mother is sick." "No, no, John, I will never beg, so long as I can work," said Louisa: "other people ought not to help us, without we try to help ourselves." "I have heard mother say a hundred times," replied her brother, "that all the friends raised up for her lately were owing to your being so industrious and good. I suppose that is the way to make friends, and keep them, too; and I mean to try to be industrious and good." Louisa kissed him, and told him she would try to earn

money enough to put him to a good school, and that she hoped to live to see him a great support and blessing to their good mother, when she was too old and infirm to support herself. Such conversation sobered the boy, and made him, like Louisa, older in character than he was in years.

At the end of two weeks, Mrs. Preston was so much better, that she could get through her work very comfortably with John's assistance. Louisa, who had studied every minute she could get, had still some faint hopes of receiving the prize. When she again took her accustomed seat at school, Hannah White and Harriet May were a little uneasy. They had supposed she would not be able to come again, before the prize was given, and they had not studied quite so hard as they otherwise would have done. However, they gave her a cordial welcome, and all the scholars said they were glad to see her back again. Her example had taught them to be ambitious of excellence, yet be at the same time amiable and disinterested. A generous heart never dislikes a friend or companion because she excels. It is only bad and mean dispositions that cannot love a rival.

The three girls felt willing that it should

be a fair trial of scholarship and industry They talked together about it, and though each said she hoped to gain the prize herself they all promised to feel pleasantly toward whoever gained it. To have rivals in her class at school is sometimes a great trial to a little girl's disposition and temper; but the only way to be really good is to resist and overcome all temptation to be selfish.

It was soon evident that Louisa had well employed what little time she had been able to command during her mother's illness. The instructer thought that her chance was at least equal to that of any of her classmates. At last the important day arrived. The committee and several visiters came to examine the school. They were well pleased with the young ladies in general; but Louisa's neat appearance, her modest, winning ways, and the facility with which she answered the most difficult questions addressed to her, soon made the committee think that it would be a very pleasant thing to give her the prize. The trial between the three best scholars was, however, very equal. Toward the close of the examination, Harriet May missed two questions, and was thus thrown out of the list. The scholars now watched Hannah White and Louisa

Preston with great eagerness. At last, Louisa found herself unable to answer a question, and it was passed to her rival, who gave a very prompt and correct reply. Louisa's hopes had been very highly excited, and now she was so disappointed that her heart seemed to stop its movement all at once, like a watch when its spring is broken. But this good girl had made such use of afflictions and temptations, as our Heavenly Father intends we should. They had made her more humble and more wise. In a moment the painful feeling went away, and she looked up and smiled sweetly in Hannah's face, as if she sincerely wished her joy.

Hannah White bore her victory very meekly. When the volumes were bestowed upon her, with high praises of her scholarship, she blushed, and said, "I am sure I should not have gained the prize, if Louisa Preston had not been obliged to stay at home five weeks, to nurse her sick mother and sister." The tears came into Louisa's eyes, as she thanked her generous rival with a beaming glance of gratitude and love.

The committee were highly pleased.—"Young ladies," said one of them, "this expression of mutual good feeling is far more honourable to you, than any literary prize

you can ever gain. Your whole conduct meets with our entire approbation; and since your recitations have been so nearly equal, we shall give you both equal prizes."

Hannah White was never so happy in her life, as she was that day. She found there was nothing half so pleasant as being good; no victory half so delightful as the victory over one's own selfishness.

"It was very kind of you to speak so of me," said Louisa, putting her arm round her friend's neck, and kissing her affectionately, as they were about to leave school together.

"If I am better than I used to be, it is you who have taught me," replied Hannah.

The friendship thus begun, continued through life. The girls afterward went to the same school, and both obtained a handsome medal the day they left it.

When Louisa was sixteen she began to teach school; and she gained the affections of her pupils as rapidly as she had formerly gained that of her playmates. Mrs. White's family assisted her in every way they could. By their friendly influence, united to her own exertions, she was enabled to give her brother John an excellent education. When Louisa playfully reminded him that she had told him, when he was a little boy, that he

would be a support and comfort to their aged mother, he answered, with an affectionate smile, "You, my good sister, have made a man of me."

There is no Louisa Preston now. When she was twenty-two years old, she married Hannah White's brother. Her husband used to say, "No doubt Louisa was a great blessing to her mother and brother; but she is a greater blessing to me."

Louisa has a little daughter, whom she named for her darling sister Mary. She is a pretty, fat little cherub, just beginning to talk a little. She looks up in her mother's face very sweetly, and lisps out, "Ma-my love mamma." Sometimes her mother catches her up, and half smothers her with kisses, as she says, "I do wish the dear little lamb would learn to say, 'Mary loves Loolly.'"

# LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

"The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

John. Aunt Maria, did you say that co ral was an animal?

*Aunt Maria.* It is supposed to be a col lection of the shells of small marine animals joined together by a stony cement.

*John.* What kind of animal can it be that lives in such a manner?

*Aunt Maria.* A very singular class call ed Zoophytes, from two Greek words, which signify a plant-animal. They are so called, because they seem in some respects to be like vegetables, and in others like animals. There are several varieties of them. The sponges, the corallines, the star-fish, and the sea-anemone, belong to this singular class.

The Sea-Anemone is so called from its singular resemblance to a flower, both in its shape, and the bright variety of its colours. This animal-flower is usually fastened at one extremity to rocks, or stones in the sand. At the other extremity, the claws are arranged in circles, which give it the appearance of a blossom. They open and shut these claws, to obtain food. They are very greedy, and will swallow a muscle or a crab as large as a hen's egg. That class of zoophytes which are stony, like coral, are called lithophytes, from two Greek words meaning stone-plant. The lithophytes cannot build above the level of the sea; nor do they ever build so high as to be left uncovered with water, when the tide is lowest.

*John.* But I have read in books of voyages about coral reefs being seen above the ocean.

*Aunt Maria.* They are frequently seen; because the hot sun of the tropics often cracks the coral, and causes large branches to break off; and these branches float on the tide, and are often lodged on the top of the reefs, and become entangled there. Then the wind wafts the sand into the crevices, and floating sea-weed lodges there and decays. After a while, the birds drop seeds, which take root

and grow, and blossom, and go to seed, and die. Thus a soil is slowly formed, and grasses and shrubs grow, and the birds come and lay eggs there, and insects float thither on pieces of wood, which have drifted thousands of miles, and the coral reef becomes an island; then the islands get joined together by coral reefs growing up between them, and thus become continents. It is believed that a new continent is now being formed, extending from New-Zealand to the Sandwich Islands. If another continent is thus added to the world, we may thank the zoophytes and the birds, for having done their masonry and gardening so well.

*John.* It is wonderful to think of such a little creature's building continents! How do we know that North and South America is not a huge bridge, built on coral piers? Perhaps the industrious zoophytes, as you call them, had been at work on them for a thousand years, before Christopher Columbus thought of sailing in search of the new world.

*Aunt Maria.* Very likely it was so. Divine wisdom is constantly carrying on immense works by the most insignificant agents. We short-sighted mortals know nothing of the magnificent design, until we see it com-

ing into its final form. In the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas, one can observe the gradual formation of islands and continents. The growth of coral in those seas is prodigious; and what is singular, it is almost always in a circular, or half-circular shape.

*John.* I remember reading in a book that in old times people thought mushrooms grew in rings, because fairies had danced there in a circle, and mushrooms sprung up all round their path.

*Aunt Maria.* You know the Irish tell many stories of a kind of sea-fairies, which they call merrows. It is just as likely that coral grows up where they dance in circles in the water. At any event, there is beauty enough to be the work of fairies. In some of these crescent-shaped islands, you see a rim of coral running out into the deep, unfathomable sea, covered with tufts of Palm, Cocoa, and Bread-Fruit trees. The tropical seas, near the shore, are of the clearest and most brilliant green. When the sun shines on it, the graceful branches of white coral may be seen deep down through the emerald waters, interspersed with sponges, sea-moss, coralline fans, leaves, and plumes, with colours as various and brilliant as a tulip-bed. They wave about in the water, like flowers

blown by the wind, and great herds of fish may be seen down in the green depths, browsing on the corallines, like cattle in a pasture.

*John.* That must be a beautiful sight! How I should like to go down there. But what makes those coral leaves, and long branches, like feathers?

*Aunt Maria.* They are supposed to be marine plants, on which the insects have built, till all the veins are completely covered with the stony substance they deposit.

*John.* A sailor once showed me a piece of wood all covered with little hard shells. He said the entire bottom of a vessel was sometimes covered with them.

*Aunt Maria.* That is a small creature, that lives in what is called the sea-acorn, or the acorn-shell. The sailors call them barnacles. They fasten themselves to rocks, stones, and even to marine animals. On the beach, you will often find pebbles so covered with them, that they look like stone-honeycomb. These parasites fasten on vessels in such numbers, that they are sometimes obliged to turn ships bottom upward and scrape them off.

*John.* What do you call them parasites for?

*Aunt Maria.* When a person flatters a rich man, or a powerful man, and keeps about him all the time, in hopes of getting something, and will not go away, though he knows his company is disagreeable, he is called a parasite. There are some plants which fasten their roots into the stems of other plants, and take away their strength. The misletoe thus fastens on trees, and dodder fastens on flax. Such plants are called parasites. There are a variety of shell fish that fasten themselves to rocks, and to other fish. All such are called parasites. Some of them have shells in two parts, like oysters or clams. They lie with their shells open, waiting for something to swim along for them to eat; but if they see any danger coming, they shut up very quick.

*John.* That must be a very safe and easy way of getting a living.

*Aunt Maria.* Not so safe as you think. They have a destructive enemy, called the Trochus; a kind of sea-snail, with a conical shell, and a trunk toothed like a saw. This instrument bores, like an augur, through the hardest and thickest shell. When the trochus once fastens, he cannot be shaken off. It is of no use to open and shut the shell,

ever so violently. There he stays till he bores through, and eats the fish inside.

*John.* Is that the reason why there are so many shells of clams, oysters, and cockles, on the beach, with round holes in them, as if they had been bored with an awl?

*Aunt Maria.* Yes. When the animal is sucked out, the empty shell is washed on shore.

*John.* If I were a cockle I would be cunning. I would creep into one of these empty shells, and then if a trochus came along and saw the hole, he would think there was nobody at home.

*Aunt Maria.* What if he should happen to catch you walking?

*John.* A shell-fish walk? That makes me laugh.

*Aunt Maria.* But they do walk; and by many ingenious contrivances, they manage to do very well without feet. When scallop-shells are left on the beach by the retiring tide, the animal that inhabits them throws the valves of his shell wide open, and closing them with a sudden jerk, throws himself forward five or six inches. By repeating this process, he at last gets back to the sea. Some oysters thrust one end of their shell in the sand, till they stand nearly upright, and wait for the

coming tide to pitch them over. The sea-urchin has a shell full of small holes, through each of which he pushes a horn, something like a snail's. On these he rolls over, like the wheel of a coach, until he reaches the end of his journey. From his appearance, when these horns are thrust out, he is often called the sea-hedge-hog, or porcupine. The river-muscle digs a hole in the sand with his feet, and by a violent motion brings his shell into it upright; then he pushes the sand away till he brings himself flat again. Then he digs another hole, and thus slowly creeps on.

*John.* The clumsy, awkward things!

*Aunt Maria.* They are not all awkward. The Ostrea Imbricata, or the Imbricated Oyster, has the faculty of leaping, like a flying squirrel. When darting through the billows, their gay and sparkling colours look very beautiful. They are sometimes called butterflies of the ocean. When the sea is calm, whole fleets of them may be seen with shells raised up to catch the breeze; but if a gust of wind rises, they dive instantly.

Then there is the beautiful, fragile shell, called the Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus. The animal which inhabits this graceful little fairy-boat, can come up to the surface of the sea, whenever he chooses to make his vesse'

lighter, by throwing out water. He has a fine thin membrane, which he raises for a sail. He throws out two long arms for oars, and steers with his other arms. It is the delight of sailors to see these little fleets scudding before the wind. They receive the name of Argonauts from the crew of the old Greek ship Argo, the most ancient sailors on record. Some suppose that the first idea of making vessels with sails and oars was suggested by these little pearly boats. These shells are not very common. It is almost impossible to catch them while sailing; for at the slightest approach of danger, the cunning Argonaut takes in his sail, and draws in water enough to sink him instantly. When taken, they are usually fished up on rocky shores; but the shells are so very brittle, that it is extremely difficult to bring them home safely. There is one species called Argonauta Vitreus, or Glass Argonaut, because it is as transparent as glass. These are extremely rare, and valued very highly

There is another beautiful shell called the Nautilus, which is shaped somewhat like the Argonaut, but it is less graceful, and thicker and stronger. The animal that lives in it, can sail in it like a boat, but he generally floats on the water, with his shell on his back.

The winding part of his little pearly palace is divided into various chambers, sometimes thirty or forty, one above another. separated by floors of pearl. The Asiatics make drinking cups of this shell, and greatly admire it for its beauty and singular construction.

*John.* Are pearls made of this shell?

*Aunt Maria.* No. Pearls are obtained from two or three species of oyster. The most famous of these is the Mytilus Margaritiferus, or Pearl-bearing Muscle. They abound on the coast of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf. Some of the shells contain ten or twelve pearls, others not any. They vary much in size, form, and colour. Some are large as a walnut: but these are rare. The smallest are called seed-pearls. Some are yellow, some silvery white, some lead colour, and some black. Some are round, some pear-shaped, and some onion-shaped. They lie in the shells, and are washed out. It is generally supposd that nature provides the pearl-oyster with this substance to mend or enlarge his shell, as he has need. There is a hard substance inside the crab, which he dissolves in order to make a new shell when he leaves his old one.

*John.* What does he leave his shell for?

*Aunt Maria.* Because he outgrows it, as you do your last year's clothes. Crabs and lobsters cast their shells, as snakes do their skins. For a little while, they have no other covering than a very thin membrane, like the skin between an egg and its shell. They hide away under rocks until the new shell has grown.

*John.* I should not like to do so, while I was waiting for a new suit of clothes. But how do they get the oysters that have pearls in them?

*Aunt Maria.* Divers go down into the sea, with ropes fastened about the waist, and heavy stones tied to them. It is a very difficult and dangerous trade. The divers are often devoured by sharks, and their health always suffers by this business. The oysters lie eight or ten fathoms deep, and fasten themselves so strongly to the rocks, that it requires great force to tear them away. The pressure of the water at that depth is dreadful. It forces the blood from nose, eyes and ears, and occasions sounds in the head like the report of a gun. Divers go down with nostrils and ears stuffed with cotton, to prevent the water from getting in; and to the arm is fastened a sponge dipped in oil, which they now and then hold before the mouth,

in order to breathe without swallowing water. Since the invention of the diving-bell, the dangers and difficulties of the pearl fishery are lessened, but it is still a very disagreeable employment.

*John.* Men must care a great deal for pearls, to take so much trouble for them.

*Aunt Maria.* Those who dive are poor men, willing to run much risk to earn money. Rich people value pearls for their beauty, and are willing to pay large sums of money for them; but I think they would go without those beautiful jewels, if they had to dive for them themselves. Roman history tells of a pearl which Cleopatra dissolved and drank to the health of Anthony. According to Pliny, that pearl was valued at about $375,000 of our present money. I suppose the Egyptian queen, in her pride and vanity, never thought how much the poor diver suffered to obtain her precious jewel. A pearl valued at 80,000 ducats was given to Phillip II., king of Spain. It was oval, and as large as a pigeon's egg. The value of pearls has been lessened in modern times, by the manufacture of artificial pearls of great beauty.

*John.* What is mother-of-pearl, of which they make such handsome buttons and boxes?

*Aunt Maria.* It is the inner part of the shell of the Pearl Muscle. Beautiful little articles are likewise made of the Haliotis, or Sea-Ear. This shell is lustrous as a pearl, and is splendidly variegated with all the colours of the rainbow. When polished, it is as rich as a peacock's tail. Large pearls are sometimes found in the Chama Gigas, or Giant Clam, the largest of all shells. Linnæus describes one which weighed 498 English pounds. He says the violent closing of its valves has been known to snap a cable in two; and the animal it contained has supplied one hundred and twenty men with a day's food. One of these huge shells was presented by the Venetians to Francis I., king of France. It is still used as a baptismal font, in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris. It is common to place a shell of this kind on the table, at the anniversary feast of the Pilgrims, in Plymouth.

*John.* These shell-fish seem to be the most helpless of animals.

*Aunt Maria.* They have not been left unprotected; though we know little of their means of protection, owing to the impossibility of observing them in their native element. Most of them have little doors, which they shut on the approach of danger, or

when troubled with a boisterous sea. Many of the snail species seal up their shells at the approach of winter, and do not open them till spring returns. The Chiton or Coat of Mail, has a shell formed of scales, lying one over another, like shingles on a house, or pieces of ancient armour. It looks like a rough pebble creeping about among the rocks, and wreaths of sea-weed ; but on the slightest approach of danger, it rolls itself up into a tight little ball, as the porcupine does. The Pholas, or Pierce-Stone, is armed with an instrument by which it can cut into wood, coral, or rock, and hide itself securely. Many of them are found in chalk, which must be a pleasanter home for them than rocks and stones. There is so much phosphorus about the Pholas, that one of them in a bowl of milk will render it so brightly luminous, that all the objects round can be seen by its light. Many marine animals are furnished with a little bag of glutinous matter, with which they spin threads, like the spider or silk-worm. By these threads they fasten themselves to the rocks. Sometimes these lines are not more than two inches long; and sometimes they are strong floating threads, which can be drawn in, or let out, at plea sure. This enables them to come up and

sport on the surface of the waves, and go down whenever they choose. More than one hundred and fifty of these cables are sometimes employed to moor a single muscle. The Solen, or Razor Sheath can dig pits in the soft sand, and hide himself at a great depth. The common oyster has the power of throwing water from his shell with sufficient force to keep off any ordinary enemy.

*John.* But a whole engine company would be of no use against the Trochus. A mean fellow, to be going about boring a hole into other people's houses!

*Aunt Maria.* Another mean fellow is the Caracol Soldata, rightly named the Soldier-Snail. He is among fishes what the cuckoo is among birds. The cuckoo builds no nest for herself, but lays her eggs in other birds' nests, and when the young cuckoo is hatched, he turns out all the rightful family. The Soldier-Snail has no shell of his own, but takes possession of the best one he can find. When he outgrows his house, he goes in search of another, and fights with any defenceless shell-fish, who has a home more convenient than his own. But the Pinna, or Sea-King, has a little friend, that manages to get his living as cunningly as any one I know of. The Pinnæ fasten themselves to

rocks by means of thick tufts of thread, which are often broken off for sale. In Sicily, the women wash it, soak it in lemon-juice, dry it, card, spin, and weave it into gloves and caps of a beautiful golden brown colour. For this reason, these shell-fish are often called Ocean Silk-worms. They are blind, and constantly annoyed by the Cuttle-Fish. But a small, quick-sighted crab is said to lodge in the shell with them, and give notice when danger approaches. When he sees provisions floating near, he gives his friend Pinna a nip, and he opens the valves of his shell, and draws in the food, which answers for himself and his little steward.

*John.* There is some sagacity among shell-fishes, though they do seem so stupid. But do you believe the little crab boards with the Pinna, and gets his living by keeping a sharp look-out for him?

*Aunt Maria.* It is generally believed, and has been so from ancient times. The Greek Aristotle and the Roman Pliny both speak of it as a fact in natural history. I have read another anecdote of shell fishes, which seems to me almost too much to believe. Lobsters are very fond of oysters and always feed upon them when they can get a chance. It is said that a large oyster

was one day lying on the beach, with his shell thrown open, to enjoy the coming tide. A lobster near by darted upon him; but the oyster made haste to shut up before the enemy could get in. Three times the lobster tried it; and three times the oyster was too quick for him. At last, he took a pebble in his claws, and threw it in, while the shell was open. This prevented the oyster from shutting his doors, and the lobster ate him.

*John.* That is a good story; but I should have to see it, before I could believe that a lobster has so much cunning. I pity the poor little fish; they seem to have so many enemies. If I must be a fish, I should rather be a prodigious great whale.

*Aunt Maria.* Monarch as he is among the fishes, his situation is by no means to be envied. He is not only pursued and killed by man, but he has formidable enemies among his own species. The sword-fish and the thrasher unite to torment him. The sword-fish is armed with a long sharp horn, edged like a saw. He runs under the whale and pierces him with this horn; and when the huge creature in agony rushes to the top of the water, the thrasher is there to strike at him, till he drives him down again. He lashes the waves in his fury, but his enemies

are so much lighter than he is, that they easily keep out of the way of his enormous tail. Every time the distressed animal beats the waves, it sounds like the report of a cannon.

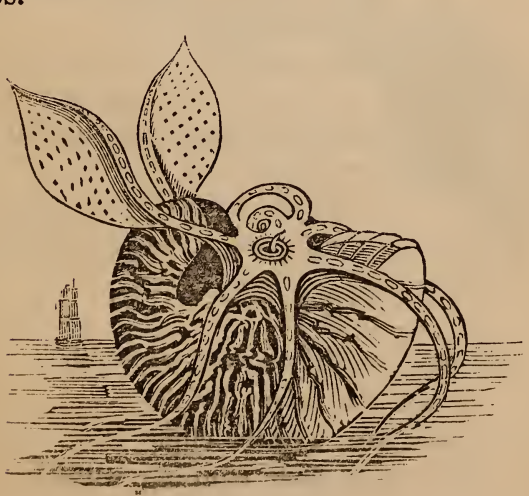
*John.* What immense creatures they must be!

*Aunt Maria.* The great Greenland whale is usually from fifty to seventy feet long, weighs as much as two hundred fat oxen, and yields from twelve to twenty tons of lamp oil. The mouth of a whale is large enough to contain a ship's jolly-boat full of men. The whale-bone, of which so much use is made, consists of layers of horn in the upper jaw of the whale. One of these plates is sometimes twelve feet long and a foot thick. When the whale wants a dinner, he swims rapidly below the surface of the water, with his jaws wide open. A vast stream of water consequently enters his capacious mouth, bearing along a large quantity of small fish and marine insects. The water escapes again at the sides of his mouth, but the fish get entangled in the whale-bone, as in a net.

*John.* I often see pictures of whales with great arches of water streaming from their heads. What do they do that for?

*Aunt Maria.* Unlike other fishes, they

have lungs, like human beings, and are therefore obliged to come up to the surface of the water to breathe. The nostrils, or blow-holes, through which they draw in the air, are on the top of the head. In breathing they make a very loud noise, and throw up water, which at a little distance looks like columns of smoke. Sometimes the whale throws himself into a perpendicular posture, and rearing his tail on high, beats the water with such tremendous violence, that the sea is thrown into foam for miles round, and the air filled with vapours. When he cracks his mighty tail, like a whip, the noise is heard for miles.



THE NAUTILUS

# THE SISTER'S HYMN.

ABOUT A VERY LITTLE BROTHER, WHO WENT AWAY FROM THIS WORLD TO LIVE WITH THE ANGELS.

"They laid him in a chamber, whose windows opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang." *Pilgrim's Progress.*

BROTHER James was a charming boy,
Loving and full of glee—
It always filled our hearts with joy
His happy face to see.

He was so funny, yet so mild,
In all his infant plays—
I never saw a little child
That had such winning ways.

I used to say, "The little birds
Do in their nests *agree;*"
And that he understood the words
Was plain as it could be.

For sometimes, if he chanced to fret,
He 'd nestle close to me,
And sorry for his little pet,
Would kiss, and lisp "*gee, gee.*"

Oh, how he loved to run about,
And gather the spring posies!
He would have raised a merry shout,
To see the great red roses!

But his dear little soul was gone,
Ere the buds began to blow:
I wish he could have seen just one—
It would have pleased him so.

But father says he's gone away
To a world of brighter flowers,
Where little angels with him play
Through all the pleasant hours.

Sweetly his little laughing voice
Floats on the balmy air,

And many heavenly babes rejoice
To see my brother there.

They bring him little lambs and doves,
And joy shines in his face;
For all the things our darling loves
Are in that blessed place.

And when he falls asleep at even,
His dreams are bright and fair;
His spirit feels at home in Heaven,
And thinks we're with him there.

# LITTLE LIBRARY:

FOR YOUNG PERSONS OF VARIOUS AGES.

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# FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN:

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

PART II.

# GOOD LITTLE MITTY.

MELIA OSGOOD was a very good little child. She was as busy as a bee. You know the bee works all the long summer day, to fill his honey-pots from the flowers, before winter comes.

When Amelia first began to talk, she called her own name *Mitty Osdood.* The words were too big for her little tongue, and she could not speak them quite plain. This made her older sister smile; and afterward, when she was quite a large girl, she always called her Mitty.

I am sure Mitty had very bright eyes, for they spied out every thing; and I am very sure she had a nimble tongue, for she talked about every thing. When her sister Mary was sitting at work, Mitty would

talk to ner all the time, unless Mary asked her to be silent.

"Sister *Ma-wee*," she would say, "here is a little fly eating up my sugar. He sucks, sucks, sucks. Why don't he eat it up, sister Ma-wee? How long it takes him to eat a little crumb of sugar. There, you may have it all, poor fly; for I know you are hungry, and have not had any breakfast. My mother tells me to bring my little arm-chair, and she ties on my little apron, and gives me a porringer of good warm milk for my breakfast, every morning. But you have not got any mother, or any arm-chair, poor little fly; and you may eat all my sugar for your breakfast. Now he has stopped eating; and he is rubbing his hands together, just as kitty does when she washes her paw. Kitty puts her tongue in the milk, when she eats. Where is the fly's tongue, sister Ma-wee?"

Mary called her a little chatterbox; and told her that the fly had a little tube in his mouth, through which he sucked sugar, just as little girls sometimes suck cider with a straw. A few days after, Mitty went to the Museum, and saw an elephant. She saw him drink a bottle of wine, and pick up half a dollar with his trunk. Then her

sister told her that the little fly's tube was very much like the elephant's trunk; only the fly's tube was very, very small, and the elephant's trunk was very large indeed.

Mitty listened to all her sister said about the elephant. When she got home, her head was so full of what she had heard, that she told her mother she had seen a great big fly. This made her brother John laugh very much. When his little sister grew older, he loved to plague her, by calling an elephant "Mitty's fly."

Mitty was a very good-natured little girl. I never heard her speak a cross word in my life. When John laughed at her about the elephant, she did not cry, or pout, or push her brother away. She only said, "Sister Mawee *told* me a fly was just like an elephant."

"Oh no, Mitty," said Mary; "I did not tell you a fly was just like an elephant. A fly has wings, you know, and can fly away. But the elephant has no wings; he cannot fly away. I only told you the fly had a little tube, with which he sucked up his food, very much like the elephant's trunk."

John kissed Mitty, and said she was a very little girl, and could not understand all that was told her; but she was the best little playmate in the world. And because

she was such a good-natured, pleasant little girl, he asked her to go out in the sunshine, and see him blow soap-bubbles. Mitty was very glad to go with her brother; and she gave him her hand, and ran jumping along, as happy as a little butterfly among the roses.

While John was fixing a bowl of soap and water, to make the bubbles, she ran to the barn to get a big straw for him. Her little lamb heard her coming, and he ran to her, crying, "baa! baa!" I do not believe there ever was a little girl more happy than Mitty was then. She laughed so loud, you might have heard her merry voice all over the garden. She loved her little lamb dearly. She picked some sweet clover for him, and he ate it from her hand. When she went to carry the big straw to John, the little lamb ran after her, as fast as he could make his trotters go.

When John saw him come, he laughed, and said, "One of these days, when the lamb is bigger, perhaps father will cut some wool from his back, and mother will make my little *sis* a nice pair of lamb's wool stockings. But kind little Mitty said, "Oh, no indeed; for then my little lamb would be cold." John told her it would not make

the lamb cold; for father would cut off very little wool, and he would cut it off when the weather was very warm. So Mitty was well pleased to think of having some nice lamb's wool stockings.

She sat down on the grass with the lamb's head in her lap, and watched the bright soap-bubbles, as they rose up in the air. Sometimes she would laugh so loud, and clap her hands, that the little lamb would jump upon his feet, to see what the matter could be.

There was a beautiful little humming bird flying about among the vines in the garden, and eating his supper in the honey-suckle blossoms. When he flew up in the air, his feathers shone with such bright colours, that Mitty clapped her hands, and shouted, "Oh, brother John, see, see that *bubble*-bird!" She called him a bubble-bird, because he had colours bright as the rain-bow, and glittered in the sunlight, like the soap-bubbles.

When Mitty went to bed that night, she was very tired; for she had played a great deal, and her little feet ached. She fell asleep in her little arm-chair, with her porringer of milk half full in her lap. Her mother undressed her, and was going to put

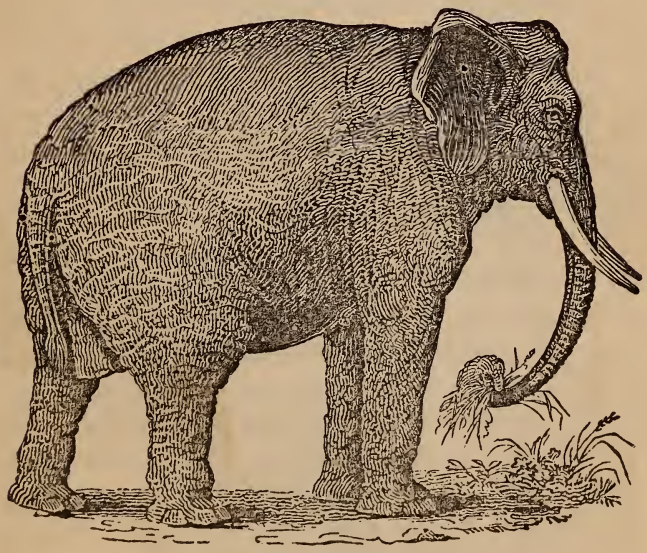
her into bed, without hearing her say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." She thought her little girl was too sleepy to say it. But Mitty knelt down, and said, "I will say my prayers, mother; for God is very good to me. He gave me my father, and my mother, and sister Ma-wee, and brother John. He made my little lamb, and the bubble-bird, and the great big elephant fly, and the little fly, and the good old cow, that gives me milk for my supper. God loves little Mitty, mother; and I will not go to sleep without thanking God."

Her mother kissed her, and called her a good little child; and Mitty folded her hands in her mother's lap, and said her prayers. Then her mother laid her down in her clean soft bed, and kissed her, and bade her good-night.

Mitty talked as long as she could keep awake; for she was a real chatterbox. When her mother left her, she said, "Good night, mother dear. When I am big enough, I will knit father some stockings of my lamb's wool; and my little Bantam hen will lay some eggs; and when I am a great big girl, I will make some custards for you."

If Mitty lives to be a woman, I am sure she will be very good, and everybody will

love her. I think so, because she is such a kind, good-natured little girl. She never speaks a cross word, and she always obeys her father and mother. Yes, I am very sure Mitty will be a good woman.



# THE SAUCY LITTLE SQUIRREL

A GENTLEMAN went into the woods to stay all day. He took with him two ears of roasted corn and some bread for dinner. After a while, he sat down under a tree to rest himself, and a little squirrel came capering about. The ears of roasted corn were lying in some clean paper, on the ground. I suppose the little squirrel liked the smell of them. He acted very much as if he wanted to carry them off. He looked at the corn, and then he looked in the gentleman's face. When he saw him smile, he took hold of one ear of corn with his little sharp teeth, and tried to drag it away; but it was quite too heavy for him. So he nibbled off the kernels, and stuffed his mouth as full as he could. Then he trotted off to his house under the ground,

and put the corn away for his dinner. He came back again, and stuffed his cheeks as full as they could hold.

He looked up in the gentleman's face, as if he wanted to ask whether he would whip him for taking his corn. But the gentleman loved the squirrel; and he did not make any noise to frighten him away. So the pretty little creature came to the tree again, and again; and every time he came, he carried off as much as his mouth would hold. He did not leave one single kernel of corn on the ears. I wonder his little feet were not tired, before he got it all stowed away in his house.

I should love to go into the woods, and have a little squirrel come and look up in my face, and carry off my dinner.

# THE VISIT.

ANN and MARIA were sisters. One summer's day, they went to see some little girls rather older than they were. Their names were Harriet and Isabella. Ann and Maria were afraid. They had never seen the little girls they were going to visit; and they thought they should not know what to say.

But when they came to the house, they soon felt very happy. Harriet and Isabella did all they could to please them. They took them by the hand very kindly, and led them out to the barn, to see their white hens, and their grey hens, and their nice little brood of chickens. One of the chickens, not much bigger than a butterfly, jumped upon its mother's back, and the old hen walked all round the yard with her little one. Maria

was small, and could not speak quite plain. She clapped her hands and said, "O, see that *ittle chitten* riding puss-back."

The girls all laughed, and Harriet said, "I think the chicken is riding hen-back."

Maria puckered up her little mouth, and began to feel grieved; for she thought they were making fun of her. "Ann, don't the *chitten* ride just as I do, up tairs and down tairs, on father's shoulders?" said she.

Harriet kissed her, and called her a good child. She knew it was not kind or polite to laugh at very little children because they cannot speak plain.

The white hen was running round the yard, with a kernel of corn in her mouth, and the grey hen was running after her. Isabella pointed her finger at them. "I think that white hen is a very stingy hen," said she: "see her run all over the field, and away down into the orchard, just for the sake of eating that morsel of corn all by herself."

"I would not be so stingy for all the world," said Ann; and so said all the little girls.

When the children were tired of looking at the chickens, they brought little chairs and crickets, and seated themselves under

a large elm-tree. There was a sweet-briar bush near by, covered with beautiful red seed-vessels, almost as large as cherries. Ann said the berries would make a sweet pretty necklace. "I will go into the house, and ask mother for a big needle and thread," said Isabella, "and we will string some of them for you and Maria."

"And will you string one for kitty's neck, too?" asked Maria. Isabella promised that the kitten should have a necklace. She soon came back with needles and thread.

While they were stringing the bright red berries, Harriet said she would go into the garden and gather some flowers, to make a wreath for Maria's hair. "Will you make one for me to carry home to little puss?" said Maria. She peeped up into Harriet's face so prettily, with her bright blue eyes, that she could not help running to kiss the little darling. "You are a good little puss yourself," said she, "and I will make a nice little garland for your kitten's neck."

"I love her little kitten," said Ann. "She lies in my lap and purrs so good-naturedly. Aunt Maria says that is the way cats laugh."

Harriet asked her mother's leave, and then ran into the garden, to gather an apron

full of flowers. When she came back, Maria was crying, and stamping her little feet. Ann stood a great way from her, with her hands behind her back, looking very cross. When Maria ran a few steps toward her sister, she ran away as fast as her feet would carry her. Maria tried to run after her, but she hit her little foot against a stone, and fell down, and cut her lip.

"What is the matter?" asked Harriet. "I left you all so happy when I went in the garden, and now you are all in trouble."

"Ann found a nice ripe pear on the ground," said Isabella; "and she hid it behind her back, and was not willing to give her sister a piece."

They took the little girl up, and wiped the blood from her mouth, and tried to comfort her. When Ann saw how much her little sister was hurt, she felt sorry, and very much ashamed. "I thought you would not be so stingy as our white hen, for all the world," said Isabella; "and now you have been running away just for the sake of eating a pear all by yourself."

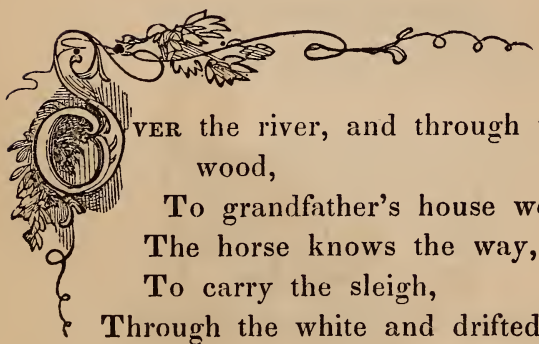
Ann began to cry, and said she was very sorry she had acted so much like the stingy hen. When they had washed Maria's mouth, she kissed her, and gave her half the

pear. Then they were all happy again. Little children are always happy, when they are kind and obliging to each other.

At sundown, their mother came in a chaise, to take them home. They kissed their little playmates, and bade them good-bye a dozen times. They talked very fast all the way home, telling their mother what a charming time they had.

# THE NEW-ENGLAND BOY'S SONG

## ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY.



OVER the river, and through the
wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 't is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play—
Hear the bells ring
Ting a ling ding,
Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood—
No matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get
The sleigh upset,
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all,
And play snow-ball,
And stay as long as we can.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple grey!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound,
For 't is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river, and through the wood–
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow,
With a loud bow wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood—
When grandmother sees us come,
She will say, Oh dear,
The children are here,
Bring a pie for every one.

Over the river, and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurra for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

# THE IMPATIENT LITTLE GIRL.

"They won't come to-night, I know they won't come," said Julia to her mother. "Oh yes, they will, my dear," replied her mother; "it is not late yet."

Julia was expecting some little girls to come and play with her; and she was not so patient as a good little daughter should be, when mother is kind enough to invite her friends. A minute or two after, she said again, "Mother, I'm sure they won't come. The sun has gone away from the last paving-stone in the yard. I know they won't come."

"If you are so fretful, I shall not invite your friends to come and see you again," said her mother. "I am not fretful," said Julia, "but I do wish they would come."

While Julia said this, she was dressing a

large wax doll; and she was in a great fidget, for fear it would not be dressed before the little girls came. Her aunt Mary had made the doll a pretty robe of white muslin, and Julia wished very much to put it on. The robe was too short, and her mother told her she had better rip the wide hem very carefully, and make a narrower one. Julia began very well, but there was a knot in the thread, and she would not wait for her mother's advice. She took a pin, and pulled upon the knotty stitch, with all her strength. She tore the muslin badly, and began to fret.

"If you had been slow and careful, you would not have spoiled that pretty robe," said her mother; "I wish my little daughter would learn to be more patient."

Before Julia could find another gown for her doll, two of the little girls came. She was so impatient to see them, that she flung the doll down in her little brother's chair, and ran to take off their bonnets and shawls. When her brother heard the bell ring, he wanted to climb in his chair, to look out of the window. He stepped on the doll, and broke it to pieces. When Julia came back for her doll, she found the face all smashed, and the pretty black eyes rolling on the floor

She cried with vexation, and began to make loud complaints of George. But her mother said, "Your brother is not to blame. He is a very little boy, and he did not know the doll was in his chair. You should never be in such a hurry, that you do not mind where you throw your playthings."

More little girls came soon. When they saw the pieces of the doll, they all said it was a great pity such a beautiful thing had been thrown down so carelessly. They all went into the parlour, and began to play Hide-and-go-seek. They enjoyed this very well, for a short time; but Julia soon began to grow impatient. When she was blinded, she would open one eye a little, so that she could see where the handkerchief was hidden. If the little girls did not find it very quick, she would tell them where it was. Her playmates said there was no fun in this; and they would not play Hide-and-go-seek any longer.

Julia saw that her visiters were offended with her, and she did not feel pleasantly at all. But they soon became good-natured again. A little girl, named Catherine, said, "Now let us play the Grand Mufti." Some of them said they did not know how to play it. But Catherine said, "Look at me;

and whenever I say, '*As* says the Grand Mufti,' you must do whatever I do. But when I say, '*So* says the Grand Mufti,' you must be careful *not* to do what I do."

They began the play, and she tried to speak as quick as ever she could. It was very hard to remember whether she said *so* or *as;* and they made a thousand mistakes. She snapped her fingers, and said, "*So* says the Grand Mufti;" and they all snapped their fingers.

"That is wrong," cried Catherine, "I told you *not* to do as I did, when I said, '*So* says the Grand Mufti.'"

Then she said, "*As* says the Grand Mufti," and began to dance. The little girls remembered that they had made a wrong motion before, and all but one stood still.

This amused little George very much. He began to shake his curly head, and laugh merrily. But Julia grew impatient again. Every time Catherine spoke, she repeated *so* and *as*, very loud, that the little girls might not make a mistake. Catherine said there was no fun in playing so; and they gave up the Grand Mufti.

Some of the girls were quite discontented, and wanted to go home. Julia went cry-

ing to her mother, and said, "My company want to go home. What shall I do?"

Her mother went to inquire what was the matter; and the children said, "We cannot play anything. Julia spoils all our fun." The mother said, "My little daughter wishes to make you all happy; and I think she will try not to be impatient any more."

Julia promised she would; and they all began to play Hunt-the-thimble. But when little girls allow themselves to form a bad habit, it is not easy to leave it off, all at once. After a while, Julia forgot her promise. If she knew what little girl had the thimble, she would call out, "I know where it is: somebody with a blue sash has got it." When the children found she would not wait for her turn, they said they would not give a cent to play so; and they gave it all up.

They went home early, and said to one another, "Julia showed us many pretty things, and we begun many pleasant plays; but she spoiled it all, by being so impatient."

Julia's mother talked very seriously with her. "My little daughter," said she, "do you not see that you make yourself disagreeable, and everybody uncomfortable, by always being in such a fidget?"

Mr. Carpenter, cordially shaking his hand. "My plane made such a noise, that I did not hear you come in."

"I was used to that, in old times," said his friend. "As I came through the garden, and saw all manner of little fountains and garden chairs I said to myself, These are all John's work, and I dare say I shall find him making something."

"Yes, they are my work," replied the cheerful old man. "I enjoy myself very much making these pretty arrangements for myself and neighbors. My wife has a great fancy for cypress vines, and my son has drawn an extremely pretty pattern of a Gothic arch surmounted by a cross, for her to arrange her vines upon. I am trying to make the frame in a way that will please them."

"I should suppose a man of your property would hire a mechanic to do it," said his visiter.

"I am a mechanic myself," answered he, with a good-humored smile; "and the older I grow, the more I am convinced that the pleasure of life is not in *having* things, but in *doing* things. But walk in and see my family. Ann will be extremely glad to see her old school-mate

You will stay and dine with us, will you not? We are going to have that real old-fashioned Yankee dinner, baked beans and an Indian pudding. I remember you used to be extravagantly fond of them, when we were boys."

"Ah, those were happy days," said Mr. Merchant, in a sad tone. "Every thing tasted good then. But now I have the dyspepsia to a dreadful degree, and am obliged to be extremely careful what I eat."

As they passed the dairy windows, they saw Mrs. Carpenter busily moulding the butter she had just churned. "There is my old school-mate!" exclaimed Mr. Merchant. "But, bless me, how young and fresh she looks!" She nodded cheerfully, as they passed, and came out to welcome the vister, without stopping to change her dairy apron.

"You are like your husband, I see; you like to be making something," said he.

"Yes," she replied, "it is an amusement to superintend my own dairy. It is a blessing that we are not obliged to work too hard, in our old age; but we continue to occupy ourselves, from a sincere love of employment. When I have spent an hour

home again. But my home had gone away, and now I don't know where it is." Then she began to sob again.

I asked her in what street her mother lived. "She knows, but I don't," said the poor child.

I did not know where to carry her, and I told her she had better go home with me. This made her sob worse. "Oh, I want to see my mother! I want to see my mother!" said she: "how I do wish my mother would come and find me."

I told her she must never go in the street alone again, till she was bigger; for she was not old enough to find her way, and there were many horses in the street, that might run over her. She said if she ever found her way home, she would never run away again, so long as she lived. As I was walking along with her, and she was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, I saw a woman, who looked at every little girl she met. I thought perhaps she was mother to the lost one; and sure enough she was. As soon as the little runaway saw her, she let go of my hand, and ran faster than the little dog she wanted to catch. She caught hold of her mother's gown, and cried, and laughed, and jumped up and down.

Her mother was very glad to see her. She kissed her a great many times, and hugged her close to her heart. When she told her how naughty it was to run away, and how she had frightened her poor mother, the little girl began to cry again. She said she never would go away from the door step alone again.

I knew another little girl, about three years old, whose name was Lucy. She was generally a pretty good girl; but one day she did a very naughty thing, and made her mother very much ashamed. Her father and mother had gone to church, and Lucy was left in the care of her nurse. While the nurse was dusting the chairs in the parlour, Lucy went into the kitchen, and crowded her whole apron into a bowl of soft soap. Then she began to wash it, as she had seen the washer-woman do. The nurse called to her, to know what she was doing; and when she did not answer, she went into the kitchen to see what she was about. Lucy cried very much, when the soaped apron was taken from her; and while the nurse went to get a clean apron, she ran off.

I do not know what made little Lucy so very naughty that day. She knew her fa-

ther and mother had gone to church; and she ran along the dusty road, till she came to the church door. She ran right in, among all the people. She had been crying, her face was spotted with soft soap, and her gown was very wet with the water she had spilled. Of course, she was a strange looking child. She did not know where to find her father and mother, and when she saw the people looking at her, she began to cry. A man led her out of the church, and showed her the way home. Her mother sat far from the church door, and she did not know what child it was, who came in with a wet gown and a dirty face, and disturbed the people by crying. When she heard that it was her own little girl, she was very much grieved. She told Lucy that she could not kiss her when she went to bed that night, because she had been so very naughty.

This made Lucy very unhappy. When the nurse put her to bed, she said, "Oh dear, if my mother will only kiss me tomorrow night, and call me her good little girl, I will never run away again in my life."

There was another little girl in Boston, whose name was Ann. She ran away with her brother one day, to see the pond on the

Common. When she got there, she let go of her brother's hand; and because she was not big enough to take care of herself, she fell into a mud puddle. Her clean gown was all covered with mud, and so were her hands and face. Some men took her out of the puddle, and gave her to her brother to be carried home. She was so much frightened and ashamed, that she cried all the way. Even after her mother had washed her, and put on clean clothes, she kept sobbing for a long time. She never forgot how frightened she was, when she felt herself sinking down in the mud puddle. Whenever she saw the gown she had on then, she was sure to say, "That is the gown I had on when I ran away to the Common."

She thought there could be nothing half so bad in the world, as falling into a mud-puddle. One day, she heard her brother read in the Bible about Job. She asked who Job was. Her mother told her he was a very good man, who met with a great deal of trouble, but was always patient. She looked up, with a very serious face, and said, "Mother, do you think Job ever fell into a mud-puddle, when he was a little boy?"

This made all the folks laugh. Poor Ann

had been so frightened, that she though nobody could ever meet with any thing worse than falling into the mud.

She was always very careful after that; and never went away from home without her mother gave her leave.

I knew two little brothers in Boston, who went out to make sand-pies, in a heap of sand before the door. When nobody was looking at them, they ran away. They thought it was very good fun to be in the street alone; and they ran about like wild things. By and by, they came to an open field, and they crept through the fence, and went to walk on the grass. They had always lived in the city, and the grass felt very pleasant to their feet. They went on till they were tired, and then they lay down on the grass, and rolled over and over. Then they jumped up, and walked on, and walked on, till they came to a place where there were many trees, and red clover, and weeds with big white flowers. They talked to a bird they saw on a bush, and tried to catch a butterfly. They thought it was a very fine thing to run away from home.

But at last they began to feel very hungry, and very tired. They wanted to go back to their mother, but they did not know

the way, and their little feet ached so, that they could not walk. The younger one had but one shoe; for when he tried to step over a small brook, his foot slipped in, and stuck fast in the mud. When he pulled his foot out, he could not find his shoe. Afterward, the stones cut his foot, and made it bleed. The poor little fellow lay down and cried. Every minute, he kept saying, "I want to go to my mother. I want to go to my mother."

The older brother washed his lame foot with some water from the brook, and that made him feel a little better. They were very hungry indeed, but they could find nothing to eat but two berries. Once, they came near a house, and they would have gone in, but a great dog barked at them, and made them afraid. The dog would not have barked at them, if he had known they were poor little lost children; for he was a very kind dog. The little boys did not know what a good dog he was. They thought he would bite. So they ran away into the fields again.

They had no dinner, and no supper. Night was coming on very fast, and they had no bed to sleep on. The little squirrels went into their nests, and slept nicely with

doscope, raised to a level with his eye, and made to turn on a swivel, so that one could look into it without fatigue. Bright metallic ores, of various colors, lay behind it, in a focus of light, and the rays conveyed by a reflector, formed the most gorgeous images within the kaleidoscope.

"You are not yet tired of making something," said Mr. Merchant, smiling.

"No indeed," replied the cheerful old man. "The difficulty is, I cannot find time to make half the things I contrive in my head. Look into this toy of mine. Is it not a beautiful sight?"

"It is beautiful indeed!" exclaimed his visiter. "I should not have imagined that any thing so splendid could have been made with such a common plaything."

He walked back and forth, thoughtfully, then stopped abruptly, and said, "Do you know I am more and more convinced that you are right? Making money is *not* making any thing."

"Try a new system, my friend," replied Mr. Carpenter, soothingly. "Prune your own trees, plant your own flowers, try experiments with your own hands, watch the results with your own eyes. Instead of priding yourself on fruit that no

one else can have, give grafts to all the neighborhood. Instead of valuing a flower according to its cost, value it according to its beauty, or its fragrance, and offer seed to every one who will rear it. The whole country will thus become a garden, and your eye will be refreshed wherever you go. The longer I have lived, the more I have been convinced that the pleasure is in *doing*, not in *possessing*, and that the happiness we *give* is the only real happiness we *take*."

"It is too late," replied the rich man with a sigh. "The proverb says, 'It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' Even you could not make Towser churn, you know. I have come to bid you farewell, my good friend. God bless you. When I come back from Europe, I shall doubtless find you making something."

But he never returned to his native land. His friend survived him many years, and remained active and cheerful to the last. At seventy-eight years of age, he was found, apparently in a sweet sleep, in one of the arbors of his garden. By his side was a rocking-horse, which he had just finished for the deaf and dumb child of a poor neighbor. His spectacles were

Oh, how glad she was to see them again! and how glad they were to see their mother! She kissed them and cried, and then kissed them and cried again. And the little boys put their arms about mother's neck and kissed her, and cried too.

The little boys never wanted to run away again as long as they lived.

# ROBINS.

EVERY child has seen little robin red-breasts, and heard many pretty stories about them. Every body loves little red robin, and robin seems to know, too, that she is a great favourite; for she hops round the door-step, and picks up crumbs, and is not the least afraid.

One day, when the air was very cold, a robin pecked at the window of a poor man in Germany, and seemed to ask as plain as she could, whether she might come in. The good man opened the window for the poor little creature, and robin seemed very glad. She picked up the crumbs that fell from the table; for she was very hungry. The children scattered plenty of crumbs for her, and they were greatly delighted to see her hop up on their shoes.

When the grass began to grow green again, in the spring, robin flew away into the woods, and made a neat little nest in the bushes, and laid three pretty blue eggs. Out of these eggs came little birds; and robin fed them, like a careful mother. She did not come into the house, but she would often perch on a tree by the window, and sing the children a pretty song.

When winter comes, the robins fly away to a warmer country, because they do not like to have their bare toes on the snowy ground. But this little robin red-breast remembered the good friends that had taken care of her; and when the weather was cold she hopped into the cottage, and brought a little mate along with her. The children clapped their hands for joy. They

made robin and her mate a snug little roost in a warm corner. When they were eating, the birds would hop about on the table, and pick up the crumbs from the plates. "How cunning they look up, with their bright little eyes," said the children. "It seems as if these dear little birds wanted to speak to us."

"If they *could* speak," answered the father, "they would tell us that they trust us, because we are kind to them. If men loved all the little creatures of the woods, and treated them gently, they would never be afraid of men."

It seemed as if little robin red-breast understood what the good father was saying; for she hopped into his hand, and warbled a song.

And now I will tell you about two little Irish robins. They came hopping into a doctor's room, one day, and looked round for a place to build a nest. They took a fancy to a shelf in the corner of the room; but a small gallipot of medicine stood in their way. They pushed against it, and pushed against it, and finally, by working very hard, made it fall on the floor. They seemed much pleased when the gallipot was out of the way; and they immediately be-

gan to bring in straws, to make a nest. Many people came into the room, and looked at them; but they did not mind that. The doctor threw wool and moss on the floor, and they would pick it up, to line their nest. In four days, they finished the nest, and the mother bird laid seven pretty little eggs in it. While she was setting on the eggs, her mate brought her food to eat, and sung pleasant songs to her.

In twelve days, the little ones were chirping about her; and the father and mother both had as much as they could do to feed their large family. The kind doctor placed a pan of groats on the shelf, and the old birds used them freely, to feed their young. One day, they found their way into the pantry, and began to peck at the butter. First, they would carry a grain of corn to their little ones, and then a piece of butter. Being fed in this way, they soon became so fat, that they could hardly see out of their eyes.

The old birds kept the nest very neat indeed; but the doctor observed that they always cleaned it with their bills; and he did not like to have them pecking at his butter. He placed a cup of lard near them, and they seemed to like it just as well.

The old birds and the young birds were all as sociable as possible. The mother would hop on the dinner table, to pick up the crumbs, and would stand still while the children patted her on the head. The father would fly about, and perch on the tops of the chairs, and twitter and chirp, as if it made him very happy to have his family so well taken care of.

When the little ones were large enough, they flew away; but the old ones chose to stay with their friend the doctor. After a time, they made another nest, and soon had a family of six little ones. They fed them with groats and lard, as they had done the others; and they grew very fat and strong. But when they began to fly, two of them fluttered over the grate, and fell into the fire, and were burned to death.

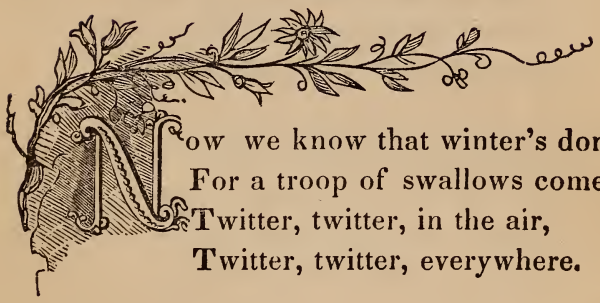
The father and mother were very attentive to their little family. When not bringing them food, the father sat on a peg in the wall, and kept a look out on all that was going on. If a cat walked into the house, he would fly screaming to his friend, the doctor, and would not rest till the cat was driven away. He would then twitter and chirp, as if he were glad, and go back to his nest to look at his little ones. He

was very fond of milk, and often went into the pantry to drink from a bowl that was left open for him. The young ones flew away, when they were big enough; but all winter long, the old ones slept on pegs in the doctor's bed-room. In the morning, they would wake him up, by whirring round his pillow; and then they would tap on the window to be let out into the fresh air.

Next spring, the mother-bird built in the garden, and she never again made a nest in the house. She seemed to remember that two of her young ones had been burned to death there. The father-bird flew into the house for groats and lard, and milk. When he saw any cat coming near his nest, he would go screaming to his friend, the doctor, and fly along before him, to show him where the cat was.

Is it not pleasant to be thus loved by the little creatures of the woods and fields? If we are always kind and gentle, every thing will love us. Our Heavenly Father made us all to live together in love, and to make each other happy.

# THE SPRING BIRDS.



Now we know that winter's done.
For a troop of swallows come,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

Oh, they are sweet pretty things.
Flying round with rapid wings,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

The swallow knows no other tune,
But always sings to May and June,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

In the barn she builds her nest,
In the corner she likes best,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

See! she took a hair just now,
From the back of Moolly cow.
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

If the sheep should drop some wool,
She will give it many a pull;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

From the hen she gets a feather,
And she weaves the whole together;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

But when her little ones can fly,
They bid us all a kind good-bye;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere,

Swallows come with the first spring day,
And with summer they go away;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

Poor little swallows have to go;
They do not like the frost and snow;
They could not twitter in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

But when spring comes with sun and rain,
The swallows will come back again;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

# LITTLE MARY IS CROSS TO-DAY.

"WHAT is the matter, Mary? Why do you throw your pretty patch-work on the floor, and stamp upon it so?"

Mary's cheeks were very red. She felt ashamed that her mother should see her behave so. She wanted some excuse; and she said, "It is very ugly patchwork, mother; very ugly indeed. The needle is very ugly, too. It pricks my fingers every minute.

"The needle is not naughty, but my little girl is not good-natured," said her mother, "You push your needle in a hurry, and that makes it prick your finger."

"I do not love to sew. May I get my playthings?" asked little Mary. Her mother told her she might get them. So Mary brought out her wooden lion, and her little

china lamb, and her doll, and a little milk-maid with a churn. Mary twitched the string that made the milk-maid churn, and it broke. Then she could not raise her arm up and down any more.

Mary began to cry quite loud. "What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"This is a very ugly milk-maid," said Mary; "she will not churn any more."

"The string broke, because you pulled it too hard," said her mother.

Before Mary could dry up her eyes, her father, and her little cousins, George and Charlotte, came in. When her father asked what made her eyes look so red, her mother said, "Little Mary is cross to-day." "Oh no, I am not cross," said Mary; and she was going to cry again. But her father spoke to her very kindly, and though her lip trembled a little, because she was very much grieved, she did not cry loud.

She ran to find her very little pail, full of pretty popping-corn, that she might show it to her cousins. Charlotte gave her a little swan and a piece of steel. The swan's mouth was made of magnet. Magnet loves steel, and always tries to go to it. They put the swan in a basin of water, and held the steel a little way from him. Then the bird

began to swim toward the steel, because the magnet in his mouth wanted to get hold of it. It made Mary laugh to see the swan go round wherever the steel moved. She fastened a crumb of bread on the steel, and held it to him, and called, "Come, biddy, come." The bird went after the bread, just as he would if he had been alive and hungry. Charlotte told her that if she held it too near the swan, the magnet would take hold of the steel.

George and Charlotte went into the next room, to play with the bow and arrow, and little pail of corn. While they were there, Mary held the steel too near the bird, and the magnet and steel fastened together, like two pieces of wax. Mary screamed out. She forgot that when her father looked so kindly at her, she did not mean to cry any more that day.

Her mother came running in, to see if she were hurt.

"What! is my little daughter crying again?" said she.

"I did not mean to cry any more," said Mary; "but this swan is very ugly. He bit the piece of steel."

"The swan is not naughty," said her father: "my own Mary is not good-natured.

Your cousin told you that the magnet and steel would fasten together, if you put them too near. You could easily have pulled it away; or you could have asked Charlotte to come and take it off. Would it not have been much better than to scream so?"

Mary held down her head, and said it would have been much better; and she promised her father that she would try to be pleasant all day. But soon after, George came running with a dead butterfly, that he found in the window. He struck his foot against Mary's little pail, and spilled all the corn on the floor. "Oh, dear," said Mary, "what an ugly pail!" and she began to cry again.

When George had picked up all the corn, and Mary was quiet once more, Charlotte asked her aunt if she would be so good as to cut out some houses, and trees, and dogs, from some nice white paper she held in her hand. Her aunt cut out a great many pretty things for her, and made some little boats and cocked-up hats for Mary. After that, Mary's father went into the library, and her mother went into her own room. When she went away, she said, "You must be good children, and be very kind to each

other. I hope I shall not hear my little Mary cry again to-day."

Mary's mother had told her, a great many times, never to put anything in her nose and ears. But when little girls are fretful, they feel very uneasy, and do not know what to do with themselves. Mary rolled up some of the paper, and stuffed it in her ears. But when she had done it, she was very much frightened; for her mother had often told her it might hurt her very much. She ran to the foot of the stairs, and screamed as loud as she could, "Mother! mother! I have got a cocked-up hat in my ear!"

Her father and mother went to her very quick. She called so loud, they were afraid she was half killed. But when they heard what she said, they laughed very much; and that made Mary cry louder. Her mother took the paper hat out of her ear, and wiped away her tears. When Mary looked round, she saw Charlotte sitting on her father's lap. She puckered up her lip, and looked at her mother with a very grieved face. Her mother smiled, and shook her finger at her; so she did not cry again. But her voice trembled very much, as she said, "Mother, cousin Charlotte is sitting on *my* father's lap."

"That is because Charlotte is a good girl, and does not cry," said her father; "if my little daughter will be good-natured, she shall sit on my lap, too." Mary could not bear that. She loved her father very dearly; and when he was displeased with her, it made her feel very unhappy. She laid her head in her mother's lap, and sobbed.

"Mary is not well, I am sure," said her mother. "I will ask Susan to take her up to the nursery. She must be very ill, to cry so much."

"Oh, don't send me to the nursery. I am not ill, but I do want to cry," said Mary.

She knew it was naughty to do so. In a few minutes, she wiped her face quite dry, and looked up very pleasantly. A gentleman came in, to talk with her father and mother. He happened to look at one of Mary's picture-books; and her father asked if he would like to take it home, and show it to one of his little girls. He thanked him, and put it in his pocket. Mary came very near crying again; but she remembered her father had said she must not sit on his lap, if she cried. So she crept up softly behind his chair, and whispered, "Father, that is *my* book." "I know it my dear: you

shall have it again;" said her father. He smiled at her, and put his hand on her little bright curls, and she felt very happy.

When she saw the gentleman go away, with the picture-book in his pocket, she tried very hard to keep from crying. She shut her mouth tight, and winked her eyes, and would not let the tears come. When she looked up, she saw that her father was very much pleased with her, for trying to be a good girl. He took her in his lap, and kissed her, and said, "Now Mary is a good little daughter, because she did not cry, when she wanted to cry very much indeed."

Mary said, "I will try never to cry so much again, dear father. My playthings break, and you don't love me, and I feel very bad myself, when I am cross."

She was a better little girl afterward. If she began to cry, she stopped herself, and said, "I don't want mother to say again, 'Little Mary is cross to-day.'"

# LITTLE LUCY AND HER LAMB.

Lucy was a very kind little girl. She never struck the kitten, and when she rode out with her father, she never wanted to whip the horse. When she was eating her bread and milk, a hungry fly would sometimes light on the edge of the bowl, and try to drink. Little Lucy never knocked him with her spoon. She would say to him,

"Drink away, poor little fly,
You may drink, as well as I."

One day, when spring weather came, and the sun was warm, and the grass green, a butterfly flew into the window, and lighted on a beautiful rose that was standing in the sunshine. Lucy jumped up, and clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, what a pretty,

pretty, pretty butterfly! Mother, may I touch it?"

Her mother told her she could not touch him, without hurting him. She took down a large dead butterfly, that was pinned over the looking-glass, and told Lucy to put her finger on it. When she took her finger off, it was all covered with fine meal from the butterfly's wings. Her mother told her that this meal was made of very small feathers, like the down on a bird; but the feathers were so very, very small, that they could not be seen, without a magnifying glass.

"Can the butterflies see them?" asked Lucy.

"I suppose they can," replied her mother; "but I do not know. I never was a butterfly; and so I cannot tell how much they can see with their little eyes."

"And when this meal comes off from their pretty wings, does it hurt them?" asked Lucy.

"I suppose it hurts them, as it hurts a bird to pull out his feathers," said her mother; "and besides that, they cannot fly as well, when the down is taken from their wings. It makes them lame."

"Then I will never touch a butterfly," said Lucy.

Lucy's grandfather lived in New Jersey. He was a good old Quaker gentleman, and Lucy loved him very much. When the snow-ball bush was in blossom, he came to see her, and staid a whole week. Almost every evening, Lucy took a walk with her good grandfather, and she was a very happy little girl. One evening, they met a man who was driving some sheep and lambs. A chaise-wheel had passed over one of the little lambs, and hurt its leg so badly, that it walked very lame indeed. Lucy begged to carry the little lamb home, because it was too lame to trot along after the mother.

"I will buy it for thee, my dear child," said the old gentleman. "Thou art as gentle as a little lamb thyself. But I think the little one will grieve for its mother; so I will buy the old sheep too."

He bought the sheep, and led her home by a string. Little Lucy carried the lame lamb in her arms. Her mother spread a nice warm blanket in a basket, and Lucy laid the lamb on it, and fed it with warm milk, from her own little china bowl. In a few weeks it was quite well.

One morning, the old gentleman called Lucy to him, and kissed her, and told her he must bid her farewell before she went to

school, for he should be gone to New Jersey before she came back. Lucy jumped up in his lap, and hugged him, and kissed him, and said, "Oh, do come again soon, grandfather. I love dearly to have you come."

When she put on her cape-bonnet to go to school, she staid round the good old grandfather, and leaned on his knees, and looked up in his face. "Poor Lucy," said her mother, "it comes very hard for her to part with grandfather."

"I must walk to school with the little darling myself," said the old man. And he took her hand, and she went jumping along, as happy as a kitten.

While Lucy was in school, her father brought the chaise to the door, for the grandfather to ride home. And up trotted the old sheep and the little lamb, as if they had come to say good-bye to their old friend.

"Look at the pretty creatures," said the old gentleman. The father looked, and smiled when he saw a small bell fastened to a neat little collar round the lamb's neck. On the bell was written "Little Lucy's Lamb."

"Tell my little darling," said the grandfather, "that I bought the bell for her, be-

cause she is always so kind to every body and every thing."

When Lucy came home, she was greatly delighted with her lamb's collar and bell. The little creature became very fond of her, and used to follow her all round, like a dog. When the lamb grew to be a sheep, she had many a warm pair of stockings made of her wool.

# LITTLE FRANCIS.

NCE there was a little boy named Francis. He was a very lively child; always full of his talk. When he was two years old, his mother bought him a china bowl, covered with pictures. He thought the men and women on it were alive. When he ate his bread and milk, he would talk to them. They did not answer him. But their mouths were painted as if they were open; so he began to laugh, and offer them a spoonful of his supper. "Take some—take some. Why don't you eat it?"

When he saw that the figures on the bowl did not move, he turned round and offered the spoonful of milk to his mother. If his mother drank it, and said she loved it, his eyes would sparkle, and he would laugh for

joy. He loved dearly to give away a part of everything he had. If his mother gave him an apple, he would always ask to have it cut in five pieces, and give one to each of his brothers. And when his mother filled his bowl with milk, he would run about the house as fast as his little feet could go, to give all the children a drink.

Francis was very kind to animals, too. A poor dog used to go by his father's house sometimes. He did not have half enough to eat, and he was so lean that he looked like a mere skin full of bones. When Francis was very small, before he learned to talk very well, his little heart was full of pity for the poor starved animal. The first time he saw him, he called out, "Mamma, there's a poor dog that gets no dinner. He looks like a good boy of a dog. Do give him something to eat." His mother gave him some pieces of meat, and it made him very happy to go out and feed the hungry dog.

One day, the dog was going by, and they could not find any bones or cold meat for him. Francis was in great trouble. At last, he ran and took the plate of bones away from the cat. "She is a great fat puss,"

said he: "she gets a dinner every day, and the dog don't."

The beggar dog came to know his little friend so well, that he never went by the house without stopping to see him. If he did not come out soon, he would scratch on the gate, and bark.

One day, when Francis went to walk with his father, they met a blind man, who was led by a little white dog. The dog could not speak to ask for money for his poor master; but he made a whining noise, and scratched on the ground with his paws.

It pleased Francis to see the dog so good to the poor old man. He stooped down, and patted his head, and talked to him as if he had been a child. He gave the blind man all the coppers he had, and gave the dog the roll of bread and butter he was eating. "Take it, good little puppy," said he: "I wish I had another roll; you should have it."

The dog ate the bread, and licked his lips as if he thought it was good. Then he came and rubbed his head against the little boy, and looked up in his face, as if he wanted to speak. This made the lively little fellow laugh. "See, papa! see pa-

pa!" shouted he; "he is saying, Thank you, Francis. Have you got another roll?"

The blind man said he had another dog at home, that he would sell very cheap. The father told him to bring it to his house, and if it pleased him, he would buy it. He brought it the next day; and Francis liked it so well, that his father bought it, and gave it to him. The cat did not like this very well. She put up her back, and spit at the dog; and when she saw Francis take him up in his arms, she walked out of the house.

But the dog and cat soon came to be good friends together. They ate their dinner out of the same pan. When they had done, they would lie down on the grass, and roll about, and box one another's ears in play. This was great sport for Francis. Sometimes, he would lie down on the grass with them, and they would tumble over him, and jump and frolic about every way. If he set a little ball rolling, they would both scamper after it, and the dog would bring it back in his mouth. He taught his dog to stand on his hind legs and beg; and to carry his basket in his mouth, when he went into the garden to help his mother pick peas and beans.

But though Francis loved his dog so much, he did not neglect his cat. As soon as he was dressed in the morning, he would seat himself in his little arm-chair, and ask for his bowl of milk. Then he would call "Puss, puss! Bijou, Bijou!" and the cat and dog would both come running, and stand one on each side, while he gave them some of his breakfast. Sometimes he would take the cat in his lap, and she would lick his hand and purr. Then the happy little fellow would laugh, and say, "Mamma, hear puss talk, she is whispering to me; and I guess she says, Good morning, Francis."

It was a pleasure to see this little boy's face. His eyes were so clear, and bright, and blue, and he always looked so happy. He was always full of play, but he was never rude or noisy. When the sun had gone down behind the hills, and it was cool enough to play out of doors, he loved dearly to have his father run after him. He would go round the house, as fast as his little feet could fly. Sometimes, he would hit his toes against a stone, and fall down on the grass. But he did not mind that. He would jump up and run again. When he got round the corner, he would peep back, to see if father

was near enough to catch him. It was a pretty sight to see his eyes sparkling with fun, and his gold-coloured hair blowing in the wind. One day, when he came running round the corner very quick, the kitten came running against him. She was frightened, and put up her back, and hissed at him. How Francis did laugh!

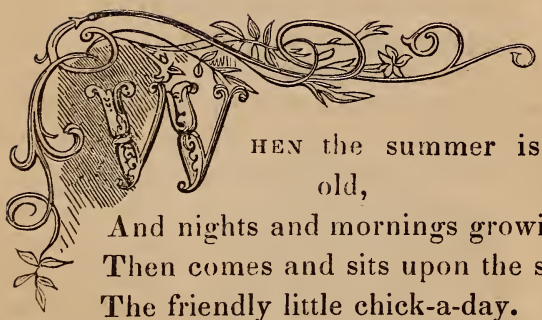
He loved to frolic out of doors, but he always came in as soon as his father and mother thought it was best. He would walk right in, and seat himself in his little arm-chair, and say, "Now will you tell me a story?" If his father said yes, he would climb into his lap, and lay his little curly head on father's shoulder, and be as quiet and happy as a little lamb lying on the grass with the old sheep. He was so fond of hearing stories, that he was not always ready to go to bed, when the proper time came. When he had his night-gown on, he would want to kiss every body two or three times over. And when his mother said, "Come, Francis, it is time to go to bed, and shut your little peepers," he would say, "Please let me stay a minute. Papa cannot do without his little boy." Sometimes, he would say, "Puss wants me to stay a little longer."

One night, when his mother was ready to lead him to bed, he said, "My foots are cold. Let me sit down a minute, and warm them in the moonshine." It made all his brothers laugh to see him sit down on the floor, where the moon shone brightly on his little white toes. As he sat looking up at the sky, he said, "The moon is a very bright thing. Mother, what was the moon made for?" His brother Henry said, "It was made to warm your toes."

Little Francis did not smile, he sat looking up at the window, winking his eyes slowly, as if he were thinking of something. At last, he said, "It looks very bright and pleasant up there. If we are good, perhaps father and mother, and little Francis and Henry, and all of us, will go to heaven together. I should love to have hold of dear mother's hand, when I go."

His mother stooped and kissed him, and said, "Take mother's hand now, and go to bed, like a good boy." He took her hand, and she laid him on his pillow, and in a few minutes he slept as sound as a mouse.

# THE AUTUMN BIRD.



WHEN the summer is getting old,
And nights and mornings growing cold,
Then comes and sits upon the spray
The friendly little chick-a-day.

She is a chubby little bird,
And all day long her song is heard,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

She never minds a cloudy sky,
But ever singeth cheerily,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

When cold winter draweth near,
Dearly do I love to hear
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Blessings on the happy bird,
With her pleasant little word,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

# HAPPY LITTLE GEORGE.

ITTLE GEORGE lived in Boston. He was very fond of flowers. When the spring time came, he always used to say, "Oh, mother, how I do wish we lived in the country." Every morning and evening, he went to walk on Boston Common. If he happened to see a Dandelion, or a White Clover, he would break it off, and exclaim, "Oh, mother, see what a beautiful flower!"

People who live in cities have not much ground to spare. George's father gave him a small piece, about as big as an apron, and he liked to be digging in it half his time. At first, he put into the earth all flowers that were given him, and then he was sorry because the hot sun made them wither. But his mother bought him some Sweet Peas

and some Lupine seed, and showed him how to plant them. She told him they would not come up for many days, and he must wait patiently, and not touch them at all. It is very foolish for little boys to fret, because things do not grow as fast as they want them to. Fretting never makes any thing grow.

George was very good. Sometimes he looked at his garden, but he never touched it. One day, his mother told him she would show him something as pretty as the prettiest flower. So little George put on his hat, and ran off to walk with his mother, wondering what he was going to see. They stopped at a house where he had never been before. A gentleman who lived there showed them a gold snuff-box, with a very beautiful picture on the cover. While George was looking at the picture, the gentleman touched the box, and the cover opened. A beautiful bird rose up from the box, and shook himself, and turned his head round, and began to sing. He was very small; not bigger than a thimble. His feathers were smooth and glossy, and the colours as bright as a butterfly. His song was so clear and sweet, that George thought it was a real bird from the woods. But it was not

alive. It was a little machine, like a watch. A watch moves its hands, and keeps making a ticking noise, though it is not alive. So this little bird moved and sung, though it was only a machine.

George was not old enough to understand how this was done. But he was delighted with the beautiful bird, and wanted to look at it all day. After the bird had sung his songs three or four times over, the gentleman shut the box, and said he had not time to show it any more. George wished very much to see it longer; but he knew it was not polite to tease. He thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and bade him good bye.

The next morning, his father took him to ride in the country. There he saw ever so many flowers, and had plenty of sky-room to fly his kite with his little cousins. One day, he saw two pretty little squirrels seated on a bough, and never was any little boy so glad. He wanted to catch the squirrels and carry them home. But his father told him they would not be happy shut up in a box; and if they ran about in the city streets, they would get killed. Good little George thought he had rather leave them to be happy in the fields.

Afterward, George saw a white hen, with a whole brood of little chickens. She was scratching very busily, to find food for her little ones. One chicken was brown, and all the rest were white. George thought the brown one had been out in the sun too much. He said, "See father, how that little chicken is tanned!" His cousins laughed, and his father told him that the sun tanned little girls and boys, but it did not tan chickens. George saw a thousand pleasant things, and ran about, till he was tired. When he went home to Boston, he wanted to go to bed directly.

The next morning, he went to look at his garden; but he did not dig in it. He asked his mother only once when she thought the seed would come up. He built cob-houses, and looked at his little picture books all day, without troubling his mother at all. He watched his garden every day. He wished the flowers would make haste and come up; but he never teased about it. In a fortnight, he saw little green things above the ground, and he ran into the house to tell of it. Every body was glad to see him so pleased. They all loved him; he was such a good-natured boy.

The next day, when George went to look

at his Lupines, he found a pretty flower-pot standing in the middle of his garden. In it was a rose-bush, with three beautiful roses, and three buds on it. Happy little George clapped his hands, and shouted for joy. His father heard him, and he opened the window and said, "That rose-bush is for you, my son; because you have been such a good boy, and have never teased about your garden."

"Thank you, father," said George; "now I can carry a rose to school for little Mary."

The flowers grew finely in George's garden. The bees came there to ask the flowers for honey, and the butterflies came for a breakfast. Almost every day George went to school with his little hand full of blossoms. And when he met a little ragged child, that had no garden, he was always glad to give him a flower.

# THE DONKEY.

THEY say the donkey is a very stupid animal; but he is not stupid. Men beat him, and kick him, and keep him half starved; and that makes him not care about any thing; and so he seems stupid. But he is bright enough, when he is treated with gentleness and love. It makes all creatures bright, and lively, and happy, to be treated kindly. A donkey will do any thing for those he loves; but he does not care to please those who beat him and abuse him.

Thousands of miles from here, there is a beautiful sunny country, called Spain. The poor, hard-working people there are called peasants. In that country, there are many rocks and hills, and the donkey steps very safe and sure-footed among the stony paths.

In Spain, almost every body has a donkey. Rich people have them for the ladies and children to ride on, because they are so easily mounted, and step so softly and so gently. Sometimes you will see a plump little donkey, covered with handsome scarlet cloth, and three little children riding on his back. He will step round so carefully and softly, that even the little baby is not afraid; and he will stop close to the high step, that the little ones may get off his back safely, and not fall and hurt themselves.

When the poor Spanish peasant has been hard at work all day, and his donkey has been hard at work too, they come home very tired, and the poor jackass can hardly carry the heavy panniers on his back. But the children stand at the door, watching for him; and when they see the good creature come slowly along the road, that winds down from the hill, they throw up their caps, and set up a merry shout. The donkey hears them, and he pricks up his long ears, and trots fast, in a hurry to meet them. When he comes up to the cottage door, they hug him round the neck, and pat him on the side. They bring him some of the bread they have for their own suppers, and if they can find a turnip, they run gladly to give it

to him. He eats from their hands, and lays his head on their shoulders, and tries, all he can, to say, "I love you, dear children."

Oh no, the poor donkey is not stupid. It is very pleasant to him to be loved, and he gives back love to those who treat him well.

I will tell you what a Spanish donkey did once. His master was a poor man that carried milk to market. He did not ride into the city in a cart, as our milk-men do. The milk was put into bottles, and packed close in panniers, that were thrown across the donkey's back. The peasant walked along beside the donkey and his load, and thus they trudged to market together, every day, for many years. The donkey knew his master and mistress, just as well as they knew each other. He would come joyfully when they called his name, and feed from their hands, and follow them all round, like a dog. He loved them, and would do any thing for them.

Now it chanced, one day, that the peasant was very ill, and he could not leave his bed. "What will my customers do for milk?" said he; "they will expect me, and will not know what is the reason I cannot come."

"I cannot go and leave you alone," said his wife; "for we have no neighbours to

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

# THE LITTLE WHITE LAMB AND THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB.

MARY LEE is a kind little girl. She loves every thing, and when she sees any creature hurt, it makes her cry. When Mary was a babe, just big enough to sit on the floor alone, her father bought her a lamb. At first, she did not like the looks of the wool. She was afraid to put her fingers on the lamb's back. The little lamb said, "Baa! Baa!" and Mary cried. She did not know that was the way little lambs talk. But very soon Mary loved the lamb.

When her brother George asked her, "What is little Mary?" she would say, "*Ma-wee* is mother's pet lamb." And when he asked her, "What is the little lamb?" she would say, "The lamb is Ma-wee's friend."

Every night, the lamb stood beside her,

when she ate her bread and milk; and she fed him with her little spoon. Sometimes, when she drew her little cart about the room, the lamb ran after her; and oh, how Mary would clap her hands and laugh. Nancy, the nurse, would laugh, too; for she loved little Mary, and was pleased to see her happy.

Every day, the little lamb grew bigger; and every day the little girl grew bigger. One day, George led his little sister out to the barn, and there she found two little baby lambs. One of them was a black lamb, and one was a white lamb.

Mary ran into the house and told her nurse, Nancy, that her lamb had two baby lambs, and one was black and the other white. Nancy was a black woman. She had a little boy named Thomas. George and Mary were white children. Thomas was a black child. Thomas loved George and Mary, and George and Mary loved Thomas.

Nancy went out to the barn with the children, to see the lambs. Little Mary said, "What makes one lamb white, and the other lamb black?"

Nancy told her, "God made the white lambs, and the black lambs. God loves them both, and made them to love each other."

Then Mary said, "I am my mother's white lamb, and Thomas is Nancy's black lamb; and God loves us both."

When they all went into the house, Nancy gave the children a cake and an orange; and George and Mary said, "Give Thomas one, too."

When Mary was sleepy, Nancy took her in her arms, and rocked her, and sung pretty songs to her.

The little girl said, "I love my father, and my mother, and Nancy, and George and Thomas. I love you dearly, Nancy. You are always good to me. God loves George, and Thomas, and me, when we are good children. And God loves the little white lamb and the little black lamb, when they are good lambs. I suppose lambs are always good. But little children are naughty sometimes. Henry Pratt struck good little Thomas, and called him a nigger; and that made me cry. My little white lamb loves the black lamb; but Henry Pratt struck good little Thomas, and called him names. That was very naughty."

Then the little chatter-box put her arms round Nancy's neck, and went to sleep. Nancy kissed Mary's cheek, and covered her up all warm.

# MAY DAY.

LOUISE was only five years old; but she was a good scholar, and behaved like a lady. She had always lived in the city; and she did not know much about sheep and cows, and flowers, and green grass. She knew the fragrant Geraniums by sight, for she had seen them in her mother's window. But she did not know how pretty the Violets are, when they first come out, and stay close to the ground, for fear the cold winds will blow them over. She had never seen the Wild Lilac, hidden under the leaves of last autumn; or the beautiful blue flowers of the Liverwort, smiling all alone among the dry grass.

Louise wanted very much to see the pretty wild flowers. Her mother told her

she might go into the country, to spend May day with her aunt, if she would try hard, for one week, to cure herself of a bad habit. "What is my bad habit?" asked Louise.

"You make good resolutions, and then break them," replied her mother.

"Great folks talk about resolutions," said Louise. "Little girls, like me, do not talk about resolutions."

"Yes they do," said her mother: "My little Louise told me yesterday morning, that she would break herself of teasing; that she would not ask me twice for any thing, all day. I told her that was a very good resolution, and I hoped she would keep it. That same little girl, before it was night, wanted to go to see her cousin Ann; and when I told her it was not proper, because it rained, she teased to go in the omnibus. That little girl broke her good resolution."

"I know who it was. It was I, mother. I remember it very well."

"There was a little girl, too," continued her mother, "who rose from the breakfast table this morning, and said, 'To-day, I will not say I can't. Whatever I am told to do to-day, I will not say I can't.' A

spelling lesson was given her, and she forgot her resolution, and said, 'I can't get that, it is so long.' She was asked to hold a skein of silk, and she said, 'I can't hold it, because it makes my hands ache.' "

"That was I, too," said Louise. "I am sorry I did not keep my word. I will try very hard not to say 'I can't' again to-day."

"It is better to say, 'I will try,' than to speak so very certainly, as you sometimes do, my daughter. If you feel a little afraid of breaking your promise, you will be more likely to keep it," replied her mother.

"I will try," said Louise.

A little while after, her mother told her to ask the boy to bring some coal. Louise began to say, "Mother, I ca—;" but she stopped, and put her hand on her lips, and laughed, as she said, "Only think, mother! I was going to say, 'I can't get up, because my lap is full of patch-work;' but I can. I am glad I did not quite forget."

Louise did try very hard to keep her resolutions, during the whole week; and her mother told her she should go into the country to spend May day.

"If I make a good resolution every week, and try to keep it, I shall soon get to be a

very good girl; shall I not, dear mother?' said Louise.

"I think you will, my daughter," replied her mother. "If I were you, I would try not to feel in too great a hurry about anything, the first week in May; and I would resolve not to be fretful about anything, all the time I staid with my aunt."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Louise; "and I will try to do it."

Louise went into the country on Monday, and Tuesday was May morning. The children were all going into the fields early; and when they knew a little girl from the city wished to go with them, they said they would call for her. Eighteen or twenty children, with baskets in their hands, came to the door at five o'clock in the morning. Louise was not quite dressed, and she began to speak in a fret, to the woman who was buttoning her clothes. But she remembered her good resolution, and said, "Will you be so good as to fasten my frock as quick as you can? The little girls are waiting for me."

Her aunt had made a pretty little basket of moss, and trimmed it with pink ribbon, on purpose for her. It was not so cold as i sometimes is on May day. It was warm

and sunny. Louise soon filled her basket with Violets, and Anemones, and Wild Lupine leaves. They made a pretty wreath of flowers and crowned one of the little girls Queen of May. Then they all said they would go down to the meadow, to get some Cowslips. Louise did not know that meadows were very soft and muddy. She stepped in so deep, that she soiled her stockings badly, and came very near losing her basket. She felt a little impatient at first, but she did not forget her good resolution.

Her aunt had written a verse neatly, on a pretty bit of note paper, with a wreath of flowers painted round it. She tied it with rose-coloured ribbon, and put it in the moss basket. Louise did not see it, till she began to arrange her flowers in bunches. She was much pleased when she opened it, and read,

> The butterfly now spreads her wing,
> The little birds begin to sing,
> And children are as glad as they,
> To welcome in delightful May.

After the happy little band had filled their baskets with flowers, Louise tied her poetry into the handle, and they all began to move homeward. The little girls stopped

and left their baskets at the houses of friends, as they went along. Louise saved hers for her dear mother. She was looking at the pretty loaded basket, thinking how much it would delight her, when the handle broke, and all the flowers fell into the dusty road. When Louise saw the Cowslips she had toiled after so much, all covered with dirt, she came very near breaking her resolution; but she did not. She only said, "Oh dear, I wish the handle had been sewed better; but I cannot help it now."

The children were all willing to give her some of their flowers. They said they liked that little girl, because she was so patient and good natured. The basket was soon mended and filled again. When Louise gave it to her mother, she said, "I was very happy May-day. The bright sun and the pretty flowers made me glad. But the best of all was, though I broke my basket, I did not once break my resolution."

# LITTLE JANE.

ITTLE JANE was about four years old. She was a very neat little girl, and she had a kind heart. But little Jane was apt to fret. If her brother George came near her, and tickled her ear with a feather, she would toss back her curls, and hunch up her shoulders, and say, "I do wish George would let me alone."

George loved his sister dearly; but he was a merry boy, and he liked to plague her sometimes. One day, he had been playing with some boys, and he felt very happy indeed. He came into the house, laughing and jumping, and began to sing,

"Little Jane
Went up the lane,
To hang her clothes a drying;
She called to Nell,
To ring the bell,
For Jack and Gill were dying."

His sister was sitting on a cricket, sewing a doll's gown. She gave her thread a twitch, and said, "Mother, will you speak to our George? He is always singing about little Jane."

"What harm does it do, to sing about little Jane?" asked her mother.

"I do not like to have him sing, little Jane, little Jane, all the time. There, mother, he has begun again. Will you speak to him?"

Before there was time to speak to the rogue, he ran out of doors, looking back all the time, and singing, "Little Jane went up the lane." Jane had half a mind to cry; but she concluded she would not. She knew George loved her, and only did such things for play.

She put her doll in the cradle, and began to sing lullaby. All at once she stopped, and said, "Mother, I wish I was a butterfly."

"Why do you wish that, my little girl?" said her mother.

"Because, if I was a butterfly, my brother George would not tickle my ears, and sing, 'Little Jane.'"

"But then you would not have any brother George," said her mother; "and you would be sorry for that."

"Yes I should be sorry for that," said little Jane. "I do love George, if he only would not plague me so, and sing baby songs to me. But if I was a butterfly, I should have pretty, bright wings; I should fly all over the fields; and I should sleep on the flowers."

Her mother smiled, and said, "Butterflies have no mothers to tuck up their beds nicely, and kiss them, and bid them good night."

Little Jane sighed. "I should not like to be a butterfly," she said. She sat still a minute, and then said, "But I should like to be a mouse; I am sure I should."

"Why should you like to be a mouse?"

"Because I should have such sleek, soft fur, and such cunning little black eyes. I should so love to do mischief in the pantry, and then slip away into a hole, when I heard somebody coming. It would not be naughty for a mouse to do so, would it, mother?"

"No, it would not be naughty for a mouse to do so; because a mouse does not know any better," said her mother: "But don't you like better to be a nice little girl, who knows what is right, and who has a mother to love her when she does right?"

"Yes I do," said little Jane: "I suppose too, the cat would catch me, if I were a mouse." She looked very sober, at thoughts of being caught by the cat; but her face brightened up, as she said, "Oh, I should like to be a bird! Then I should have wings, and fly about after straws to make a nest. Such a pretty, pretty nest, as I would make; so soft and warm. I should like to sleep in a bird's nest."

"But perhaps the boys would steal your nest," said her mother; "or perhaps the gunners would shoot you, when you were flying. Then you know you would have no nice little chair to sit in, and no mother to bring you your porringer of bread and milk."

"I should be sorry for that," said little Jane: "I should not care much about the bread and milk; for if I were a bird, I could pick as many cherries off the trees, as I wanted. But I should want somebody to give me my breakfast; and I should like to have a brother George to speak to, though he does keep singing, little Jane, little Jane I was going to say I wished I was a kitten; but then I should grow a great cat. I believe, mother, I had rather be your little Jane, than any thing else, after all; for

father loves me, and you love me, and George loves me; and if I grow such a woman as you are, every body will love me."

The little chatter-box did not talk any more that time; for she heard her brother in the next room, and she went to play Puss-in-the-corner with him.

# MY SISTER MARY.

A Talk between an Uncle and his Niece.

UNCLE.

LOUISE, Mary must live with me,
And I'll give you, for company,
A pretty bird with glossy wings,
That hops about and sweetly sings.
Her garden filled with lovely flowers,
Shall have two honey-suckle bowers,
And golden fish, in sparkling water,
If she will come and be my daughter.

LOUISA.

But she's *my* sister, uncle Carey;
My own sweet loving sister Mary.
I cannot spare her for a day;
She helps me at my work and play.

How I should cry if she were gone!
I could not dress my doll alone.
Therefore, dear uncle, I do pray
You will not make her go away.
Good cousin Jane may live with you;
She has no little sister Loo.
You may give her the bright Canary,
And let me keep dear sister Mary.
I'm very sure she will not go
From little Loo who loves her so

UNCLE.

Now blessings on your gentle heart!
I should be loth to see ye part.
You need not cling to her in fear;
You shall not lose your playmate, dear.
My words were merely meant to prove
How dearly you your sister love.
I will give her the bright Canary,
And she shall be *your* sister Mary

# DISCONTENTED DORA.

ORA MANNING was rich, and her cousin Jane Loring was poor. If Dora wanted any thing that could be bought with money, her parents could afford to buy it for her. But little Dora was not happy with her playthings, while her cousin Jane was almost always happy. Dora wanted every thing she saw, and was never willing to make any thing for herself.

One day her mother bought her a beautiful large French doll. Dora admired it very much, and went directly to show it to her cousin Jane.

"It is sweet and pretty," said Jane: "I wonder whether I could make one like it."

Her mother told her she could not make one as handsome; but with her help, she thought she could make a very pretty one.

She bought a head for her, and showed her how to make the body, and stuff it. Then she gave her some pretty pieces of calico and silk, to dress it. For four or five days, Jane employed all the time she was not at school, in making and dressing her doll. She was very happy; for busy people are always happy. When the doll was done, it was really very pretty. It was not so handsome as her cousin Dora's doll; but the dress was made so neatly, that everybody liked it. It served to amuse Jane and her little companions for months afterward.

Do you think Dora Manning had so much pleasure with her beautiful new doll? No indeed; she did not enjoy it half so much. It was entirely dressed when her mother bought it; and after she had looked at it a few times, she cared very little about it. It was none of it the work of her own little mind and fingers; and that was the reason she soon grew tired of it.

Two days after it was bought, one of her friends showed her a remarkably large doll, that could open and shut its eyes, when a string was pulled, to make them open and shut. This made Dora unhappy. She did not like her own beautiful doll, because she had seen another doll, that had moving

eyes. "I must have a doll that can open and shut her eyes," said she. "I get cross with my doll; for when I sing lullaby, lullaby, there she lies in her cradle, with her great bright eyes staring wide open all the time. I must have a doll that can go to sleep."

Her mother bought a great doll with moving eyes; and, for a week or two, Dora was satisfied. But at the end of that time, she said she was tired of her doll, because she would not open and shut her eyes herself. "I have to pull a string to make her shut her eyes," said Dora; "and I don't call that going to sleep at all. I am tired of the stupid thing. Mother, will you buy me a musical box, like that we saw at Mrs. Gray's? You know a little bird came jumping out of that, and opened and shut his eyes, and sung, just as if he were alive. There was no need to pull a string, to make him open and shut his eyes. Mother, I want such a bird as that."

"That musical box cost several hundred dollars, my dear," answered her mother. "I cannot afford to indulge you in such an expensive present. Besides, the bird's eyes were opened and shut by little springs inside of the box. He could not open his eyes himself, any better than your doll can."

"Well, it *seems* as if he did it himself; and that is what I want," said the little teaser. "I never want to see my stupid doll again, with a string to pull her eyes open."

"You are never contented with your playthings, my dear Dora," said her mother; "I wish I could see you as happy as your cousin Jane."

"Jane does not have half as many things as I do, and they are never half as pretty," said Dora; "but she always seems to like them. Mother, may I go to spend this afternoon with Jane?"

Her mother said she might; and Dora went to tell her cousin how tired she was of her new doll, that would not open and shut her eyes without having a string pulled.

She found Jane very busy, pasting pictures upon a small white box, which her mother had given her. "Oh, that is a sweet pretty box," exclaimed Dora; "I will ask mother to buy me one just like it."

"Why not make one for yourself?" asked Jane.

"Oh, mother can afford to buy me one; and I do not want the trouble of making it," said Dora.

"But you will like it as well again, if

you make it," said Jane. "You cannot tell how pleasant it is to make your own things. I like the things I make, as well again as I like the things that are bought for me."

"You always like your things," said Dora, with a very sad voice. "I wonder what is the reason I cannot take as much comfort in mine."

"I will tell you, my dear," said her aunt Loring. "You are not happy because you are not busy. You buy every thing already made, and then you have nothing to do but to look at it. This soon gets tiresome; and it gives you no chance to improve yourself. Put some of your own taste, and your own industry into your things, and depend upon it you will like them a great deal better. If I were you, I would ask my mother not to buy me any more playthings. I will teach you to make many little things for yourself and others; and when you are busy, you will be happy."

Dora said she would; and two years afterward, she told her mother that now she was learning to help herself, and help other people, she had found out how to be happy. After that, she never wanted a thing merely because she saw somebody else have it.

# LITTLE EMMA.

LITTLE EMMA lived in New-York. She had an uncle in the country, who was a farmer. Emma loved nothing better than a run in the fields, where in two minutes she could fill her apron full of buttercups and clover blossoms.

In the early spring time, she watched to see when the grass on the Battery began to look green; and the very first Dandelion she saw, she ran to her mother, and said, "The sunshine has come now, mother. When shall we go into the country to see uncle?"

In August, she had her wish. As they rode along, she saw the trees loaded with fruit, and the gardens full of flowers. She was so impatient to run in the fields, that she could hardly be contented to sit still in

the chaise. At last, they arrived at her uncle's farm; and every body was glad to see little Emma and her mother.

The little city girl could hardly stop to take her bonnet off, she was in such a hurry to run to the barn, with her cousins, to see the cows and the calves, and the sheep, and the hens, and the chickens. The white hen had a fine brood of chickens; and Emma clapped her hands when she saw them running about to pick up seeds in the barn-yard. Two of the chickens were hatched from one egg. They had a wing on each side, and were fastened together by one wing between them. Her cousin George called them his Siamese twins; and said he meant to send them to the Museum. But the chickens were not so kind to each other, as the Siamese twins were. One chicken wanted to go one way, and the other chicken wanted to go another way. The big one pulled the little one very hard; and that made the little one cry, "peep, peep."

Emma pitied these poor little chickens.

"If I was the big chicken," said she, "I would be more kind to my little brother, and not pull him about so. But I suppose he don't know he hurts the little one."

When the sun was setting she had some

good new milk to drink; and then the children went into the fields to gather flowers.

While they were in the fields, Emma saw a little chipping squirrel run along the top of the wall. She cried out joyfully, and ran after him. She thought she could catch him, and stroke his fur, and teach him to live with her little kitten in New-York, and eat milk from a saucer. But the squirrel hid himself in his hole, and Emma could not find him. Her mother told her she was very glad she could not catch the squirrel; for if she had taken hold of him, it would have frightened him very much, and made his little heart beat very fast. She told her the squirrel would be very unhappy in a city; and unless he were shut up in a cage, he would run away. When Emma knew this, she did not want the pretty squirrel any more. She loved dearly to hear about his snug house under the ground, and the nuts he stored away in his little closet.

In the evening, Emma saw a great many fire-flies in the meadows. She said to her uncle, "See how the ground is covered with pretty little stars! Did the sky sprinkle them down?"

Her uncle told her they were not stars, but little insects that gave light from their

wings. Then the little girl asked, "What is their name, uncle?" He told her people in the country called them lightning-bugs.

Emma had never seen any fire-flies before, and she talked a great deal about them. But when she tried to tell her mother all about it, she forgot the name, and said, "Oh mother, I have seen a great many beautiful thunder-bugs!" This made them all laugh; and George called fire-flies thunder-bug,s for a long time after.

The next day, Emma went into the meadow with her cousin George, to gather cranberries. "Where are all the fire-flies now?" said she. "I don't know," said George. "I suppose they have put their lamps out." Emma had never seen cranberries growing before. She called them little red apples, and wanted to carry some home for her doll.

When they went back to the house, the children heard a great noise behind the barn, and they ran to see what it was. A cross dog was trying to bite a poor little calf. But there was a great ox feeding in the same pasture, and he ran to the calf and stood by him; and whichever way the dog turned, the ox turned too, and pointed his horns at him. So the naughty dog was

driven off, and the calf was not hurt much. Emma called him a good ox, and wanted to give him some of the cranberries from her little basket. But George told her the ox would not eat cranberries.

When Emma found her cousins were going to school, she wanted to go too. She had never been to school; but her mother had taught her to read and spell a little. She went with her cousins, and sat very still while the scholars said their lessons. When the school mistress asked her to read, she read as well as she could, and did not make any trouble at all.

When she came home, her mother asked her what she did at school. Emma said, "I sat as still as a mouse; and I read 'Chain up a child, and away she will go!'" This made her uncle and all her cousins laugh very much; for Emma did not say the verse right. She meant to say she had read, "Train up a child in the way he should go."

In the afternoon, her uncle went into the orchard to gather apples to send into New-York. Emma stood under the tree, holding her apron for some, while George tried to catch them in his hands, as they fell. A pretty little lady-bug lighted on her apron,

and that pleased Emma very much. It had red wings, with little black spots. "Oh, look here, George!" said Emma, "here is a pretty little fly with a calico gown on."

Presently, she saw a great many ants, crawling out of a hole in the ground near her feet. Some of them were eating into the apples that had fallen. "What are these black things?" said she; "Will they sting me?" George told her they would not sting her, and that they were called ants. "Aunts!" said she: "Who are they aunts to? Your mother is my aunt; but who are these black things aunts to? Are they aunts to the lady-bugs?" George told her that ant, an insect, was a different word from aunt, a relation. But Emma did not understand very well about it. When she grows bigger, she will understand better.

When they came home through the fields, after sunset, she heard a noise all the time. "What is that?" said she. George told her it was the crickets singing. Poor little Emma was puzzled again. "Crickets!" said she: "Why, I sit on a cricket." Her uncle smiled. "Little Emma finds many things in the country that she does not understand," aid he. Then he told her that a cricket

was a little thing with wings, that made a noise at nightfall.

When they came to the house, Emma ran and emptied her apron full of apples into mother's lap. "What has my little girl been doing all the afternoon?" said her mother. "I have been helping uncle pick apples," said she; "and I have seen a sweet pretty fly with a calico gown, that had a great many black aunts. When we came home, I heard some little birds singing their prayers. The birds have a queer name, mother. They call them crickets; and I sit on a cricket."

Then they all had a laugh at Emma. Her mother kissed her, and said, "My little girl does not know much about country things; and she makes a great many mistakes. A cricket is not a bird, my dear. It is an insect. If you were to see one, you would call it a bug."

When it was time to go home, Emma cried. But her mother told her how much father wanted to kiss his good little girl; and how he would love to hear about the things she had seen. Emma loved her father, and she was willing to go home.

She told him all about the chickens, and the ox, and the lady-bug, and the squirrel

and the crickets. "I am glad I did not catch the pretty little squirrel," said she; "he would not love to live in New-York I suppose he was made on purpose to live in the country. I wish I was a squirrel."

# THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

LITTLE FANNY lived in the country. She had one brother and two sisters. They had never been in a city. When Fanny was four or five years old, her father and mother promised to take her to New-York. There never was a little girl so glad as she was. From morning till night, she talked about her journey. When she first awoke in the morning, she would say to her sister, "Ah, Mary, I am going to New-York." And when she laid her head on the pillow, the last question always was, "Mother, when do you think we shall go to New-York?"

The important day came at last. The baskets and boxes, and little Fanny, were all safely stowed in the steam-boat. Fanny had never been in a steam-boat before. She

asked what made the trees and fields run so; and when she looked at an old cow on the shore, she said, "What makes her go away so fast? She did not move her feet."

Her mother told her the boat was moving away from the cow. Then little Fanny looked at the water, and saw that the boat was moving through it. But she thought there was soap in the water, because the bright foam looked so white.

When they came to New-York, she was afraid in the street, because there were so many horses, and so many people. She met a woman carrying a very small poodle dog in her arms. His hair was white and soft as silk, and fell all over his face in pretty curls. Fanny stopped to look back at the poodle, and a boy with a basket of matches ran against her, and knocked her bonnet all in a bunch.

"Mother, is this another steam-boat?" asked Fanny. "No, this is a city," said her mother: "Don't you see the houses?" "Yes I see the houses," said Fanny; "but I thought may be it was another kind of steam-boat; the folks run over me so."

Fanny had great pleasure in looking at the toy-shops. She saw many things that she never saw before, and she wanted to

buy them all. But after a few days, she began to be very homesick. She wanted to get back and see the children, and her little red and white calf, and her Bantam chickens. She wanted to be where she could run out of doors, without getting lost. She was glad enough when the day came to go home.

Her brother and sisters were waiting for her with great impatience. When the wagon came from the steam-boat they saw it a great way off, and began to wave their handkerchiefs for joy. They all crowded round Fanny, and began to kiss her. "Oh, I have had such a good time," said Fanny; "and I have brought some things for you." She was so impatient, that she broke the string of her bonnet, trying to get it off. Before her mother could unpin her shawl, she seated herself on the floor, and began to open the big basket. "Susan, here is a doll for you," said she; "and here is a little pail for Mary, and here is a top for Willie. It will spin, spin, spin,—oh, my heart, how it will spin!"

"Spin what? Spin yarn for stockings?" asked little Mary.

"No, no," said Willie, laughing: "it will not spin yarn, it will spin round."

"And what is round?" asked little Mary.

"Oh you don't know anything. You never went to New-York," said Fanny: "Look at me. That is round." As she spoke, she whirled round, till her gown stood out, as stiff as a churn.

"That is going; that is not spinning," said Mary.

"Well, they call it spinning; for they said so in New-York," answered Fanny.

"They say so here, as well as in New-York," said Willie: "I suppose they call it so, because the top makes a noise like a spinning wheel."

Fanny thought her brother did know something, though he had never been in New-York. She said no more about his top.

"Come, tell us what you have seen," said Susan.

"Oh, I have seen such a many things," said Fanny; I cannot remember to tell half of them. I saw a little boy riding in the prettiest little carriage you ever saw. He had two ponies, no larger than uncle James's big dog. They looked like baby horses. I saw a great white image of a woman, that kept pouring water, from a pitcher in her hand all the time. They called it a fountain. And I saw a little marble boy, that kept throwing up water over his head, and laughed

when he saw it fall back again, wetting him all over. He was not alive. He was a marble image. But he looked as if he were laughing. And I saw so many, many dolls!"

"Should you like to live in New-York?" asked Willie.

"No, I should not like to live there. I couldn't run about; and the folks push me. Come, let us go to the barn, and see how bossy calf does."

They all ran out to the barn, and found the calf eating his supper. Fanny patted him on the head, but he did not take much notice of her. "The foolish little thing," said Fanny: "he does not know I have been to New-York. But here comes pussy cat, and she is glad to see me."

Pussy rubbed her fur against Fanny's gown, and purred. Then they ran into the barn to hunt for eggs; and the children all went back to the house, with an egg in each hand. Their mother told the little ones it was time to eat their supper and go to bed. For a long time after they went up stairs, Fanny's tongue was running, as fast as her brother's top could spin. Poor little Mary could not keep awake to hear all her stories; and the chatter-box, finding that her sister was asleep, went to sleep herself.

Every day, she tells of some new wonder, that she saw or heard while she was in the city. If the children laugh at her stories, she walks very tall, and says, "You never saw such things; for you never went to New-York."

# GERTRUDE AND HER BIRDS.

One day, when Gertrude May was walking with her mother, they met a boy who had a bird to sell. It was a little wild yellow bird; such as fly about in our woods and fields. Gertrude's mother bought the bird, and her little girl was much pleased.

When they brought him home, she talked

to him by the hour together. He was so tame, that he would hop out of the cage, and sit on the rose-bushes and geraniums that stood in the window. He would pick up the crumbs from the breakfast table, and peck at the lump of sugar that Gertrude held in her hand.

Birds like a clean cage as well as little girls like a clean gown. Gertrude learned to brush out the cage very neatly, with a little broom, that she called her bird-broom. Every morning, she gave him fresh seed, and filled his glass cup with fresh water. Sometimes she would place a large basin of water on the table near him. He liked to dive into it, and bob his head in and out, "and dash about, and splash about, and shake his dripping wings." This was good sport for Gertrude. She loved dearly to see yellow-breast take a bath.

Her mother used to tell her that she must be very sure not to forget the little bird for a single day. "It is very cruel to let little birds want seeds or water," said she: "it is bad enough to keep them shut up in a cage."

"Is not yellow-breast happy in his cage?" asked Gertrude.

"Not as happy as he would be flying in

the woods," said her mother. "He feels just as you would if you were always shut up in a small room, and never allowed to go out."

"Then we ought to let him fly," said kind-hearted little Gertrude.

"The ground is covered with snow, now," replied her mother. "His toes would be cold on the ice, and he could not find any berries or seeds on the frosty bushes. I bought him of the boy, for fear he would not take good care of poor little yellow-breast through the cold winter. When the warm spring comes, we will let him go out among the trees and flowers, where he can find other little birds to play with."

"How long will it be before spring?" asked Gertrude.

Her mother said it would be about eight weeks. The little girl sighed. She wanted little yellow-breast to be happy, but she did not like to think about his going away.

When the snow was all gone, and green leaves were on the bushes, Gertrude said, one morning, "Mother dear, if you think yellow-breast will be happier out in the warm air, I am willing to let him go."

Her mother kissed her, and called her a kind little girl. They took the cage from

the window, and went out into the garden together. The good mother hung the cage on the bough of a cherry tree, and opened the door. Yellow-breast flew out, and perched on the green bough, and warbled a joyous song. He did not go out of the garden, and Gertrude staid and watched him a long time. Some other little birds came to see him, and they seemed to be talking together in the cherry tree. "I am glad he is so happy," said good little Gertrude.

The next morning, she got up early, and went into the garden. She called yellow-breast, but he did not come. When she went into the parlour, and looked at his empty cage, she felt so sad, that she sat down and cried.

Her mother came in and asked what was the matter. "I do not want any breakfast," said Gertrude; "for dear little yellow-breast will not come any more to eat my crumbs."

"My little Gertrude must not be selfish," said her mother. "It is selfish to think how sad you will feel at breakfast time, instead of thinking how happy little yellow-breast will be, playing with other little birds in the open air. It is a long time since he has had

any little birds to play with, and he will enjoy it very much."

Good little Gertrude dried her eyes, and said, "I will try not to be selfish, dear mother. I am glad yellow-breast is happy with his little playmates."

She went and studied her lesson, like a good girl.

The next morning, before she was up, she heard some little birds singing sweetly in the garden. "One of them sounds just like yellow-breast," said she. "I guess he has brought a great many little birds, to thank us for taking care of him through the cold winter."

Gertrude had two uncles that were sea-captains. When they knew how fond she had been of little yellow-breast, they brought home birds in their ships, from countries far off, beyond the big sea. Her mother told her it would not do to open the cage and let these fly away; for these birds were used to living in very hot countries, and the weather in our country would kill them. So little Gertrude said she would make them as happy as she could in a cage.

After little yellow breast was gone, her first favourite was a beautiful green parrot, with fiery red feathers at the tip of her

wings. She was a very genteel parrot. She would take an apple in her claw, and nibble it as prettily as any lady in the land. She was very neat in her habits, and would scold violently if her cage were not cleaned early in the morning. She came from the island of Hayti, and had lived a long time with a French family; of course, she talked French. When any stranger came to the house, she flapped her wings, rolled her eyes about, perched up her head, and called out, "*Jolie Jannette! Voici! Voici! Jolie Jannette!*" In English, this means, "Pretty Jannette! Look here! Look here! Pretty Jannette!" It made Gertrude laugh to hear her parrot talk French, and to see her so vain of her bright feathers.

A few months after, the other uncle brought her a parrot from the island of Cuba. The people there speak Spanish; so the parrot spoke Spanish, too. It was not so handsome, so neat, or so good-natured, as the French parrot. These two foolish birds quarrelled whenever they saw each other. When the French parrot strutted about, and called out, "*Jolie Jannette!*" the Spanish parrot would scream "*Tonto! Tonto!*" In English, this means "Fool! Fool!" Then the French parrot would

scream "*Mechant garçon! pas propre!*" In English this means, "Naughty boy! Not clean!"

Neither of them knew what the other meant; and each thought the other was a great fool for using words that could not be understood. It was very funny to hear them. The moment one spoke in French, the other would scold in Spanish; and the French parrot, without understanding a word the other said, would scold in French, as loud as she could scream. At last, they would both get so angry, that it seemed as if they would tear their cages in pieces.

Jannette used to sit upon a perch in the cherry-tree, during the day time, fastened by a long silver chain, to prevent her flying away. The Spanish parrot, whose name was Antoine, was likewise fastened by a long slender chain, and his cage was placed in another tree, with the door open. One day, these quarrelsome birds were carelessly placed too near each other. Jannette was on her perch nibbling an apple, and Antoine sat on the top of his cage, whistling a tune. Jannette began the quarrel by calling cut, "*Vilain Antoine! pas propre! pas propre!*" This means "Ugly Antoine! Not clean! not clean!" Antoine did not know what she

said, but he thought it was something rude; so he screamed, "*Calla, Tonto!*" which means, "Hold your tongue, you fool!" They kept on screaming louder and louder, calling each other all the names they could think of. At last, they began to fight furiously with their beaks and claws. A large cat ran up the tree, seized Jannette by the throat, and killed her. Antoine was hurt very badly in the fight, and died a few days after.

Gertrude cried heartily for her foolish birds. But the next time her uncle came home from sea, he brought her a very beautiful parroquet, famous for his music. Gertrude soon learned to love this dear little bird, more than she had ever loved her parrots. It could whistle any tune it ever heard twice; and its voice was very soft and sweet. It was as pleasant as a music-box. Gertrude was never tired of hearing it sing. But she did not enjoy it long. A boy brought some wild berries into the house, and nobody knew they were poison, till the poor little parroquet ate some of them and died.

Gertrude cried very much. She thought she never would try to keep another bird. She asked her father to bury her little fa-

vourite in the garden, and she planted a Forget-me-not where his body was laid.

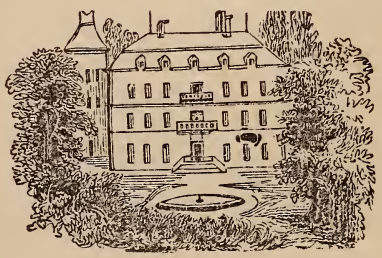
Some months after, her uncle brought home a Java sparrow. This little bird was so lady-like and slender, and had such very delicate purple feathers, and picked the sugar from Gertrude's hand so prettily, that she soon learned to love it very much. She had a large cage, hung in a sunny corner, with a rich grape vine all round it. The water in her little glass cup was changed twice a day, and she had plenty of cake-crumbs and dainty seed. She was as happy as a bird could be, taken away from her little playmates, and from the wide free air, to be shut up in a cage.

But poor Gertrude did not have good luck with her birds. One day she came home from school, and found her darling little sparrow dead in the cage. She never knew what killed it. There was plenty of clean water and good fresh seed in the cups; but there it lay on its back, quite stiff and cold. Gertrude stroked its glossy feathers, and kissed it, and cried as if her heart would break. Her father had the pretty little creature stuffed, and put under a glass case. But, for many weeks, Gertrude could not look at it, without feeling the tears come in her

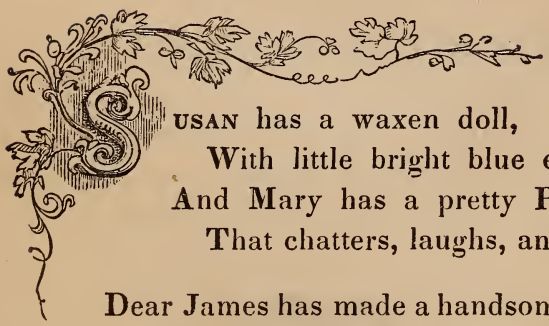
eyes. She asked her mother to put the empty bird-cage away, where she could never see it again.

She begged her uncles never to bring her another bird. "I had rather the little creatures would stay in the warm countries where they are born," said she. "I am afraid they are not happy in a cage. I am sure they like better to fly about in the open air, with their little playmates."

After that, Gertrude had a little baby brother, and she liked so well to play with him, that she did not cry any more for her parroquet and sparrow. "I love darling little Frank better than a hundred birds," said she; "and I don't have to keep him shut up in a cage. That is a good thing."



# OUR PLAYTHINGS.



SUSAN has a waxen doll,
With little bright blue eyes,
And Mary has a pretty Poll,
That chatters, laughs, and cries.

Dear James has made a handsome ship,
With famous mast and sails,
And father bought for little Phip
A wooden cow and pails.

Louisa has a milk-white dove,
And little china boys;
But I have something that I love
Better than birds or toys.

It never speaks a single word,
  Yet tells me many things,
About some darling little bird,
  That makes its nest and sings;

About good little children too
  And little babies dear,
It tells me many stories new,
  And some are very queer.

Of all my things I like it best.
  Peep in and take a look!
'Tis prettier than all the rest,
  My little story book.

# FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.

## Part XXX.

# MAKING SOMETHING.

JAMES MERCHANT and John Carpenter were boys of the same age. They were very near neighbors; and as soon as they could run alone, they were in the habit of talking to each other through peeping-holes in the fence, that separated their fathers' gardens. But though these children grew up side by side, played together, attended the same school, and read the same books, their characters were very unlike. Early education was one great reason of this dissimilarity. One of the first things James could remember, was hearing his mother remark that her little Jimmy's cap cost more than any other cap in the village. When he wore it, he would strut along, and call out to his playmates, "See my cap! It cost a dollar and a half. You haven't got such a cap, none

of ye !" His mother would laugh, and say, " Dear little soul ! How proud he is of his pretty cap."

John's mother was a very different woman. She made a cap for him, and when she had done it, she quietly observed to a neighbor, " It is quite a comfortable little thing ; is it not ? I made it from a piece of my husband's coat. I was obliged to contrive a little ; but I cut my cap according to my cloth."

When the boys were between six and seven years old, James's father bought him a small wooden horse, gaily painted, and fastened on a platform with wheels. James scarcely rolled it once across the floor, before he ran into the next house, exclaiming, " See my horse ! It cost almost a dollar. Your father didn't buy you such a one." John looked at it with longing eyes ; but James would not allow him to take hold of the string. " It is *my* horse," said he : " You may look at it ; but you mustn't touch it." Mrs. Carpenter observed how busily her son examined every part, and she thought he would soon ask her for money to buy one. But he did not. As he passed through the woodhouse, on his way home from school, that

afternoon, he spied a queer-looking summer-squash, with a hard shell. He seized it, and ran into the house, exclaiming eagerly, "Mother! Mother! may I have this?"

"Yes, my son," she replied; "but what on earth do you want to do with it?" He placed it on the table, with a look of great satisfaction, and said, "See there, mother! If it only had legs, it would look very much like a horse." He soon disappeared with his treasure, and was seen no more till he was called to supper. The next morning, he exhibited the squash with four sticks for feet, two bits of brown cloth for ears, a tail made from the horse's mane, and a saddle very neatly cut from an old boot. It bore considerable resemblance to a horse, though it was certainly rather stiff in the joints. How to put him in motion was the question. John meditated a great deal upon that point. Perhaps it was the reason he could not make his sum prove, the next day at school. On his way home, he went into a turner's shop, and peeping among the shavings, he found four round pieces of wood. The turner said he might have them; and John, blushing and hesitating, inquired whether it would be a great deal of trouble for him to make a hole in

the middle of each piece. The man asked what he wanted them for, and John told the story of the horse. "If you have made a horse of a squash," replied the turner, laughing, "I should like to see it. If you have done it well, I will make the platform and wheels." John went home on the wings of the wind, and soon reappeared at the shop with his squash. The men had a great laugh at his workmanship. "I declare, though, he *is* an ingenious little fellow," said the turner; and he good-naturedly bored the wheels, and fastened the legs upon a platform. A proud boy was John, when he went home, trundling his horse behind him. When he brought his steed to the door, he called out, "Whoo!" with a loud voice, and summoned all the family to look. His mother smiled, and said, "It is a very good horse, my son; but it seems to me the ears are rather too small." "Why you see, mother," he replied earnestly, "I had to do as you did about my cap. I had to cut the ears according to my cloth." His mother patted his head affectionately, and said, "You certainly have a great deal of contrivance, my son." His father looked pleased, and said, "He has certainly done

it well, for such a little fellow. The saddle is quite a pattern. I shouldn't wonder if he made something, one of these days."

When John went to bed that night, he asked, "What did father mean by saying he shouldn't wonder if I made something one of these days?" "He meant that he hoped you would be a capable man, quick at contriving things," replied his mother. "You have made a horse, you know; and that is making something."

James was visiting an aunt in the next town, on the important day when the horse came home from the turner's shop. As soon as he returned, John was all eagerness to show it to him. But James looked upon it very coldly. "My horse cost almost a dollar," said he; "and yours didn't cost any thing. It isn't half so pretty as mine." "I had real fun in making it, though," replied John; and away he ran, with his horse rolling after him. A few weeks after, the squash began to be a little wrinkled. "Look at your old horse now," said James: "He is all drying up." "And yours has got his head broken off, and lost two wheels," replied John. "I don't care for that," said his comrade. "Mother will buy me another." "More

squashes will grow next year," answered John ; " and by that time, I shall be old enough to make the wheels myself. It is real fun to make things." He gave abundant evidence that he liked such fun ; for he was all the time busy. Before he was ten years old, the playground behind the barn was ornamented with all sorts of martin-boxes and wind-mills, made by his own busy fingers, with very slight assistance from his father.

One day, James came to him in high glee, to show a treasure he had obtained. " See here !" he exclaimed. " Here are four jack-knives and two pen-knives; real good ones. A man sold them all to me for a dollar." " What are you going to do with so many ?" inquired John. " I am going to sell them," he replied. " At a quarter of a dollar apiece, they will be as cheap as saw-dust ; and I shall double my money." " Perhaps the man stole them ; else how could he sell them so cheap ?" said John. " I don't know," answered the young trader : " All I know is that I shall make money." " Make money," repeated John, slowly and thoughtfully. " To sell a thing for more than you gave for it, does not *make* any thing.

Why do people call it making money ?" James burst into a loud laugh. " In a few weeks, I will show you what I make," said he. " Oh I understand that very well," replied John. " But I mean there is not anything really *made*. There are just as many things in the world as there were before. I should like to see how money itself is made. The cunning little five-cent pieces, how pretty they must look dropping out of the mint, all bright and new !" " I should like to hold my hat under and catch some," said James. " And I should like to know how to make them," rejoined his companion.

When James went, a few days after, to show his neighbor the money he had gained by trading in knives, he found him, as usual, busy with his tools. " What are you doing now ?" he asked. " I am going to teach Towser to churn," said John. " While I am churning, he stretches himself out under the tree and goes to sleep. I think he may as well do something for a living. People talk about working like a dog ; but it seems to me dogs do not work at all." James stood watching him, as the shavings rolled from under his swiftly moving plane. " I declare," said he, " I

never saw such a fellow as you are. You are always making something. For my part, I like to make money, and I like to play."

"So do I," replied John. "But this *is* play. It's real fun to make things."

In a few days, James was summoned to see the dog churn, by treading continually on an inclined plane, the motion of which turned the crank of the churn. The boys laughed and hurraed; but heavy old Towser was far enough from being merry. He looked extremely dignified and solemn, stepping, stepping all the time, without getting an inch a head. "I know what I would do," said James. "I would take Towser to the Museum, in the city, and charge people sixpence for seeing him churn." "Towser don't like the city," replied John. "Other dogs fight with him. Besides, I should get dreadfully tired, standing about, waiting. I should want to be making something." "You would be making money," answered James. "I tell you that isn't making anything," replied his comrade. "I want to make a pail-tree for mother, and a wagon for Ann Eames. Her baby brother is very heavy, and her arms get tired lugging him

about." "What on earth is a pail-tree?" inquired James. "I mean a post with branches like a tree, for mother to hang her milk-pails on," answered the young mechanic. James went off whistling, but presently turned back and called out, "I say, John, Don't you mean to make a spinning-wheel for the cat, next?"

Ann Eames and Susan Brown, two school-mates of the boys, took great pleasure in coming to see Towser churn, in the shade of a fine old elm tree. They often brought a piece of meat for him, knowing that his young master always rewarded him with a good meal when he had finished his task. But though Towser was fed bountifully for his trouble, and though he had by his new acquirements become a dog of distinction in the neighborhood, he evidently did not like the labor at all. As soon as the churn was brought out under the elm, his ears drooped, and he sneaked along, looking out sideways from the corners of his eyes, as if he were contemplating some means of escape. One day, when the butter did not come as soon as usual, he set up a most piteous howl, and continued howling all the time, till they

untied the string and released him. The next time the cream was brought up from the cellar, Towser was stretched out by the door, and the kitten was rolling over among his feet, now and then giving him a cuff on the ear, or a pat on the nose, which was her mode of saying, "Here I am, Towser!" He bore all her antics with drowsy good-nature; but the moment he saw the churn uncovered, he sprang on his paws with such haste, that he upset poor puss; and off he went, with long steps, over ditch and wall, into the woods, and was seen no more that day. The family usually churned on Wednesday; and the next time the day came round, John's father tied the dog to the elm tree very early in the morning. He howled all the time he was churning, and seemed to be very much out of humour during the rest of the day. The next week, he skulked off into the woods on Tuesday evening, and did not make his appearance again till the following night. For three weeks, he regularly disappeared every Tuesday evening. It was evident that the wise old dog knew they churned on Wednesday. Mr. Carpenter proposed to tie him, as early as Tuesday noon; but John said, "I had

rather you would not, if you please, father. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that it would be right to do the churning myself. It must make poor Towser very unhappy, or else he would not run away as he does. I think myself it must be tedious work for a poor beast to keep walking, walking, and never getting an inch ahead. Then you know he never tastes the good sweet butter he makes. I don't mind it that my arms are sometimes tired when I churn ; for I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am making butter, and helping my mother. But poor Towser gets tired without any satisfaction at all ; for he don't know what he does it all for."

"That's a good considerate boy," said his mother. She placed her hand upon his head, and smiled upon him, as she added, "Always be kind and thoughtful about the animals, my son. Never strike them, and always remember that they need their little enjoyments, and cannot speak for themselves." The good father, too placed a friendly hand on his shoulder, and told him that he agreed with him perfectly. After that, the dog's unwillingness to be a machine was respected by the whole

family ; but it was several weeks before he ventured to stay at home on Wednesday. The first time he did so, he sneaked round John, and looked up timidly in his face, as if he was thinking to himself, "I am afraid you think I am an ungrateful dog, and that it is mean of me not to be willing to help you." One day, when James found his comrade churning, he inquired where was the dog ; and John repeated his reasons for being unwilling to keep the poor beast at a task he so much disliked. "You are a queer fellow," replied James, bursting into a laugh. "How hard you worked to make that churn-trotter, and now you throw it aside, because the dog does not fancy it."

"I had the pleasure of contriving it, and making it," answered his friend ; "and that was worth a good deal."

His mother, who was washing her milk-pails, near by, added, "And you learned a lesson in curing selfishness ; for you liked better to do the churning yourself, than to make the poor dog unhappy. If Towser could reason about it, as well as you can, I dare say he would wish to save you work, and would come and offer to do it." "I am not so sure about that,

mother," replied John. "People talk about working like a dog, but none of the dogs of my acquaintance seem to have the least taste for working." "I said he would be willing to work to help a friend, if he could *reason* about it," rejoined she; "for Towser is certainly very affectionate, and loves you very much."

Not long after, John went to visit his mother's brother, who was a sea-captain. He had a very delightful visit; for his uncle told him many stories of foreign lands, and showed him a variety of carved oars from the Sandwich Islands, and beautiful ivory balls from China, and a complete little ship, made by a Yankee sailor.

When he returned home, he was more busy than ever. He was ambitious to surprise his uncle with a ship of his own making, finished even more neatly than the one he had seen. During his visit to the city, he had taken very particular notice of the inward and outward construction of ships, and had inquired the reason of every peculiarity in the different styles of building. The industry and intelligence with which he applied this newly-acquired knowledge was remarkable. When James met him dragging home a log of wood, al-

most too heavy for him to tug, he cried out, "What now?" "Going to make something," replied John, smiling. "No doubt of that," said James. "You are always making something. But what gimcrack are you going to make, now?" "A ship for my uncle," replied John. "This log is for the hull." James rattled the marbles in his pockets, and walked off, whistling Yankee Doodle. While the ship was in progress, he often came and stood by, playing with Towser, and inquiring the city prices of knives, fish-hooks, &c.

One day, instead of finding John at his carpenter's bench, he met him going into the woods, with a basket full of twigs packed in wet mosses.

"What have you there?" inquired James. "Scions for grafting," answered John. "When I was with my uncle, I met an old Norwegian sea-captain, who told me a great many stories about Norway. He said the first thing the boys wanted to possess was a pruning-knife; and they all learned to graft when they were quite small. If they tasted any uncommonly good apples or pears, they found out on what tree they grew, and when grafting time came round, they begged

some scions, and went off into the woods to graft the trees. He said, it was mighty pleasant, when travelling through the forest. to come unexpectedly upon these rich boughs of pears and apples. I have been thinking it would be very pleasant in this country too. If these grafts do well, perhaps, a few years hence, workmen going through the woods, tired and thirsty, will find boughs of juicy apples hanging right over their path. They will not know that John Carpenter put them there. But no matter; they will have the comfort of eating them."

"And what will you make by your trouble?" asked his companion.

"Make!" exclaimed John. "Why, I told you I should make apples."

"But what good will that do *you?*" inquired James. "What good? Why the good of *doing* it, to be sure," replied John.

"You are a strange fellow," said James. "I never heard any body talk as you do."

And off he ran to catch another boy, who wanted to trade with him for some fish-hooks.

He often thought John was foolish to spend so much time and labor upon his ship; but when it was painted and com-

pletely rigged, he acknowledged it was well worth all the trouble. It was in fact very beautiful in its proportions, and finished with extreme neatness. If it had been big enough to launch, it would have gone through the waters as swiftly and gracefully as a swallow floats on the air.

"Hurra!" shouted James, "That is about the handsomest thing I ever saw. If I were you, I would exhibit it in the city. The boys would give a hat-full of coppers to see it." "I should rather not stand lounging about all day," replied John. "I had rather be grafting trees, or finishing my bee-hives." "O yes," said James, laughing; "of course, making money isn't making any thing."

When the time arrived for the lads to choose employments for life, their fathers inquired what they would like to do. John seemed to have as much mechanical talent for one thing as for another; but the visit to his uncle, the sea-captain, and the great number of Voyages and Travels he had since read, determined his choice in favor of making ships. The highest ambition of James was to tend a store in the city, and become a rich merchant. His mother was pleased with this preference.

"I never wanted a child of mine to be a mechanic," said she. "Some boys seem to be born with vulgar tastes; but I always thought my James had naturally a genteel turn." John heard the remark, but he was so busy making a bow and arrow for Ann Eames, that he did not pay much attention to it. If he had known that she meant to insinuate he had a vulgar taste, it would not have troubled him. He would merely have thought to himself, "She is very much mistaken in supposing it is vulgar to make things."

After the lads left their native village, to pursue their respective employments, they met but seldom. When James Merchant was twenty years old, he was one day going on board a ship about to be launched, when he encountered the companion of his childhood. They greeted each other cordially; but James glanced at his friend's apron, and his paper working-cap, with a feeling of superiority. He could not help saying, "I wonder such a smart handsome fellow as you are, John, can be contented to be a mechanic. It is considered vulgar, you know."

"I do not ask what it is considered, but what it *is*," replied John. "To live in

this world without adding any thing to its conveniences or ornaments, seems to *me* disrepectable. If mechanical employment is considered vulgar, the wisest thing I can do is to dignify it by my own character and pursuits."

"But how can you dignify it by your own pursuits, when you are all the time wielding the axe or the saw ?" inquired James.

"I do not spend all my time thus," rejoined the sensible young man. "I rest myself by studying mathematics, learning to play on the flute, and attending lectures on Natural Philosophy. I save a small portion of my wages every month to purchase books. By and bye, if I can afford the time and money, I will study French ; because I think it will enlarge the bounds of my knowledge, and may prove useful to me in business. But I will always keep to my tools a large proportion of the time ; for that is the talent nature gave me, and I think now, just as I did when we were boys, that it is real fun to make things."

The next Thanksgiving evening, the young men met again at a ball in their native village. James waited upon Susan Brown, and John went with Ann Eames.

Some people remarked that they wondered Ann did not set her cap for the young merchant; but the simple good girl never thought of such a thing as setting her cap for any body. She and John had fed the same dog, and petted the same kitten, and attended the same reading school, and the same singing school, and the same dancing school. She had loved him ever since she could remember, and John had loved her. If the son of the French king had come to court her, she would have told him, in all simplicity, that she could not love him so well as she did John Carpenter. James had always seemed to like the company of Susan Brown very much, and it was considered a settled thing that each of the young men would marry his favorite school mate. But when they met again, after an interval of five years, the following conversation took place between them: "I have a store of my own now," said James.

"And I am master workman," said John.

"I am making money fast," said James.

"And I am making ships," replied John.

"I am engaged to a rich heiress," continued James. "Her father has lent me a handsome capital to start in business. I shall make money by marrying."

"I am engaged to Ann Eames," said John. "You know when I was a boy you never could convince me that making money was making any thing. Sure I am it is not making love; and I don't see how a home can be happy without love."

It so happened that the friends did not see each other again for twelve years, and then they met far from their native land.

Mr. Merchant was sent as commercial agent to Turkey. As he sailed along that bend of the Bosphorus called The Golden Horn, and gazed with delight on the beautiful amphitheatre of hills, adorned with blooming gardens, and pure white minarets, tipped with gilded crescents, the captain pointed out a noble vessel lying on the stocks, and said, "That is an American vessel. It was built for the Turkish Sultan by a Yankee named John Carpenter; and proud enough the Sultan is of her."

When they entered Constantinople, a long procession was passing through the streets, to the sound of gongs and cymbals, tamborines and bells. The flowing Asiatic robes, with bright rainbow colors, the gay turbans, belts flashing with jewels, and horses in glittering harness, made a splendid show. In the centre rode the

Sultan, distinguished by the superior elegance of his embroidered robes, and by the magnificent diamonds, which fastened the feather of his turban. Behind him were led two beautiful Arabian horses, richly caparisoned, intended as a present to the American mechanic. They were on their way to witness the launching of the new vessel, called Queen of the Bosphorus.

Mr. Merchant turned to follow the crowd. He had scarcely come within sight of the ship, when he was recognised by the companion of his boyhood. A nod and a smile was all he could find time to give at the moment, for he was obliged to attend to the reception of the Sultan and his train on board the vessel. It was on all hands agreed to be the best constructed and most superb ship that ever rode the waves of The Golden Horn.

When it was loosed from the fastenings, and slid majestically into the waters, all the ships in the harbor run up their flags, and fired salutes; and from the receding shores of Constantinople was heard the uproar of many voices, mingled with gongs and cymbals. From the mast-head floated the American flag, in honor of the Yankee mechanic, and all the American sail-

ors in port waved their hats and hurraed as it passed.

Mr. Merchant, who, amid the hurry and confusion, had been eagerly beckoned on board by his friend, took the earliest opportunity to congratulate him. "This is a proud moment for you, Mr. Carpenter," said he; "but I cannot help smiling to think that here too, I find you at your old business, making something. I am glad to hear that you are likewise making money, which you used to despise so much."

"Oh no, I never despised wealth," replied his friend; "but I like to have it come to me as the natural consequence of making something, which adds to the stock of useful or beautiful things in this world."

"And that is the very mode in which it *is* coming to you," rejoined Mr. Merchant. "I am told the Sultan makes great offers, if you will consent to live in Turkey. I rejoice in your good fortune, but am sorry we shall have to lose you."

"I shall not remain here longer than two or three years, at farthest," replied Mr. Carpenter. "Ann is lonely away from kindred and friends, my children could not have opportunities for education here, and my good father and mother have need

of our presence. All the money I could send would not make up for my absence. Moreover, I have many plans for the benefit of our native village. I have never considered money worth the sacrifice of usefulness, or happiness; for the simple reason that use and enjoyment are all it is good for."

"I likewise mean to retire from business, and take my comfort, when I have made a certain sum," rejoined Mr. Merchant.

"Take care you do not waste the whole of life getting ready to live," replied his friend, smiling. "As for leaving business, I never intend to do it; for I know very well that it is impossible to take comfort without constant employment."

Mr. Merchant said no more on the subject; but speaking afterward to the captain, with whom he sailed, he remarked, "Mr. Carpenter informs me he shall not stay in Turkey long, notwithstanding the generous offers made him by the Sultan. He always had peculiar notions. When he was a boy, he could never be made to understand that making money was making any thing; and he seems to be of the same opinion still."

"If I were to judge from the rich men

of my acquaintance," replied the captain, "I should be inclined to think he was not far from the right conclusion."

* * * * * * *

When Mr. Merchant was about sixty years old he retired from business, 'to take comfort,' as he said. He purchased land in his native village, and built an elegant country-seat, to reside in during the summer months. His mother, now eighty years old, talked in the same way she used to do when he was a boy. She boasted to every body that her son had the handsomest house in the village, and was the only man who kept a carriage. "It was true," she said, "that Mr. Carpenter had two beautiful horses given him by the Sultan of Turkey; but he was a man that never made a show with any thing. He and his son rode about on horseback, or with a light travelling wagon, no more stylish than half a dozen others in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Merchant was too fashionable to visit quiet Mrs. Carpenter; but her husband occasionally called to see his old friend, who had long since taken up his residence in

their native village. He was struck with the extreme simplicity and substantial comfort that pervaded the establishment. In the kitchen was every possible mechanical contrivance to diminish labor. In the chambers were arrangements for hot baths and cold baths. The orchard was loaded with fruit, the garden was blooming with flowers.

There were a great variety of vines, trained just enough to produce beautiful effects, without disturbing the careless grace of nature. In pleasant shady places were little rustic seats, made of the boughs of trees; and from a hollow log in the wall flowed a small stream, which moistened a rich bank of mosses and water-plants.

The old gentleman was in his carpenter's shop when his friend arrived, and was so busy, he did not see him.

"At your old business, making something, eh?" said Mr. Merchant, striking him playfully on the shoulder. "I did not know what to do with myself, this long day, and so I have come to ask how you are getting on."

"I am very glad to see you," replied

Mr. Carpenter, cordially shaking his hand. "My plane made such a noise, that I did not hear you come in."

"I was used to that, in old times," said his friend. "As I came through the garden, and saw all manner of little fountains and garden chairs I said to myself, These are all John's work, and I dare say I shall find him making something."

"Yes, they are my work," replied the cheerful old man. "I enjoy myself very much making these pretty arrangements for myself and neighbors. My wife has a great fancy for cypress vines, and my son has drawn an extremely pretty pattern of a Gothic arch surmounted by a cross, for her to arrange her vines upon. I am trying to make the frame in a way that will please them."

"I should suppose a man of your property would hire a mechanic to do it," said his visiter.

"I am a mechanic myself," answered he, with a good-humored smile; "and the older I grow, the more I am convinced that the pleasure of life is not in *having* things, but in *doing* things. But walk in and see my family. Ann will be extremely glad to see her old school-mate

You will stay and dine with us, will you not? We are going to have that real old-fashioned Yankee dinner, baked beans and an Indian pudding. I remember you used to be extravagantly fond of them, when we were boys."

"Ah, those were happy days," said Mr. Merchant, in a sad tone. "Every thing tasted good then. But now I have the dyspepsia to a dreadful degree, and am obliged to be extremely careful what I eat."

As they passed the dairy windows, they saw Mrs. Carpenter busily moulding the butter she had just churned. "There is my old school-mate!" exclaimed Mr. Merchant. "But, bless me, how young and fresh she looks!" She nodded cheerfully, as they passed, and came out to welcome the vister, without stopping to change her dairy apron.

"You are like your husband, I see; you like to be making something," said he.

"Yes," she replied, "it is an amusement to superintend my own dairy. It is a blessing that we are not obliged to work too hard, in our old age; but we continue to occupy ourselves, from a sincere love of employment. When I have spent an hour

or two in my dairy, or tired myself a little, gathering seeds, or transplanting roots in my garden, it seems to add to the pleasure I take in copying my son's architectural designs, or sketching with him some pretty little point in the landscape. You know I always had a turn for drawing. When my son showed a decided talent for it, I thought it would be a benefit to us both, if I took lessons with him. He generally insists that my sketches are the best; for, like most young men, he thinks his mother does every thing better than other people; from making pies to making landscapes."

"And I dare say he is in the right," rejoined Mr. Merchant. "I remember, when you were a girl, you always had a remarkably clever way of doing every thing you undertook. But pray tell me how you manage to live all the year round in the country? My wife complains that it is very dull to stay here three months in the year. I should think you would get sound asleep."

"We do get sound asleep," replied Mr. Carpenter; "and that we think a great blessing, considering we are particularly wide awake when we *are* awake. We

have too much to do to find the days tedious. Perhaps you recollect that tract of land, which they called The Pine Barrens? I purchased it all, at a low price. There is enough for five small farms. I have caused soil from the river to be piled upon it, and have taken various means to enrich it. I have built five small houses, and let them to poor industrious men. They pay interest for what I have expended on the portion they cultivate. The moment it amounts to what I have paid, they own the land and buildings, provided they have in the meanwhile been steady and industrious, have tasted no intoxicating liquors, and regularly sent their children to school."

"In other words, you give them the use of your capital," said Mr. Merchant. "But what good does that do you? You make no money by it."

"But I follow my old plan of making *something*," replied Mr. Carpenter, with a smile. "In the first place, I have made for my native town five good farms, instead of barren plains. In the next place, I have improved the condition of five families, and made them happy in the consciousness that they are daily earning a home of their own. This puts heart into their work,

and makes the labor light. Even little boys, of five or six years old, are busy picking stones out of the ground, and piling them in a line ready to make walls. I give every one of them a small wheelbarrow, as soon as he has made five heaps as high as himself. This clears the ground at a rapid rate. Do you remember the old Norwegian, who fired my youthful zeal to graft the forest trees? He used to say that boys were full of mischief, because nature had made them active, and men had given them nothing better to do. He insisted, that if they had variety enough in their employment, work would answer just as well as play, and they would really like it better than mischief and destruction."

"That was certainly the case with yourself," said Mr. Merchant. "It would be difficult to hire a boy to work as diligently as you did, for nothing but the pleasure of it. By the way, some of those trees are thriving still. I saw some of the boughs full of apple-blossoms, as I rode through the woods."

"Yes, my friends at the Plains gather the fruit, and bring me a barrel full of it every year," rejoined Mr. Carpenter.—"They are as desirous to help me as I am

to help them; and there is no happiness in the world equal to such a state of feeling. I have given a library to the young people, and add a new book every month. Every boy who can show something he has made during the month, has the free use of the library. One brings a basket, another brings spools and rolling pins. A poor little fellow, who cannot move without crutches, sends caps and mittens of his own knitting. For him I have made a velocipede, and no duke was ever prouder of his carriage. To every family, who for five years have never used a whip on their farm, I give a good cow. To every man, who has not killed a bird during the same time, I give four volumes of Natural History, with good engravings. My wife annually gives a new calico gown to every girl, who keeps a neat flower-garden; and to every boy, who has not disturbed a bird's nest, or tormented any animal, during the year, she gives the picture of a bird, painted by herself, and handsomely framed. To attend to all this, in addition to our own business, gives us plenty of occupation all the year round. It keeps us wide awake when we *are* awake; and, as I tell

you, when sleeping time comes, we sleep soundly."

"I wish I could say as much," replied Mr. Merchant, mournfully. "It is very tedious to lie awake counting the strokes of the clock, hour after hour. But one thing is pretty certain, Mr. Carpenter; you will never grow rich, at the rate you are going on."

"Are we not rich in the love of these poor friends?" inquired Mr. Carpenter.—"Are we not rich in health and cheerfulness? Ask your own experience, whether the mere possession of money is real wealth."

"There is no use in arguing the point," rejoined Mr. Merchant. "All the talking in the world would never persuade you that making money is making any thing. You have strange ways of your own. But some how or other, while I listen to you, I feel twenty years younger. I shall have a hundred things done on my place, which I never thought of before."

"If you would only *do* a hundred things, instead of *having* them done," replied Mr. Carpenter, "you might even now find out the truth of my boyish assertion, that it is real fun to make things."

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Mr. Merchant lived in his new country-house only three seasons. His own health was very poor, and his spirits depressed. His wife found the country very dull, and complained of being more and more nervous and dejected. The doctor advised her to work in the garden. She walked languidly up and down the graveled paths, with gloves and a sun-shade. If a flower needed to be tied up, she sent a servant to call the gardener; if seed needed to be gathered, the gardener must be summoned to do it. She told the doctor that gardening did her no good. Her only son had no taste for books; but she insisted that he should go to college, because it was considered genteel. Not being employed in a manner suited to his taste and his faculties, he expended his energies in mischief, and was expelled from college. This made his parents more nervous and unhappy than ever; and the doctor advised them to go to Europe.

When Mr. Merchant went to bid farewell to the companion of his early days, he found him occupied with a large kalei-

doscope, raised to a level with his eye, and made to turn on a swivel, so that one could look into it without fatigue. Bright metallic ores, of various colors, lay behind it, in a focus of light, and the rays conveyed by a reflector, formed the most gorgeous images within the kaleidoscope.

"You are not yet tired of making something," said Mr. Merchant, smiling.

"No indeed," replied the cheerful old man. "The difficulty is, I cannot find time to make half the things I contrive in my head. Look into this toy of mine. Is it not a beautiful sight?"

"It is beautiful indeed!" exclaimed his visiter. "I should not have imagined that any thing so splendid could have been made with such a common plaything."

He walked back and forth, thoughtfully, then stopped abruptly, and said, "Do you know I am more and more convinced that you are right? Making money is *not* making any thing."

"Try a new system, my friend," replied Mr. Carpenter, soothingly. "Prune your own trees, plant your own flowers, try experiments with your own hands, watch the results with your own eyes. Instead of priding yourself on fruit that no

one else can have, give grafts to all the neighborhood. Instead of valuing a flower according to its cost, value it according to its beauty, or its fragrance, and offer seed to every one who will rear it. The whole country will thus become a garden, and your eye will be refreshed wherever you go. The longer I have lived, the more I have been convinced that the pleasure is in *doing*, not in *possessing*, and that the happiness we *give* is the only real happiness we *take*."

"It is too late," replied the rich man with a sigh. "The proverb says, 'It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' Even you could not make Towser churn, you know. I have come to bid you farewell, my good friend. God bless you. When I come back from Europe, I shall doubtless find you making something."

But he never returned to his native land. His friend survived him many years, and remained active and cheerful to the last. At seventy-eight years of age, he was found, apparently in a sweet sleep, in one of the arbors of his garden. By his side was a rocking-horse, which he had just finished for the deaf and dumb child of a poor neighbor. His spectacles were

in one hand, and in the other a strip of leather, which he had cut for a bridle. The good old man died, as he had lived making something.

# THE TULIP AND THE TRI-COLORED VIOLET.

HERE is a sweet little flower, which blossoms in the gardens of many countries, and is known by many names. In English, it is called Tricolored Violet, Heart's-ease, Forget-me-not, Ladies'-delight, Johnny-jump-up, and Jump-up-and-kiss-me. The Irish call it Two-faces-under-a-hood. The French call it La Pensée-vivace, which means the Lively-thought, and La Fleur-de-Napoleon, or Napoleon's-Flower. Nearly all its names indicate what a bright little favorite it is. It was Bonaparte's pet flower; and during his reign, the French ladies used to wear beautiful imitations of it on all their garlands and dresses, to please the emperor.

The modest blossom never thought or cared for such distinction. It thrives and

looks cheerful, wherever you plant it; whether in sand, or clay, or loam. Rich or poor, it is always happy, and does the best it can to make the world look bright. It seems in a hurry to bring us pleasure; for it shows its lively little face as soon as ever the snow melts from the garden walks. Blessings on the darling! I love it in my heart!

One of these dear little blossoms once came out in a pleasant country garden. There it played Hide-and-go-Seek with snow and sunbeams, weeks before the other flowers ventured to creep out of their winter nests. Presently the Crocus came along; then the Daffodil; then the Crown Imperial; then the Tulips, in their gay robes; and amid their brilliant colors, the modest little Violet passed almost unnoticed.

At last, a great red Tulip, gaudily streaked with yellow, spoke thus proudly to her unpretending neighbor: "You little insignificant thing, I wonder what you mean by standing at my side all the time. From day to day, I have expected to see you return into the ground, to enrich the soil for your superiors. But every morning, if I happen to cast my eye to the earth, there

I see you looking up in my face, as bright and pert, as if you thought yourself as handsome as any body."

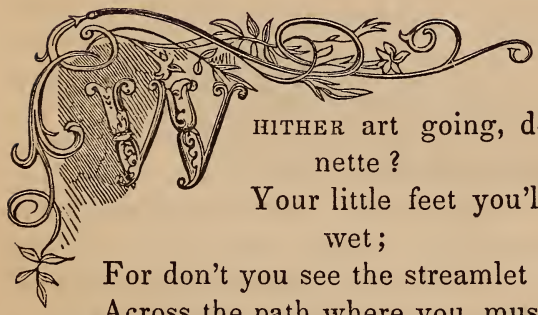
"I am not thinking whether I am beautiful or not," replied the happy little flower; "but I grow as well as I can, and I love to grow. I am not looking up at you, thinking myself as well dressed as you are. I look ever at the sunny sky, and hold up my lips to catch the dew. I am sorry it troubles you to see me always here; for it gives me joy to throw my little flowers in Flora's path all the year round, because I love to make the gardens and the wayside beautiful. You are very handsome, Miss Tulip, and I rejoice in your splendor, without wishing it my own. You have your advantages, and I have mine. I cannot be seen afar off, as you can; but if I cannot do as much as more brilliant flowers, I will gladly do all I can. I shall never, like you, be valued in Dutch markets at my weight in gold; but I can do something that I like better. I can make all the little children love me, and clap their hands when I first peep at them. With them the early comers are favorites; and I have courage enough to pop my head out into the cold air, while you are snug

asleep under your coverlet. Then I am their constant friend all the year round.

"I kiss the icy hand of old Winter, and nod at him a cheerful good-bye. I laugh at the feet of Spring, and take all her caprice kindly, whether she pelts me with hail-stones, or washes me with gentle showers. I am not very strong under the hot sunbeams, but I return the glance of Summer with the best smile I can; and I throw a garland before the very last footsteps of departing Autumn. You glitter in the train of Flora for one brief month, and then not a leaf is left above ground, to tell that you ever tossed your handsome head so proudly at poor little me. Tell me truly, which do you think is most desirable, to be the sparkling beauty of a day, or the quiet little friend, who cheers all seasons, and all weathers with her honest sunny face?"

The Tulip hung her head, and made no answer. But if she were wise, I think she would have answered, "To be the kind pleasant friend of every day, this is best. Beauty is very agreeable to the eye, but uniform good temper is the Heart's Ease and Delight of life."

# TO A LITTLE GIRL, WALKING IN THE WOOD.



WHITHER art going, dear Annette?
Your little feet you'll surely wet;
For don't you see the streamlet flow
Across the path where you must go?
Your shawl is twisted out of place,
Your bonnet's blowing off your face;
You know not how the playful air
Is tangling up your curly hair.

Lady, my feet I often wet,
But it has never harmed me yet.
I love to have the fresh warm air
Playing about my face and hair;

It makes me lively, bright, and strong ;
And clears the voice for my morning song.

But do you often go alone,
So far away from your own dear home ?
Not even a dog to frisk and play,
And guide you on your lonely way ?

My mother cannot spare the maid,
And I am not at all afraid.
The wind plays mischief with my curls,
But does no harm to little girls.
There cannot be a lonely way,
When Spring makes every thing so gay.
The birds are warbling forth a tune
To welcome dear delightful June ;
In the running brook, the speckled trout,
At sight of my shadow, glides about ;
The little miller in the grass
Flies away for my feet to pass ;
And busy bees, through shining hours,
Play hide-and-seek in opening flowers ;
The bright blue sky is clear and mild ;
How *can* there be a lonesome child ?

Sweet wanderer in the cool green wood,
I know your little heart is good ;

And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.
There's something in your gentle voice
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.
Pray, if it be not rudely said,
What's in your basket, little maid ?

Lady, the nurse, who watched my slumber,
And told me stories without number,
Is now too ill to work for pay,
And she grows poorer every day.
Custards, and broth, and jellies good,
My mother sends to her for food.
I bring the water from her well,
And all my pretty stories tell.
Sometimes she loves to hear me read ;
Her little garden I can weed ;
And half the money in my purse
I gladly save for dear old nurse.
But if I stay to talk so free,
She'll wonder where Annette can be.

Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood,
I knew your little heart was good ;
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.

# MUSICAL CHILDREN.

EORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, the greatest among musicians, was born in 1684, at Halle, in Saxony. In early childhood, he betrayed a very strong inclination for music. But his father, who was a physician, wished him to be a lawyer; and fearing that music would distract his attention from study, he carefully kept him out of the way of musical company, and would not allow a musical instrument of any kind to be in the house. It happened however, that in some house which he frequented, he heard a person play on a harpsichord; and his eager desire to practise what he heard was increased by the fact that he never heard any instrument at home. The boy was so unhappy, that an

old servant in the family took pity on him, and helped him to procure a small clavichord, which he hid in the garret. When every body else was asleep, the child practised diligently, and soon learned to play extremely well, without the slightest instruction.

When he was about seven years old, his father went to visit a son much older than Frederic, who lived with the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. The child had a very great desire to go, and being refused, he followed the carriage out of the yard, crying. His father, seeing the tears roll down his cheeks so plentifully, stopped and took him in.

He was allowed to ramble about the duke's palace as he liked, and he could not resist the temptation to play on a harpsichord, whenever he met with one. One morning, after religious service in the chapel, he stole up to the organ, and began to touch it before the Duke had gone out.—Something singular in the style of playing attracted the duke's attention, and he inquired who was at the organ? He was very much surprised when he was told that it was a boy of seven years old. He immediately sent for the father, and told

him this was no common case; that the boy had very remarkable genius, and ought to be allowed to devote his time and energies to music, because he would certainly distinguish himself in that, and would never be able to do any thing else half so well. His father, thus entreated, consented that he should receive a musical education. He improved so rapidly, that before he was nine years old, he composed several motets of such merit that they were adopted into the service of the church; and from that time, he composed a new cantata every week, for three years. He afterwards became the most renowned of musical composers. His productions are of a grand and elevated character. The Oratorio of the Messiah is the most celebrated.

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John Sebastian Bach was born in 1685, at Eisenach, in Germany. He belonged to a family noted for musical talent for many generations; but he was the most distinguished of them all. His father died when he was ten years old, and he was left in the care of an elder brother, who was an organist. His brother instructed him in

music, but he found his lessons too easy, and begged for compositions more difficult to practise. His brother, not being aware of his superior abilities, and fearing he would not be sufficiently thorough, refused his request. The boy looked with longing eyes upon a book containing pieces for the clavichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day. At last, he got possession of it secretly. It was kept in a closet, which had a door of lattice-work. He could pass his small hand through some of the open spaces, and, by rolling the music up, could draw it through, and afterward replace it carefully. While others were asleep, he copied the precious notes ; and having no candle, he was obliged to work by moonlight. It took him six months to finish this laborious task ; but his eager desire to practise the difficult music gave him patience. He had just copied the last notes, when his brother discovered what he had been doing, and took the manuscript away from him. He was doubtless afraid that his pupil would not be sufficiently slow and thorough in obtaining elementary knowledge of music ; therefore, his motive was a good one ; but it seemed cruel to deprive the patient little

fellow of what he had toiled so long to obtain. He did not recover his treasure, until some time after his brother's death.

He gained great distinction by his talent and learning, and his compositions, which are mostly for the church, are of a grand and profound character, and maintain a very high rank in the musical world. One of the most observable features of his character was uncommon modesty. When asked how he had made himself so great a master of his art, he answered, "I was obliged to be industrious. Whoever works as hard, will succeed as well."

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Joseph Haydn was born in 1732, at Rohrau, a village of Austria. His father was a poor wheelwright, and sexton of the parish. Both he and his wife were very fond of music. On Sundays he used to play on the harp, while she accompanied him with her voice. These home concerts delighted little Joseph amazingly. At five years old, he used to get a board and stick, on such occasions, and play that he accompanied his parents on a violin. His father had a cousin Frank, who was a school-

master and musician. He observed that the little fellow kept time very accurately, and he offered to educate him. The proposal was very gratefully accepted, and he immediately began to teach him Latin, to play on the violin and other instruments, and to sing at the parish church. But Haydn used to say, he gave him more cuffs than gingerbread.

Reüter, chapel-master at Vienna, came to the village in search of singers for St. Stephen's cathedral. His attention was attracted by the fine voice of Joseph Haydn, then eight years old. He was surprised at the exactness of his execution, and the beauty of his voice. Observing that he did not perform the *shakes*, he asked him the reason. "How can you expect me to shake, when my cousin Frank does not know how himself?" replied the boy.

"I will teach you," said Reüter. He took him between his knees, and showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. Joseph immediately made a good shake. Reüter was so delighted, that he took a plate of fine cherries, which cousin Frank had presented to him, and emptied

them all into the boy's pocket. In his manhood, Hadyn often told this story with a laugh. He said, whenever he performed a shake, he still seemed to see those beautiful cherries.

Reüter carried him to Vienna and placed him in thc choir, where he remained eleven years, devoting himself to music with unremitting industry.

At ten years old, he composed pieces for six or eight voices. In his first attempt at composition, he was very much troubled by want of knowedge. The chapel-master gave no instruction in counterpoint, and the boy was too poor to pay for a master. He bought some old books on the subject, which were very imperfect and obscure, but he had the patience and industry to labor through them unaided. He was poor and friendless, and lived in a miserable garret; but afterward, when he came to be the favorite of princes, he often said those youthful days were the happiest of his life, because he was always so busy, and so eager adding to his stock of knowledge.

Haydn became one of the most celebrated among musicians. His compositions are usually of a clear serene character, like

a grand or beautiful landscape in the sunshine. The oratorio of the Creation is considered his greatest work.

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JOHANN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG GOTTLIEB MOZART, son of a musician of considerable reputation, was born in 1756, at Salzburg, in Germany. When a child of three years, he excited remark by the lively attention he paid to lessons on the harpsichord, given to his sister, then rather more than seven years old. It was then his favorite amusement to find out thirds, and other harmonious intervals on the instrument, and when he discovered them he was delighted beyond measure. At four years old, after listening to a concerto, he always remembered the solos perfectly; and in half an hour he would learn to play a minuet on the harpsichord, with perfect correctness. Very often, he composed little pieces of music for himself, as he played. His father used to write them down, and some of them are still preserved.

He was early accustomed to see his father copying music, and, as soon as he

could hold a pen, he began to imitate this employment. One day, when the father came home from church with a friend, he found little Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink.

"What are you doing there?" said he.

"Writing a concerto for the clavier," replied the boy.

"Doubtless it must be something very fine," said the father, smiling; "let us look at it."

At first, he and his friend began to laugh, for the notes looked like a blackberry pudding, and were almost illegible. The little composer had been so intently occupied with arranging his music, that he dived his pen deep down into the inkstand, and dropped a great blot on the paper every time he took it out. These blots he wiped away with his hand, and went on scribbling. When his father had looked at the manuscript long enough to decipher it, he perceived there was both method and music in it. He was affected even to tears at such a proof of genius in his little son.

"See!" said he to his friend; "this is written with a full score of accompaniments, yet how correct it is! But nobody could play it, the music is so very difficult."

"It is a concerto," rejoined Wolfgang, "and must be practised before it can be performed. This is the way it ought to go;" and he tried to play it, but could only give a general idea of the effect he wanted to produce.

The same eagerness and intelligence was manifested in every thing to which he turned his attention, whether play or study. At one time he had a great passion for arithmetic, and the floor, chairs, and tables were covered with figures; so busy was he with his little calculations. In childish games he was often so interested, that he would entirely forget to eat. But he soon ceased to care much about any play, unless music were mixed with it. Andreas Schachtner, a musician, was an intimate friend of his father, and an especial favorite with little Wolfgang. When this companion was with him, he delighted to have a march played on some instrument, while the family carried his playthings from room to room in procession.

When he was six years old, somebody presented him with a little violin, suited to his size. On this instrument he displayed a more surprising degree of talent, than he had before done on the clavier. Soon af-

ter he received it, his father was one day rehearsing a new piece of music, with several other performers, among whom his favorite Mr. Schachtner was to play the second violin. Little Wolfgang begged hard to play that part himself; but his father told him it was impossible, because he had never received any instruction on that instrument. The boy answered, that he did not think a person needed any teaching to play the second violin part. His father bade him go away, and not disturb them with his teasing. He went off with his little violin, crying so bitterly, that his good-natured friend begged that he might be allowed to come back and play the second violin part along with him. The father consented, provided he would play very softly, so as not to confuse the other musicians by his mistakes. But the boy played so well, that Mr. Schachtner soon found there was no occasion for him. He therefore quietly laid aside his violin, and looked expressively at the happy father, who could not help shedding tears of delight when he heard his child play with such perfect correctness. He was so encouraged by his own success, that he wanted to try the first violin. "For amuse-

ment, we encouraged him to try," says Mr. Schachtner, "and we laughed heartily at his manner of getting over the difficulties of this part, with incorrect and ludicrous fingering, indeed, but still in such a manner that he never stuck fast."

He was particularly partial to Mr. Schachtner's violin. On account of its smooth soft tone, he always called it 'the butter fiddle.' One day, when this friend came in, Wolfgang was playing on his own little violin. "Why did you not bring your butter fiddle?" said he; "If you have not tuned it, since I played with you the other day, it is half a quarter of a tone flatter than my violin." The family all laughed at this extreme exactness of ear and memory; but the violin was sent for, and it proved that the boy was correct.

The sharp sound of a trumpet pained his ear exceedingly. He had the greatest possible fear of it. His father thought to cure him of this terror, by making him accustomed to the sound; but he turned pale and sank on the floor at the first blast, and would probably have gone into fits, if the sound had been repeated.

His sister, Maria Anna, nearly five years older than he, was a remarkably skilful

performer on the clavier. When Wolfgang was six years old, their father took both the children to Vienna, where they played before kings, princes, and nobles, and every body was delighted with them. The empress gave the little musician an elegant suit of clothes, with broad golden borders, made for her own son, and gave to his sister a rich robe of embroidered taffeta, made for one of the little princesses. Wealthy people invited them, and sent their carriages for them, and from all classes of people they received the most flattering attentions. But in the midst of all his honors, Wolfgang remained a simple, artless child. He loved every body that seemed to have a kind heart, and spoke candidly without any regard to rank. He jumped up in the lap of the empress, and kissed her as heartily as if she had been his own mother.

When he heard one of the young princes play badly on the violin, he exclaimed, 'Ah that was out of tune!' But presently, he called out, 'Bravo! that was well done!' One day, when two of the little princesses were leading him across the room, being unused to a floor so highly polished, he slipped and fell. One of the royal children took no notice of the acci-

dent ; but the other, who was afterwards Maria Antoinette, queen of France, helped him to rise up, and tried to comfort him. "You are very kind to me," said he ; "I will marry you, because you are so good."

His disposition was always extremely affectionate. Many times a day, he would ask his father and mother, and sister, 'Do you love me ?' and if they did not answer very readily, the tears would come into his eyes. He composed a little tune, which must be sung, with certain formalities, every night before he went to bed. Standing in a chair by his father's side, he sang one part, while his father sang the other. At the pauses, and after the conclusion, he would kiss his father on the tip of the nose, and, having thus expressed his childish love, he would march off to bed perfectly contented.

He continued this custom until after he was nine years old. He was always gentle and obedient, and so attentive to the wishes of his parents, that he would never accept a present, or eat any thing that was offered him, until he had obtained their permission. It was never necessary to repeat any orders twice, except on the sub-

ject of music. He would get so absorbed in his own compositions, that he would neglect both food and sleep, and it sometimes became necessary to drive him away from the instrument.

After their journey to Vienna, his father took him to the principal cities of Germany, Bavaria, France, Italy, and England. He was then eight years old. He played admirably on the clavier, the organ, and the violin ; could sing or play the most difficult music at first sight, and make an unlimited variety of new melodies to any bass musicians chose to offer him. In vain they tried to puzzle the child ; he could always do, with perfect ease, more than they required of him. At Heidelberg, his performance on the great city organ astonished the people so much, that his name was ordered to be engraved on the instrument, as a perpetual remembrancer.

At public concerts, it was common to try him with the most difficult pieces of Handel, Bach, and other great composers, which he always played at sight, with perfect correctness and proper expression. John Christian Bach, music-master to the queen, took him between his knees, and played a few bars of a difficult sonata ; when he

paused, the boy commenced ; then Bach played a few bars again ; and thus playing by turns, they went through the whole, as perfectly as if done by one pair of hands.

A writer in Paris, says : "I have seen this boy engage in contests of an hour and a half's duration, with musicians who exerted themselves to the utmost, and even perspired great drops, to acquit themselves with credit in an affair that cost him no fatigue. He has routed and put to silence organists who were thought very skilful in London. He is moreover one of the most amiable creatures that can be conceived. In all that he does and says, there is spirituality and feeling, adorned by the peculiar grace and gentleness of childhood."

In the midst of all his public concerts, and the multitude of people who came to see him, he was so diligent, that he found time to compose a variety of symphonies, sonatas, quartetts, &c. which were greatly admired. The Hon. Daines Barrington heard it often repeated by envious people, that the boy was not so great a prodigy as he seemed ; that he studied and practised music beforehand, and then pretended he played it at first sight. In order to satisfy himself on this subject, he carried to him

the score of a new duet of his own, which no person had seen, and the child instantly played and sang one of the parts, without the slightest effort. A succession of experiments were tried to puzzle him, but in vain. Yet he was such a mere child in habits and manners, that Mr. Barrington says, "While he was playing to me, a favorite cat came in; upon which he left the harpsichord, nor could we bring him back again for a considerable time. He would likewise run about the room with a stick between his legs, by way of a horse."

The same boyish spirit is shown in the following letter about his bird, written to his sister, from Naples. "Pray write to to me how is Mr. Canary? Does he sing still? Does he pipe still? Do you know why I think of the Canary? Because there is one in the front room here, which makes a G just like our Canary." He meant that the bird sounded the note G in the same manner.

His simple affectionate nature always remained uninjured by fame or flattery. Once, when he woke in the night, he began to cry bitterly. Being asked the reason, he named over several favorite musicians, with whom he was in the habit of

playing at home in Germany, and said that he wanted to see them so badly, he could not help crying.

His father writes: "At Florence, we met an English boy, who plays exquisitely, and who is just of Wolfgang's size and age. The other day, this charming boy brought his violin to us, and played the whole afternoon. Wolfgang accompanied him on his violin. The following day, we dined with the treasurer of the grand duke; and there the two boys played the whole afternoon; not however as boys, but as men. Little Thomas accompanied us home, and cried bitterly on learning that we were going to set off the next day; but finding that our journey was fixed for noon, he came to us by nine in the morning, and presented Wolfgang with some verses he had got a poetic friend to write for him the night before. He accompanied our coach to the city gates. I wish you could have witnessed this scene." This English boy, named Thomas Linley, was drowned when he was twenty-one years old. Mozart never forgot him. In later life, he seldom met an Englishman, without speaking of this early friend.

When the family returned to Vienna,

they encountered a great deal of trouble, arising from the envy of musicians, who had grown weary of hearing the praises of young Mozart, and were vexed to be thus eclipsed by his genius. They said that his success was owing to trickery, that he was older than he passed for, &c. The good father tried to satisfy their doubts, by giving them the most undeniable proofs of his own veracity, and of his son's remarkable powers. But they did not wish to be convinced. For fear they might be compelled to acknowledge his merits, or lose their own reputation as good judges of music, they would avoid hearing him; and then if asked what they thought of any composition or performance of Mozart, they could answer, 'We have not heard it.' There is too much of this mean and selfish spirit among artists. Indeed, the least particle of it is too much. We ought to delight in all beautiful works of art, as we do in the sunshine and flowers.

When Mozart was twelve years old, he composed an opera, at the suggestion of the emperor. But the jealous musicians repeated it so badly, and put so many obstacles in the way, that his father was obliged to give up having it performed.

Such ungenerous efforts had no permanent effect. Every year of his life, Mozart increased his fame by new and beautiful productions; and though he died at thirty-five years of age, he left a name renowned throughout the world. No music excels his in tenderness of expression, in simple graceful melodies, and beautiful changes of harmony. Modern improvements in the art are more owing to him, than to any other composer.

No one ought to try to compose music, unless it comes to him by nature. If a person has a good ear, patience and practice will enable him to perform well; but nothing original or beautiful can be composed, without that gift of the soul called genius. A boy, who could play extremely well on the piano, asked Mozart to teach him how to compose music. The great artist told him to wait. "But *you* composed when you were a boy," replied he, somewhat abashed; "and I thought you might tell me what books would best teach *me* how to do it." Mozart patted him on the cheek kindly, and answered, "I composed because I could not help it, and I never asked how to do it." He pointed to his ear, head, and heart, and said play-

fully, "If the music is there, all will come right. If not, books will not bring it."

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William Crotch was born in Norwich, England, in 1775. His father, who was a carpenter, had made a small organ for his own amusement; and, when William was a year and a half old, he would touch the key-note to show what tune he wanted played; and if his father did not understand him, he would play the first three or four notes himself. When he was two years and three weeks old, a celebrated musical lady came to play upon his father's organ. The child was amazingly delighted to hear her; and after she was gone, he became so fretful that nothing his mother could do would quiet him. When carried through the dining room, he spread his hands toward the organ, and cried, and would not be pacified till they allowed him to go and bend down the keys with his little fists. There was nothing very surprising in this, for children always want to make a jingling noise. But the next day, when his mother went out and left him alone with his elder brother, he would

not rest, till his brother blowed the bellows of the organ, while he played. At first, he rattled over the keys without any order, just as any very little child would do; but in a few minutes, he played God Save the King so well, that his father, at work in the garret, came down to see who was at the organ. He could hardly believe his own senses, when he saw that it was little William. He waited with impatience for the mother to come home. When she arrived, he put on a very mysterious look, and asked her to go into the dining-room, where he had something very curious to show. She was as much surprised and pleased as the father had been, to hear their little one play God save the King. One part he did not play with perfect correctness, because two succeeding sounds were octaves, and he could not stretch his little fingers to reach the eighth note. After that, he was allowed to play on the organ whenever he liked. He learned different airs with facility, and sometimes intermixed them with little variations of his own, which were always agreeable, because his ear had a natural aversion to inharmonious sounds.

At two years old, he was often sent for

to amuse the public by his uncommon talent. When he was three years old, his mother took him to Cambridge and London, where he excited much astonishment by his performances on the organ. In his fourth year, he played before the royal family, at St. James's palace, with great applause; and every body was charmed with his artless, playful, infantile manner.

He could then repeat any tune he heard once, and if he heard the key of an instrument struck in the next room, his ear was so sensitive to sound, that he could instantly tell what note it was. So many people went to hear him, that he would sometimes get very tired, and could not be coaxed to play any more; but if any one else struck a wrong note, he would rouse up, and instantly place his finger on the right one.

He afterward received regular instruction at Oxford, where he was appointed organist, in his eighteenth year, and afterward doctor and professor of music. He was a very well-informed and modest man; but he had merely a talent for acquiring, without genius for creating. He gave lessons on the piano for twenty years, and arranged for that instrument many compo-

sitions of the first masters. Of his own compositions, only one excited any attention, and that was an oratorio called Palestine.

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Samuel Wesley, the son of a clergyman, and nephew of the celebrated John Wesley, founder of the Methodists, was born at Bristol, England, in 1766. He first attracted attention by the great delight he took in hearing his older brother play. If the music teacher came, and Charles began his lesson without first calling little Samuel, he would cry as if he had been beaten. During the lesson, he would stand near his brother all the time, and play on a chair, as if he were accompanying him. Sometimes, when he was practising Handel's oratorios, in the evening, he would join in with his voice, and even find fault with the playing, when he thought it incorrect.

When he was between four and five years old, he got hold of the oratorio of Samson, and by that alone he taught himself to read words ; after that, he learned the notes, and soon after taught himself to

write. At five years old, he knew all Handel's Messiah by heart, both words and notes. Whenever he heard his brother begin to play, he could tell at once from what composer the music was taken, and what part of the sonata, or overture, it was.

He composed much music before he could write. The airs of an oratorio called Ruth, he composed before he was six years old, and laid them up in his memory till he was eight, and then wrote them down. He was never taught to write music, but merely from his own observation he could write out all the parts of any thing he composed; and though he wrote rapidly, he seldom made any blot or mistake.

Dr. Boyce, a musician of considerable distinction, called to see him one day, when he was eight years old, and said to his father, "Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house. Young Linley tells me wonderful things of him." Samuel was called, and soon brought forward the score of his oratorio of Ruth, which he was then writing down. The doctor was extremely well pleased with it. "These airs are some of the prettiest I have ever seen," said he. "This boy writes by na-

ture as true a bass, as I can by rule and study."

Before he was ten years old, he could perform the most difficult music on the harpsichord, or organ, at first sight, not only with correctness, but with taste.

When he was eleven years old, eight of his compositions for the harpsichord were published, with his engraved likeness.—They are said to evince much science and taste, but did not become fashionable, because they contained passages too difficult for most performers. At the same age, he composed a march for one of the regiments of Royal Guards. The Hon. Daines Barrington, thinking it would please the boy to hear his march performed by the band, took him to the parade ground. It was the first piece they played ; but when Mr. Barrington asked him if he was pleased with the performance, he answered, 'By no means.' He was then introduced to several of the musicians, tall stout fellows, and they were told that this boy, who had a remarkably delicate ear for music, was not pleased with their manner of playing the first march.

"What do you complain of?" inquired one of the band, carelessly.

"I complain that you have not done justice to my composition," replied the boy.

"*Your* composition!" they exclaimed, and looked at him with a mixture of surprise and derision.

With modest calmness he answered, "Yes, gentlemen, that march is my composition, and you have almost spoiled it in the playing." They excused themselves by saying that they had exactly copied the manuscript placed in their hands.

"The hautbois and bassoons have done so," he replied, "but the French horns have not." The original score was produced, and he pointed out the mistakes that had been made.

The musician listened to him very respectfully, and the march was played again more correctly, at the end of the parade, which, with military exactness, closed at precisely five minutes after ten. Mr. Barrington asked him whether he was pleased this time? He said, "Very much; but it ought not to be reserved for the last piece; because the great clock of the Horse Guards strikes ten before it is finished, and the tone of the clock does not harmonize with the key-note of the march."

This boy had nobler gifts than a quick

ear, and a talent for music; he had delicate feelings, and a kind heart. Mr. Barrington asked him to compose an easy melody for master Crotch, then little more than two years old. He did so, and they went together to hear him play it. But William was tired, and out of humor.—Master Wesley did all he could to please him. He even consented to play upon a cracked violin for his amusement. But the baby was not in a mood to entertain visitors, and he could not be coaxed.

When the company found out who young Wesley was, they insisted that he should play on the organ; but this he constantly declined. As he was generally very willing to oblige people, Mr. Barrington, on their way home, inquired why he had refused to play, when so much urged. "I did not like to do it," he replied; "I was afraid the friends of little master Crotch might think I wished to shine at his expense."

Samuel Wesley lived to be nearly seventy-two years old. He composed a great deal of organ music, which maintains a high rank in the opinion of scientific judges. He was a great admirer of Sebastian Bach, and, like him, his music was

mostly of an elevated and solemn character, such as anthems, motets, and other compositions for the church.

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Angelica Catalini was born in 1784, at Sinigaglia, in Italy. She was educated at the convent of St. Lucia, near Rome.

When only seven years old, her full rich voice attracted great attention. Immense crowds came to listen to her, and there was so much pushing and disputing for a chance to get near enough to hear, that the magistrates were obliged to interfere. In order to preserve the peace of the town, they forbade her singing any more at the convent. At fourteen years old, she appeared as a public performer, and soon became very celebrated throughout Europe.

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Mrs. Wood, who is such a favorite singer, both in Europe and this country, likewise gave very early indication of musical talent. When she was five or six years old, being on board a steam-boat, for the first time, she was much attracted by the

puffing of the engine. "What makes that noise?" she asked. Being told it was the steam going off, she listened very attentively; then running up to her father, she exclaimed, "Papa, the steam is going off in the key of A." He struck his tuning-fork, to ascertain the pitch of sound, and smiled to find it was just as his little girl had said.

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Nicolo Paganini was born at Genoa, in Italy, in 1784. As soon as he could hold a violin, his father made him sit beside him, and play almost from morning till night. This injured the poor child's health so seriously, that through his whole life he was nervous, feeble, and haggard in his appearance. His father is said to have been a very avaricious man, and to have cared less for his child's welfare, than for making money by his talent. Nicolo was urged on by his mother, likewise, who was very ambitious that he should become a famous musician. When he was a very little fellow, she held him on her knees, and told him she had dreamed that an an-

gel came to her and said her son would be one of the most celebrated performers in the world.

When he was in his eighth year, he composed a sonata, and his performances were considered so remarkable, that he was often called upon to play in churches, and at musical parties. His first public appearance was at Genoa, when he was in his ninth year. The applause he received greatly excited his father's hopes of making him very profitable. He took him to Rolla, a distinguished musician in Parma, and asked him to give him lessons. When they called, he was ill in bed, and the boy, being left in an adjoining room, began to play one of Rolla's concertos, which he saw lying there. The composer started up in his bed, much excited, and could hardly believe that what he heard was the performance of a little boy. "I can teach him nothing," said he; "you had better go to Paer."

Paer was a distinguished composer of operas, and Nicolo studied under his direction six months. During this period, he composed twenty-four fugues for four hands, without the aid of any instrument; for Paer insisted that he should put the

compositions on paper directly from his own head.

His father took him to all the principal cities of Italy, and made a great deal of money by the exhibition of his talent. He appears to have been a very parsimonious and severe man, and the manner in which he treated his nervous and impressible son had a gloomy effect on the artist's character through life.

Paganini became celebrated throughout the civilized world. Every where his playing produced the greatest excitement.—Poets called his violin a 'nest of birds and sunbeams,' because the tones were so wonderfully bright and melodious. When he broke three strings, and played entire pieces on one string only, many of the ignorant multitude believed he dealt in witchcraft; and when he died, the Catholic church in Italy refused to bury him in consecrated ground, on the charge that he was a magician, whom the devil assisted to perform such extraordinary things. But the only magic he used was great perseverance, and the spirit that aided him was a natural genius for music.

Ole Bull was born in 1810, in Bergen, Norway. He belonged to a very musical family, and was observable in infancy for extreme quickness of ear. He had an uncle who played well on the violoncello, and had a curious collection of musical instruments. Little Ole delighted to visit this uncle, who was very fond of him, and liked to amuse himself with the child's susceptibility to sound. When he was three years old, he often put him in the violoncello case, and hired him with sweetmeats to stand still while he played. The candy would keep him quiet for a few minutes; but his little foot soon began to beat time, and his eyes grew brighter and brighter. At last, the music would set all his nerves dancing so, that he could not possibly stay in the violoncello case; then his uncle would laugh.

When the child went home, he would take the yard measure, instead of a violoncello, and, with a small stick for a bow, would imitate all the movements of the tune he had heard. He could hear it in his own mind all the time; but for fear father and mother would not understand

his silent tune, as well he did, he would stop to explain how beautifully the bass came in, at some particular place.

When he was five years old, his uncle gave him a small violin, brightly varnished, and as yellow as a lemon. This made him almost crazy with joy. He hugged it, and kissed it; it seemed to him so very beautiful, that little yellow violin! He was a happy child, when he first drew a tune out of it, with his own little fingers.

To the surprise of his family, he immediately played well on it; though, like little Mozart, he had never received any instruction. But from the time he could run alone, he had been present at frequent concerts, both at home and at his uncle's, and he had observed how the musicians managed their instruments. He had no difficulty in remembering tunes; on the contrary, if one pleased him, he could never get it out of his head. On his little yellow violin, he played a quartett of Pleyel's, to the musical club in the habit of meeting at his father's house. They were perfectly astonished, and inquired who had taught the boy. But nobody could tell, any better than they could explain how the mocking-bird learned to imitate the bob-o'-link.

When he was eight years old, a Frenchman arrived in Bergen, with violins to sell. One of them, of a very pretty form, and bright red in its color, gained Ole's heart at first sight, and he pleaded with his father, till he consented to buy it. It was purchased late in the afternoon, and put away in its case. Ole slept in a small bed, in the same apartment with his parents, and the coveted instrument was in an adjoining room.

"I could not sleep," said he, "for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I stole out of bed, lighted a candle, and, in my night-clothes, did go on tiptoe, just to take one little peep. I opened the case. The violin was so red as a cherry, and the pretty little pearl screws did smile at me so! I must touch it. I pinched the strings, just a little, with my fingers. Then it did smile at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me that it would be *so* pleasant to try it across the strings! So I did try it a little; just a very little; and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I crept away farther off from the bed-room. At first, I did play very soft. I made very, *very* little noise.

But presently I did begin a capriccio, which I liked very much; and it did go ever louder and louder: and I forgot that it was midnight, and that every body was asleep. The capriccio did go ever wilder and wilder, and I did think of nothing, till I hear a step behind me. It was my father. 'What do you mean by making such a noise, and waking up the whole house at this time of night?' said he. In my fright, I did drop my little red violin on the floor, and it was broken. They sent it to a doctor the next day, but it did never recover its health."

Ole was a very strong and active child. He learned every thing fast, and did every thing with all his might. He would leap fences like a deer, turn somersets like a harlequin, and climb trees like a squirrel. Because he was always darting and driving about, his family called him 'The Bat.'

At school, he seemed quite stupid, if the master insisted upon his stating sums on the slate, and working them out by the old method; but if left to pursue his own course, he would do the sum in his mind, and give the correct answer in far less time than it would take to state it. He was never taught to read music. He knew

the sound each note ought to have, long before he could call it by name; and while he was still a very young child, he learned to read music, in all its complicated variations, merely by observing the musicians.

When he was ten years old, a foreign music-master persuaded his father that it was absolutely necessary that he should be taught music by rule. Accordingly, he began to take lessons. He was told that he must handle his bow differently, must hold his violin quite otherwise, must practise music by note, and not by his ear, and when he was playing an air, he must break himself of the habit of composing variations of his own. The boy, wishing to please his father, tried to do the best he could; but the movements of his soul were too rapid, and he had been too long accustomed to a quicker process. He could not learn any thing in the way his master proposed. The more he tried, the more he was annoyed and distressed. At last, it made him so nervous, that in the midst of his lesson he screamed aloud. His father, aware that he was by nature unlike other children, became convinced that it was not wise to subject him to such painful drilling, when he could learn so much faster in

his own way. Indeed, there seemed to be no need of troubling him thus ; for even at that early age, he could play a capriccio of Paganini's, which older and skilful musicians considered too difficult for them.

His aversion to lessons from his music-master did not arise from indolence ; for he was earnest and diligent in learning whatever he undertook. It was merely that he had a process of his own, which answered better for his keen quick nature, than the common and slower method.

In manhood, Ole Bull became very celebrated. No violinist, except the famous Paganini, ever drew such crowds to hear him. He could play a distinct part on each of the strings at once, so that it sounded like four violins. This is an extremely difficult task, and no other performer ever had sufficient strength and pliability of muscle to execute it. His compositions are full of tenderness and poetic feeling. Kings have presented him with diamonds, and poets have sung his praises in a variety of languages. He visited the United States in 1843, and almost every American child has heard of his sweet music.

Franz Liszt was born in 1811, in Reiding, a village of Hungary. His father, who was a musician of high reputation, in the service of Prince Esterhazy, soon perceived that the boy inherited more than his own talent. At a very early age, he would repeat on the piano the tunes he had heard played, and he did it with so much spirit and expression, that his father could not help embracing him. "Ah, my son," he would say, "I see that you will be all that I have imagined and wished to be in music, but have never been able to realize. My life will be renewed in you, and bear its fruit."

At nine years old, Franz made his first appearance in public, in the neighboring city of Oedenberg. He performed a difficult concerto, and concluded with a fantasia, which he composed as he went along. The audience were surprised at his skilful playing, and still more by the genius indicated in his extemporaneous composition. His father wept tears of joy, friends embraced him, and Prince Esterhazy put fifty ducats into his little hand, in gratitude for the pleasure he had received. He gave concerts in other cities with similar success.

At his first performance in Vienna, the celebrated Beethoven was present, and gave his warmest words of praise and encouragement. Wealthy men interested themselves to increase his father's salary, that the remarkable boy might have the best possible means of obtaining a thorough musical education. All this applause did not make him vain or idle. It only stimulated him to greater exertions, lest his friends should be disappointed in their expectations. He studied with the most unremitting industry, and of course made rapid progress.

Before he was fourteen years old, he composed an opera, called The Palace of Love. It was performed at the royal academy of music, in Paris, with great applause.

As he passed into manhood, his musical progress, through the various cities of Europe, was a succession of triumphs, though not unattended by the envious enmity, which always follows great success. His health being enfeebled by constant exertion, he went to Italy, for the benefit of the pure and balmy air. He was playing to crowded houses, when he heard of a great inundation of the Danube, in Hungary, by

which thousands had lost their property; and he resolved at once to return to his native land. He was received with unbounded joy. Hungary was proud of her distinguished artist. Mothers pointed him out to their children as he passed, and told how famous the 'little Franz' had made himself, and how he could play a 'whole book full of beautiful stories on the piano.'

He played to overflowing houses, and gave the proceeds to cities that had suffered by the inundation. This raised the enthusiasm of his countrymen to the highest pitch. He was complimented with serenades, and whenever he appeared in the street, or in public places, he was greeted with huzzas, and garlands were showered upon him. It must do a man's heart good thus to benefit his native land, and at the same time give delight to thousands by his genius.

* * * * * * *

Very few, since the creation of the world, have had such remarkable musical endowments as those I have mentioned. Men are as various in their gifts as are the flowers of the field. One can write a beauti-

ful book, but cannot compose an opera; another can invent a valuable machine, but cannot write a book. Some can only build well the edifices that others have planned; and some can only perform skilfully the music that others have composed. But every human soul would be beautiful, if each would delight in the talent of others, and earnestly improve its own, whether great or small.

# A DREAM.

HEN I am awake, my soul looks out, through my senses, on this visible world of green grass and blue sky, as a little child looks out through an open window. But there is another inner world, invisible to the senses; and when eyes and ears are closed in sleep, my soul visits this inner world, and there sees and hears many beautiful things. Sometimes I remember the things I see; and when I remember them, they are called dreams.

Once, in my sleep, I seemed to be in a most beautiful place. There were little rills of the clearest water, like fluid crystal in silver channels. There was a mild golden transparency in the light, and the soft shadows of the foliage played grace-

fully with it, as they danced about over the verdant lawn. Among this play of shadows and golden sunshine, were groups of little children, with happy eyes and shining hair.

I wanted to ask them what place this was, where all things seemed so very beautiful; but as I moved toward them, they all began to jump and sing, and their joyful voices sounded like a chorus of silver bells. I said to them, "Why are you so glad, little ones?" They answered, "A good little child is dying; and we rejoice because the angels will bring her to live with us."

"How will she get here?" I asked. A little one, who was caressing a dove on her arm, looked up in my face and smiled, as she pointed to an arch in the distance, covered with evergreen vines. "The good child will come through that arch," she replied. "Those who live on the earth call it Death; but we call it The Entrance into Life."

"Is she afraid to come?" said I.

"She *was* afraid," they answered; "for a little while ago, she could not see how bright and pleasant it is on this side of the arch. But now she sees us, and hears our

happy voices, and she *wishes* to come to us. Her mother stands weeping by her bedside, and she wonders what makes her babe smile so sweetly ; for the mother does not see us, or hear the angels singing ; but the child does."

When I turned to watch for the little one coming from the outer world, she had already passed through the evergreen arch, and came bounding toward her bright companions. They ran to meet her, offering doves and flowers ; and I heard a sound as of golden harps from above, and in harmony with the harps were many sweet voices singing, " The mortal child has become an angel."

# WILLIAM BURTON,

## THE BOY WHO WOULD BE A SAILOR.

WILLIAM BURTON was a bright intelligent boy, the son of a farmer in Connecticut. The neighbours all agreed that he could plough better than any man in the county; and it was a common proverb to say, 'as neat as William Burton's garden.' He was extremely industrious. The only relaxation he allowed himself was reading, and attending an evening school, that was kept in the village where he resided. He seldom visited, except at the house of Mr. James Hall, who lived but a few rods from

his father's dwelling. Mary Hall, just two years younger than himself, attended the same evening school ; and whenever the weather was stormy, or the snow deep, William always asked her to ride in his sleigh, or *pung*, as it was called. She was an active, blooming girl ; with cheeks as red as health and industry could make them, and a lovely expression of kindness and good-nature, that always lighted up her face, like sunshine.

William and Mary seemed to each other like brother and sister. They had been playmates from their earliest infancy, they had always attended the same school, and Mary's own and only brother, seven years older than herself, was generally absent at sea. Mrs. Burton loved Mary as if she had been her own daughter. The sound of her light footsteps always made her feel happy, and she would smile affectionately, as she said, ' There comes my busy bee.'

Mary well deserved the good opinion of her friends ; for she was uncommonly capable and industrious, fond of her work, and fond of her books, and always busy with one or the other. William was extremely attached to her. The best berries and the finest flowers were always given

to his mother, and the next best were always reserved for 'little busy bee.'

Many and many a pleasant sleigh-ride they had home from school, during the winter-evenings, when the earth was all covered with snow, and the frosty trees danced and sparkled in the moonbeams. Sometimes they repeated their lessons, and puzzled each other with curious questions in arithmetic; and sometimes they talked about brother Silas, and the wonderful things he would bring home, after a two year's voyage.

Mr. Hall's parlour was already well filled with shells, and coral, and war-clubs from the Sandwich Islands, and carved boxes, and painted glass from China. The sight of these things, and the frequent conversations he heard about Silas's adventures, inspired William with an earnest desire to become a sailor. Having once taken this thought into his head, it grew stronger and stronger every day. He borrowed all the books of voyages he could hear of for miles round, and all his leisure moments were employed in making little imitations of Otaheite canoes, and New-Zealand spears.

At last, he confessed to his father that

his happiness depended upon going to sea. Mr. Burton was very sorry to hear this. He represented to him how happy he was at home, and how much hardship and suffering he would have to endure if he became a sailor. His mother wept, and begged of him to give up the idea. She asked who would take care of the farm, when his father was old ; and what she should do for a son to wait upon her, if he persisted in leaving them.

"Oh, Mary will wait upon you, dear mother," replied William ; "You know she loves you as well as she does her own mother."

"That is true," rejoined the anxious parent ; "but she cannot make your place good, William ; and then how lonesome poor Mary will be. You have always been together since you were babes ; and I am sure it will almost break her heart, if you go away." Mrs. Burton wiped her eyes as she spoke, and laying her hand affectionately on his head, she added, "William, if you love your mother, you will make up your mind to stay at home."

The boy was impressed with the tender solemnity of her manner, and he resolved to think no more about being a sailor. But

he had already thought too much upon the subject, to drive it easily from his mind. When Silas Hall came home, a few months after, William was with him constantly, listening to his entertaining stories, with an eagerness that greatly distressed his kind-hearted parents. From this time, he became less cheerful than usual, he lost his appetite, and seemed to be constantly struggling with some inward trouble. At last Mr. Burton said to his wife, "My dear Judith, it is plain our boy has set his heart upon being a sailor; and I am afraid no good will come of crossing his inclination. We had better let him go one voyage; and perhaps by that time, he will grow tired of it himself."

Mrs Burton was a discreet woman, and she at once perceived it was best to adopt the plan her husband proposed. The tender parents told William that they consented to his becoming a sailor; and although he little guessed how many sighs and tears it cost them, he felt a good deal of sorrow mingle with his joy. He was an affectionate, disinterested boy; and something within told him it was wrong to indulge his own inclinations at the expense of giving others pain. For a few days it was diffi-

cult to tell how he would decide ; but love of adventure finally conquered love of home. His father, deeming it best for him to go a short voyage at first, obtained a situation for him on board a vessel bound to Santa Cruz.

Mary Hall, who had never passed a week in her life without seeing William, was very sad when she heard he was going away. "If I could only persuade Silas to stay at home," said she, 'I should not feel so unhappy ; but to have them both go away is too much. I shall take no more comfort going in the woods for berries, or riding in the sleigh ; and who shall I have to bring me books to read, or tell me stories, now ?"

Silas and William tried to comfort her, by promising to return soon, and bring many pretty things. But Mary only cried, and said she loved them better than all the pretty things in the world. "And I love you," replied William ; "I am sure there is nobody but my mother, that I love better than I do you ; but it is foolish to take on so, just because I am going to see a little of the world."

"But you may be shipwrecked," said Mary.

"Fiddle faddle," exclaimed Silas, who was a merry careless lad; "and if he stays at home, perhaps the old cow will hook him. I never yet knew a woman that had a speck of courage."

Mary did not like to be laughed at; so she dried her tears, and said not another word about shipwrecks and disasters. She busied herself with making shirts for Silas, and in packing up such of her books as she thought William would like the best. These, with two large cakes and a cheese, which Mrs. Hall had made for him, were given to William the day he came to bid them good-bye.

"I have put Robinson Crusoe among the books," said Mary; "because if you are cast away on a desert island, you may want to remember every thing that Crusoe did."

"Why, Mary, I am only going to Santa Cruz," replied William; "and there are no desert islands on the way. I shall be back again, before the pet lamb is a year old; and that will be but little while, you know."

"I hope it will be so," said Mary; "but Santa Cruz seems to me a great way off; and though you and Silas do laugh at me,

I can't help thinking sometimes that you will never come back again." The tears came in Mary's eyes, as she talked; and William, stout as he was, had to turn suddenly away, to keep from crying.

To part from his mother was a still harder task. All her kindness and all her love for him, rushed on his memory; and when he spoke to her, his voice was very soft and low, because his heart was full. She put a copy of the New Testament into his hand, at parting, and said, "Keep that as long as you live, my son. When you are tempted to do evil, let that be your guide."

William went through his farewells without a tear. He fed the pet lamb, and patted the calf, and shook hands with Mary, and kissed his mother, and then sprung lightly into the wagon, that was to convey him and his father, and his friend Silas, to Hartford. His hand trembled a little, and his heart swelled; but he checked his tears, until he looked back and saw his good mother standing on the door-step, watching for the last glimpse of the wagon, as it slowly rolled away; and then he could contain himself no longer; he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed like an infant.

His father, in hopes of dissuading him from his purpose, told him that he could still return home, if he chose; for he could easily get him excused. He was then thinking so much of his mother, and of his pleasant rides with Mary, that I think he would have gone back, had not Silas watched him so anxiously. When he looked at his young companion, he brushed away his tears, and smiling said, "You have often told me, father, that it was not a good sign for boys to change their mind. I have not changed mine. Silas says he felt just so, the first time he left home to go to sea; but he has got over it now."

In a few minutes William brightened up, and they all talked cheerfully together during the rest of the ride. Parting with his father was a fresh trial; but it cost him less pain than his first farewell; for he was not leaving so many surrounding objects, that reminded him of home and childhood.

On board the ship all was novelty, and he thought he should be perfectly happy; but he soon found it was otherwise. The smell of the vessel made him very sea-sick, the ropes took the skin off his hands, and

the rough sailors laughed at his awkwardness, and called him 'a land-lubber.'

During the first half of his voyage, he had in fact a great many miserable hours. Had it not been for Silas Hall, he would have been perfectly wretched; and even he, being thoughtless and fond of fun, would sometimes join in the laugh against the 'land-lubber.' By degrees, however, William became expert in his new duties, and learned to enjoy himself, as the other sailors did.

When he returned home, after a prosperous voyage, his inclination for a seafaring life was not in the least abated. He brought home a new dress for his mother, and a neat little basket for Mary, filled with such curiosities as he had been able to pick up in the island. Among these was a necklace made of the hard black seeds of the soap-tree, so called because the seed-vessel contains a substance which answers all the purposes of soap. Another curiosity was the large seed-vessel of the sand-box tree, which being stripped of its husk, and highly varnished, made a beautiful sand-box. The sides were finely curled and fluted, and the ends were perforated with very neatly cut little holes, as if na-

ture intended it on purpose for a sand-box. When prepared for use, one of these ends was sealed up, and the sand passed through the other. William told her that if it had not been varnished immediately after the husk was taken off, it would have burst into a dozen pieces; for this seed-vessel has an expanding power, like that of the Touch-me-not, and when it explodes, it makes a noise like a small pistol.

William's short visit at home passed very pleasantly. He had not half time enough to tell all the new things he had seen, and ask all the questions he wanted to ask. His next voyage was to Liverpool; and this time he was separated from his friend Silas, who sailed about the same time for Rio Janeiro. He returned in safety from his second voyage, and found all well at home. He brought his mother and Mary several small presents; the most curious of which was a perfect little pair of scissors, not longer than a fine needle.

He remained at home several months, during which time Silas came home for a few days. The three young friends were constantly together; and though Mary loved her brother dearly, I think it would have made her blush to have asked her

whether she loved him better than she did William.

One day, when they had been walking down by the pond, to gather lilies, Silas met them loitering along, looking very happy. He stopped, and with a very roguish glance, said, "William, you used to love Mary *almost* as well as your mother. Do you now?" The young couple blushed very deeply, and both felt in their hearts that they were dearer to each other than brother and sister. Then Mary grew more bashful than she had been. She did not look William in the face when she talked to him, and when she wanted any thing done, she was more apt to ask Silas to do it. For several days they shunned each other, as if they were afraid. But one day, when William went to bring home the pet sheep and her little ones, he met Mary in the fields, and he told the sweet girl that he loved her with more than a brother's love, and that he should not be happy, unless she consented to be his wife. Mary was very modest, but very frank. She readily acknowledged that she loved William better than any body else in the world, and that she would consent to be his wife, if their parents had no objection

As soon as she reached home, she told her mother what William had said, and how happy she was; for the good girl never had any secrets from her mother. The parents were all well pleased with the news; indeed it had long been the cherished wish of their hearts to see their dear children united, when they had arrived at a suitable age. To be sure, they thought them too young at present; for William was but twenty, and Mary but seventeen years of age. But they had always been distinguished for discretion, and an early maturity of character, which made them seem older than they really were.

Mrs. Burton was particularly rejoiced at the engagement of the young couple. She knew that Mary was a very sweet-tempered, industrious girl, who would be always kind and affectionate, and keep her house as neat as wax-work. Beside all this, she hoped William loved her so well, that he would never again be willing to leave her for the dangers of the sea; but in this she was mistaken. When a love of rambling has been once indulged, it is very difficult to conquer it. One of William's favorite shipmates wrote him word that a beautiful vessel, called the Sea-Gull, was about to

sai for the Sandwich Islands, and that he never would have a better chance to see that famous race of savages, of whom Captain Cook had given such an interesting account. William had always had a very strong desire to visit the islands of the Pacific. He said he was rather too young to be married, so he would take just *one* voyage more, and then return to settle on the farm for life.

"Captain Cook was murdered at those very islands," said Mary, looking down, to hide the tears that were gathering in her eyes.

"I remember that," replied William, "but the people are almost civilized now. While men trade with them, and even live there in perfect safety."

"But what good can it do for you to go?" asked Mary; "you have read all there is to know about them."

"I shall lay up some money," answered William.

"But, my dear friend, we do not want money," answered the contented girl; "we have every thing for our comfort, and a king need not wish for more."

"The fact is, I have set my heart upon going," replied William; "now don't say

any thing to make me feel unhappy about it ; that's a good girl."

Mary could not resist this appeal. She said no more against his project, but employed herself busily in preparing every thing comfortable for his voyage.

His mother could not so easily become reconciled to his wishes. She seemed more distressed than she had been at first. Her love for her only son increased to such a degree, and poured itself forth in such a multitude of affectionate attentions, that it became almost painful to him. Once he awoke at midnight, and found her standing by his bedside, shading the light with her hand, and looking earnestly upon him with a mingled expression of love and anxiety. She kissed him, and bade him good night, saying she had dreamed of seeing him struggling alone in the sea, and she could not go to help him.

This incident affected the young man very much. He never forgot that expression of his mother's face. I wonder such an affectionate son had the heart to go to sea, when he knew how many anxious hours it would cost those whom he loved so tenderly. But he did go ; and his friends tried to bear it as cheerfully as they could.

His mother's farewell words were, "Remember your poor old mother, William, when you are in a distant land; and never part with the Testament she gave you."

The young sailor promised tearfully, and pressed Mary's hand, as he whispered, "I shall come back before two years are gone, and then we shall be *so* happy in our own little home." The affectionate girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Slowly and reluctantly, William turned away. The last glimpse of his friends was the waving of handkerchiefs, which were gradually lost in the distance; and then he did indeed feel all alone in the world.

* * * * * * *

This voyage was not destined to be as fortunate as the preceding ones. The captain was cruel and tyrannical, and the crew were of course dissatisfied and disorderly. William was disgusted with their proceedings, and a thousand times wished himself at his own peaceful and happy home. Things grew worse and worse on board the vessel. At last, the crew became

so angry at the captain, that in a rage one night, they set all the officers adrift in a boat, and swore they would shoot them if they tried to come back. William would have given a good deal to save the poor men from the danger to which they were exposed; but he could not do any thing to help them, and he was afraid to say any thing, lest the violent crew should kill him.

When the officers were gone, the misguided crew became very riotous. They were intoxicated more than half the time. They were afraid of going to the Sandwich Islands, lest they should be taken up by some of their countrymen there, on suspicion of having murdered their officers; and had they wished to go to their destined port, not one of them knew how to steer the vessel, and no one was willing to obey.

During this gloomy period, William very often thought of his kind mother, and his gentle Mary. He seldom lay down for the night, without remembering how he had waked and found his mother watching over him with such depth of love. He solemnly resolved, if God pleased to spare his life, and restore him safely to his family, that he would never leave them more.

The only consolation he had left in his forlorn condition was the company of the young man who had written to urge him to undertake this ill-fated voyage. He was a sober, good-hearted lad, who never joined in the excesses of the sailors. William and he held many counsels together in private, and they both agreed to run away from the vessel, whenever the crew landed; for they felt certain that their fate could not be worse than it would be if they remained with such drunken and desperate men.

After drifting about for some weeks, they came within sight of a long group of islands, in about the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and a few degrees north of the equator. A near approach showed pleasant groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, with a few Indian cottages sprinkled here and there. As the crew were greatly in want of fresh water, they resolved to land on one of the islands.

As soon as the Sea Gull was observed from the shore, the natives began to put off in their boats. They were at first rather afraid; but one of them being tempted to come on board, received some glass beads and old nails, which pleased him

mightily. This encouraged the others to come within speaking distance, and a friendly intercourse was soon established. The crew then put off from the Sea Gull in boats, in search of fresh provisions and water.

The Mulgrave Group are surrounded, as most of the Pacific Islands are, with large reefs of coral, which make it very difficult to come near the shore. In consequence of this, the crew of the Sea Gull could not approach the land, for the purpose of fastening their boats; and if they were left unfastened, there was danger of their drifting out into the open sea. The savages, perceiving this, seized hold of the rope, and diving down into the water, tied it fast to a strong branch of coral. This is a rude way of casting anchor; but it is very safe, and well suited to their reefy shores.

The Mulgrave Group presents a very picturesque appearance. It consists of long narrow islets, with reefs of coral, and spots of verdure interspersed, dotted with clumps of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, and pretty little wigwams, made of sticks interwoven with leaves. The natives were very friendly and obliging. They would run after the white men all day long, with

their arms full of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit, in hopes of getting a few rusty nails in return. William and his friend John Gordon were much troubled to hear the riotous crew say they liked the place so much that they intended to build a town, and spend their lives there. When they first heard this determination, they almost despaired of escaping from them; but William said, "Let us keep quiet, and trust in God. He will prepare the way for us, if we resign ourselves to his will." His mother's Testament was now invaluable to him. It afforded him great consolation, and was associated with dearest recollections of his far-off home across the waters.

The crew erected a tent on shore, in which they placed the tools and provisions from the Sea Gull. Had they treated the natives with justice and kindness, I dare say they might have been very happy in those quiet and beautiful islands. But some of the sailors were bad men, and nearly all of them were becoming more and more addicted to intoxication.

William Burton and John Gordon were the only ones that uniformly dealt honestly and gently with the savages. They never cheated them, never told them an untruth,

never spoke to them in anger, and occasionally made them some trifling presents, to conciliate their good will. William gave the chief's wife a bright yellow cotton handkerchief, with a picture of Washington in the middle ; and never was a Duchess half so proud of a coronet of diamonds. In the excess of her joy she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him as eagerly as a little child would have done. This method of testifying her gratitude was not very pleasing to the young man ; for the naked arms of the savage were well smeared with cocoa-nut oil, which sends forth a most nauseous smell ; and Burton's jacket and vest were well nigh ruined by her embrace. Some of the crew would have been in a great rage at this ; but Burton knew the old woman meant it kindly, and he did not show the least displeasure.

Gordon gave the chief a small hatchet, for which he returned a great heap of cocoa-nuts. The next day he gave the chief's little daughter, about seven or eight year's old, a string of red glass beads ; and it would have amused you to see how the little creature capered, and clapped her hands. Her name was Tamahoogah. A few hours after she received her present,

she came running towards Burton, with a straw mat, which her mother had woven, and which she made signs that he must accept. He took it very gratefully, because he thought it would make her happy to see that her present was valued. The straw was indeed beautifully white, and the workmanship was elegant. The edge was ornamented with black diamonds, worked with straw that had been colored with the husk of the cocoa-nut.

The women wear two of these mats tied about the waist with a beautiful round cord of braided straw. They ornament themselves with necklaces and bracelets made of shell, some of which are really tasteful; and when they can obtain bright flowers, they make them into wreaths, with which they decorate their heads.

The men wear long bunches of grass made of the bark of a running vine. These bunches are of a reddish colour, and do not look unlike a horse's mane. They likewise wear ornaments made of whale's teeth and shells. They are of moderate stature, and generally very finely formed. Their deportment is manly, and their walk very majestic. Their countenances are intelligent, their features comely, and their

complexion not very dark. They have long glossy hair, which is always tied very neatly on the top of their heads. They are very remarkable for white, even teeth, and a sweet breath, which may be attributed to their simple and healthy mode of life.

They appeared to be an innocent and amiable set of people; and had all the white men been as good as Burton and Gordon, they might have associated together in safety and peace. But the wicked crew would steal their cocoa-nuts, and refuse to give them any thing in return.

The natives, having this bad example before them, stole muskets and hatchets from the tents. The white men fired at one of the thieves, and killed him. This provoked the savages, and they came in great numbers, with stones and spears pointed with sharp fish-bones, to kill the white men. The chief laid hold of Burton, and dragged him into the bushes; and an old man treated Gordon in the same manner. Both of them expected to be murdered; but they soon discovered that they were hidden among the bushes to be safe till the massacre should be over. Ev-

ery other individual of the crew perished by the hands of the exasperated natives.

Lugoma, the chief, signified by signs, and by the few words which Gordon's former visits to the Pacific Islands enabled him to understand, that Burton must live with him to do his work, and Gordon must serve the old man who had saved his life.

It was a desolate lot thus to be cut off from all intercourse with white men, and obliged to become servants to savages; but their situation was much better than they had reason to hope; and with sincere hearts, they returned thanks to God for their preservation.

William Burton was very fortunate in the master he served. Lugoma loved him as if he had been his own son. He gave him plenty to eat, and never required him to work too hard. He looked upon him as a superior being, and seemed to think he knew every thing. The chief's hut was clean and comfortable, about ten or fifteen feet high, with a sort of garret, separated from the room beneath by a floor of sticks thickly interwoven with leaves. The lower floor was paved with the finest pieces of coral. A clump of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees spread their waving tops and

broad green leaves above it, filling the mind with ideas of abundance and beauty.

Near the hut was a small space of ground, which was *tabooed*; that is, consecrated. It was the burial place of the island chiefs. At the head of each grave was a cocoa-nut tree, bound round with dry leaves, to show that no man must touch the fruit.

Little Tamahoogah, who followed Burton like a shadow, accompanied him and her father to this sacred spot, begging him at every step not to tread on the graves of her ancestors. Burton took great pains to please them in this, and in all other respects. He never gave them offence but once, and that was through ignorance of their customs.

As he sat at work one day, mending a fishing-net, he whistled a tune. Upon this, every one of the family began to shriek and howl; and Lugoma hastily rose, and covered his mouth with his hand. Burton afterward found that they had a great dread of whistling, because they thought it would bring the spirits of the dead about their houses. He ever after refrained from whistling; for he did not wish to frighten the ignorant creatures, whom he could not in-

struct, because he understood their language so imperfectly.

But the savages were not always quite as attentive to his feelings, as he was to theirs. He found every metal button stripped from his clothes, and he afterwards saw them worn as necklaces. He did not care very much about this. He could do very well without buttons in such a place as the Mulgrave Islands; and he remembered that these simple creatures had never been taught any better, and that an old brass button was as valuable in their eyes, as a ruby would be to us. But he was not quite as patient when a boy ran off with one of his striped mittens, into which Mary Hall had knit his name. He ran full speed after the thief, but he could not overtake him. When he told Lugoma of his loss, he either could not, or would not, understand him. He never saw his mitten again.

This made him more careful of his other treasures. He kept them carefully hidden among the leaves of the garret floor; and the first time he and Gordon were trusted out alone, they buried the other mitten, which was likewise marked with his name, a little locket containing some of Mary's

hair, a purse belonging to Gordon, and ten Spanish dollars. The only things he ventured to keep about him were Mary Hall's Robinson Crusoe, and the Testament his mother had given him.

Gordon was less fortunate than his companion in captivity. He was treated kindly, but the old man who had saved his life was wretchedly poor. His family lived upon a kind of food, called *bup*, and even of this they had not half enough. The Bup tree is from twenty to thirty feet high, and not more than six inches in diameter. It stands on several roots, or prongs, by which it is propped up two or three feet from the ground. The fruit exactly resembles a pine apple. When ripe, it has a nauseous perfume, and a cloying taste. When half ripe, it is baked under hot stones and eaten. Some eat it raw. The juice has a sweet taste, like that of a green corn-stalk. The knowledge of this tree would be invaluable to shipwrecked seamen, as it is found every where in the Pacific islands, and will sustain life when nothing else can be found.

Gordon would have liked it very well for a variety ; but he had nothing else to eat, and not enough even of that. Being

obliged to work very hard, he soon grew sickly, and lost his strength. Many plans of escape were formed by him and Burton; but it was impossible to execute them.—The natives had burned the Sea Gull, after stripping her of every bit of iron, and rag of cloth. It was dangerous to put out to sea in a canoe, without pilot or compass; and even if they had ventured to do so, the savages, in their rude but very swift sailing boats, would soon have overtaken them. By degrees they abandoned all thoughts of such projects; and concluded to wait patiently, till some European vessel should visit their lonely and unfrequented residence.

Burton's situation was tolerably comfortable in every respect, except separation from the friends he loved; but poor Gordon was half starved. As soon as they learned the language sufficiently to make themselves understood, Burton besought Lugoma to take his wretched companion into his employ; telling him it was the only way to save his life. At first, Lugoma said he had not bread-fruit and cocoa-nut enough for another person; but he finally consented.

And now the two friends were happier than they had been at any time since they

left home. The two books were indeed a treasure. They spent hours and hours over them, in the privacy of their little garret For many months, they succeeded in keeping them hidden from the natives; but Lugoma one day caught Gordon looking at the pictures in Robinson Crusoe. He had no idea what a book was; but he seemed very much frightened, and snatching it out of his hand, he instantly tore it into a million of pieces. When they remonstrated with him, he said there was witchcraft in it, and it would bring the spirits of the dead about his hut. Having caught sight of the Testament, he would have treated that in the same manner, had not Burton told him it would make the Great Spirit very angry if he destroyed it. This alarmed him so much that he did not venture to touch it.

Soon after, his little daughter Tamahoogah fell sick and died. The superstitious chief thought the Great Spirit had killed her, because he had torn Robinson Crusoe; and from that time the sight of the Testament made him tremble, and he did not dare to contradict the white men. He seemed to think they knew every thing in the universe, and could do every thing. Burton tried to teach him about God, who

made all, and sustained all ; but he could never find out whether he understood what was said. One day, in order to try whether he had any idea of a Superior Being, he asked him who made it thunder ? Lugoma looked up with great simplicity, and answered, " I suppose *you* can make it thunder."

Little Tamahoogah was buried beside her ancestors. A cocoa-nut tree, bound with withered leaves, was placed at the head of the grave. The body was borne on sticks to the place of interment, followed by a large concourse of friends, who moved along in a disorderly manner, sometimes howling and lamenting, and sometimes playing funny tricks to make each other laugh. When the child was buried, a little canoe with a sail to it, laden with bread-fruit and cocoas, was sent off from shore, with a fair wind, in order, as they said, to bear the spirit of the dead away from the land of the living.

The white men were very sorry for Tamahoogah's death ; for she was a cheerful, affectionate little creature, and very much attached to them. She would run up the cocoa trees like a monkey, to gather fruit for them, and she took particular pleasure

in gathering fresh sweet leaves for their pillows. Burton wished to carve her name and age on the bark of the tree ; but Lugoma would not allow it, for fear it would bring her spirit to the hut.

Burton and Gordon lived with Lugoma four years ; during which time they learnt to climb the trees as actively as the natives, to strip off the hard bark of the cocoa with their teeth, to paddle a canoe as swiftly, and to fish as expertly as the chief himself. They taught the women new fashions of braiding straw, and making baskets, and instructed Lugoma in the art of raising vegetables in his garden. The Mulgrave language became perfectly familiar to them, and they were frequently trusted to carry messages to the neighboring chiefs.

This life would not have been without its charms, had not their hearts been sick for home. In the solitude of his garret, how often did poor Burton think of Mary's tears, when he said to her that he should come back in two years, and then ' they should be *so* happy.' How often did he think of his good mother, when she laid her hand so affectionately on his head, and said, ' William, if you love your mother

you will make up your mind to stay at home.' He never opened his Testament, without thinking of her. One night, after he had been reading it, he fell asleep ; and he saw his mother standing by his bedside, looking on his face with the same fondness and anxiety that she had done, when she dreamed that he was drowning. He started up, and asked Gordon if he had seen any one in the room? He could not believe it was a dream. It seemed as if her kind face had been actually bending over him.

This incident made his heart yearn more than ever for home. He took every opportunity to watch the ocean, in hopes of seeing a vessel. But once, and once only, during four years, did he see a speck on the horizon, that looked something like a distant sail. Better luck came at last.

They were one day employed in fishing, according to the fashion of the Mulgraves. A stone pen was built by the shore; a long line of dried cocoa-nut leaves was spread round it, and Burton and Gordon waded out beyond the leaves, to drive the fish into the pen. It is remarkable, that when the fish are once inclosed in this way, they never attempt to pass the line of cocoa-

leaves, though they might swim under them just as well as not.

While the young men were thus employed, Burton clapped his hands and exclaimed, "A ship ! a ship ! an American ship !" His eyes did not deceive him. An American ship was indeed about to anchor among the Mulgraves, in search of fresh water. Unluckily, Lugoma saw it before they did ; and immediately came with his canoe, and brought Burton and Gordon ashore, before their countrymen caught sight of them. They were immediately conveyed to the garret, and guarded by ten Indians, who had orders to put them to death if they attempted to escape, or even to speak loud. They remained there three days, during which time they frequently heard the voices of their countrymen in the room below. Once, William was very sure he heard Silas Hall's voice, and it seemed as if his heart would burst, so eager was he to spring into his arms.

Perhaps the ship would have sailed away, and no one on board would have suspected that two fellow-countrymen were left captive in the island. But it so happened that Silas Hall, who was actually

on board this vessel, bound from Canton to New York, began to dig for water at the identical spot where William had buried his mitten and other treasures. He started when he saw the name of William Burton knit in the mitten ; and hastened to make the discovery known to his officers. This at once excited the suspicion that the crew of the Sea Gull had been murdered by these savages. Strict inquiry was made, but they received little or no information. The constant sight of metal buttons, nails, &c. convinced them, more and more, that white men had been on the island.

At last, they threatened the chief, if he did not make known to them what had become of these white men, they would go and bring a large ship with guns, that would make the whole Mulgrave Group shake, and kill all their men, before they had time to look about them. This threat alarmed Lugoma. He asked Burton and Gordon if the white men spoke true. They told him that their countrymen had guns louder than thunder, that would kill twenty men at one blow. Lugoma stretched himself up very tall, and said he would go and fight them with his musket. This made them laugh ; for he had nothing but

an old rusty musket without powder or ball; but he had such an idea of its power, that he thought he could conquer all his enemies with it.

Burton assured him that he would have bad luck, if he did not let him see his countrymen. Lugoma asked if his book told him so. Burton put on a very serious look, and told him to wait and see if bad luck did not come upon him. This seemed to frighten the simple chief. He said he would send them to the ship, if he were not afraid their countrymen would come and kill his people, for having murdered the crew of the Sea Gull. Burton tore a blank leaf from his Testament, and wrote as follows, with a stick dipped in cocoanut dye :—

"*Two Americans are here in captivity in the garret of Lugoma's hut. Be resolute in demanding them; but on no account let any one of the natives be injured for past transactions. They were less to blame than others, and they have been extremely kind to us.* *W. Burton.*"

He gave this paper to the chief, and told him that he and all his people would be safe, if he would carry it to the captain of

the ship. But Lugoma shrunk back and screamed, "Take it way ; take it way. It will bring the spirits of my fathers to my hut."

Burton then begged that he and Gordon might carry it ; and gave his word of honor that no harm should come to him, or his people. This was at last agreed upon.

The timid chief, with a troop of followers, went with them, constantly exclaiming, "We have loved you, and fed you ; and you must not deceive us."

The sailors did not recognise their captive countrymen when they first came in sight ; for the tropical sun had made them almost as dark as the Indians. They wore mats round their bodies, and their hair was tied upon the top of their heads. When Burton exclaimed, "Here we are!" it sent a thrill through every heart. They eagerly gathered round him. But he, having caught sight of Silas Hall, in a boat at a little distance from shore, rushed into the water, leaped into the boat, and throwing his arms round his friend's neck, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

As soon as he could speak, his first words were, "Is all well at home?"

"All well," replied Silas ; and his own

voice was so choked that he could hardly speak.

"And dear Mary, and mother? God bless them!" exclaimed William.

Silas repeated his assurances that they were well, when he left home.

Oh, that blessed word *home*! It makes the heart of the strong man leap like the heart of a little child. For a few minutes, William was really delirious with emotion. He did not know what he said. He jumped, and clapped his hands, and laughed, and cried all in a minute; nor could he be quieted, until he had had a hearty fit of sobbing.

Gordon, though deeply affected, was less so than his friend. Lugoma looked on them both with utter astonishment. He did not know what to make of their proceedings. At first, he was a little afraid of the white men, notwithstanding the promises he had received. But the present of an axe for himself and a bright red shawl for his wife, made him more confiding; and before twelve hours had elapsed, he went on board, and seated himself as familiarly as any of the crew.

When he returned to the island, he called to Burton and Gordon to go with him, and

was grievously disappointed when they told him they must stay on board, and return to their own country. At first, he refused to be comforted. He repeated again and again, "Who shall I have to fish for me, and mend my canoe, and plant my garden, when you are gone? Lugoma will be left alone in his old age."

Burton and Gordon reminded him that they both had fathers in a distant land, whose hearts yearned for a sight of their long-lost sons. This seemed to touch the feelings of the kind old man; and when Silas Hall promised to give him two pigs and a whole suit of clothes, and plenty of excellent seed to plant his garden, he consented, though with great reluctance, to give his captives in exchange.

The day the vessel got under sail, a singular and picturesque group were assembled in front of Lugoma's hut. Burton and Gordon, dressed in sailor's clothes, and accompanied by several of the crew, went on shore to make some parting present, and bid farewell to the kind untutored family, where they had so long resided.

It was a pretty sight to see the natives, dressed in their best mats and finest ornaments, scattered about under the shade of

the broad-leaved trees. Some of them were very still and melancholy, others were showing their gaudy beads triumphantly, and two of them held the pigs in their arms, and fondled them as if they had been delicate babes; the ungrateful pigs, meanwhile, kicked, scratched, and squealed, with all their might. Lugoma and his wife were very sad. They really loved the two young Americans, and when about to part from them, they threw themselves into their arms with loud lamentations. Burton and Gordon promised to send them a present by the first opportunity, and to visit them again if ever they came near the Mulgrave islands. The simple and affectionate couple followed the ship several miles in their canoe. Then calling out, "You must come and see Lugoma again, before he dies," they sorrowfully turned the boat toward their island home. The vessel swept on with a fair wind; and Burton and Gordon lost sight of the Mulgrave islands, never to see them more.

The wonderful adventures of the two wanderers furnished an abundant theme for conversation, as the Flying Fish pursued her homeward track. The young

men always spoke of their former masters with kindness, and even with affection; but they sometimes indulged in a laugh at the extreme simplicity and ignorance of the untutored Mulgraves.

"What figures they were," said Gordon, "when they dressed themselves up in the tattered garments of our crew. Some had on only a pair of pantaloons, another an old coat, without any buttons, and another nothing but a ragged jacket, which had lost one sleeve. In this fantastic and beggarly garb, they went dancing about, looking at themselves and each other with infinite pride and satisfaction."

Silas Hall said he did not think they lost much by exchanging their straw mats and bunches of grass for ragged jackets; but William Burton insisted that their native dress, rude as it was, had something wild, graceful, and becoming in its appearance.

"Nothing amused me so much," said he, "as Lugoma's veneration for my old musket, without a particle of powder or ball. His last request was that I would not carry away my musket; for if I did, his enemies would come and kill him. When I promised to leave the musket, he seemed to feel perfectly safe."

In such discourse they passed away many of the tedious hours of a long voyage. They had a great deal of stormy weather, and the Flying Fish was several times driven out of her course, and enveloped in so thick a fog, that her track was completely lost for several days. During one of these fogs, the vessel struck on a reef of sharp coral, and was so much injured that there was great danger of her sinking. By taking an observation of their latitude and longitude, they ascertained that they had gone out of their course considerably to the north-west, and were now close upon the Society Islands. They were obliged to put into Otaheite for repairs; during which they suffered the usual inconveniences of having their ropes, tools, nails, &c. stolen by the natives. A stout savage ran off with one of Silas Hall's boots; not knowing, or forgetting, that one could do him no good without the other. Silas afterward found the boot wrapped in a piece of tappa, and hidden among a heap of cocoanuts. When he drew it forth, the natives made a great laugh, and seemed to think their thieving countryman had done a very witty thing.

Considerable delay was occasioned by

the loss of their track, and the necessity of repairs. William was more restless and impatient than he had been during his long captivity. The captain used to jest with him, when he saw him so very anxious. He said he was very sorry he could not accommodate him with any thing swifter than a Flying Fish ; he wished in his heart he could charter the sea-serpent for his accommodation.

But there was one affectionate spirit at home even more impatient than his own. Mr. Hall had seen it announced in the papers that the Flying Fish had been spoken off the Ladrones, on her way homeward ; and from that day, Mary read the ship news with greater eagerness than ever. Mince-pies, and apple-pies, and pumpkin-pies, had been made again and again for Silas, and still he came not. The anxious girl began to think in her heart that he too was gone ; that she had lost both brother and friend.

She was one afternoon sitting at the window sewing, and trying to talk cheerfully to her mother, when she saw the mail-stage stop at the post-office. There was no one in the house to go for the paper, and Mary put on her bonnet and dart-

ed out, saying, "I cannot wait, dear mother. I *must* go." In a few minutes she came back, and, without stopping to seat herself, turned eagerly to the ship news. Her mother fixed an anxious, inquiring look upon her, and saw her turn very pale, and stagger backward towards the wall, as if she had received a heavy blow. She sprang toward her, and said, half shrieking, "Oh, Mary, *is* he dead?"

"No, no!" replied Mary, faintly. The effort to speak relieved the icy feeling at her heart, and she burst into tears. Mrs. Hall took the paper from her hand, and read—"The Flying Fish spoken off the Bermudas; having on board William Burton and John Gordon, picked up at the Mulgrave Islands, where the remainder of the Sea-Gull's crew were murdered by the natives, after having mutinied and turned their officers adrift in a boat, which has never since been heard of."

"His poor mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall; and she too laid down the paper and wept.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks afterward, Mary was startled at midnight, by hearing a voice near

her bedside, saying, "Mary—dear Mary!" It was her brother Silas; and, a few minutes after, William Burton clasped his long-lost treasure to his bosom. After he had looked deeply and tenderly into her eyes for a few minutes, and rapidly kissed all the members of her dear family, he exclaimed joyfully, "And now for my dear mother!"

The expression of Mary's countenance changed suddenly, as she said, "You had better wait till morning, William."

"Oh, mother won't mind being waked up, when she finds who waked her," replied he, as he gaily turned to go.

"But, William dear, do wait till morning, and then I will go with you," said Mary.

"I cannot wait so long to see my dear good mother," answered he, impatiently; "I must go wake her."

Mary took his hand, and held him back.

"What *is* the matter?" asked he, turning pale.

She burst into tears, and exclaimed "Oh William, you cannot wake her. She will wake no more in this world."

The young man did not speak for many minutes. He seemed as if suddenly de-

prived of his senses. When Mr. Hall, by way of consolation, spoke of his mother's blameless life and peaceful death, he bowed his head on his hands, and answered, in a tone of bitter anguish, "Oh it would have been better for me to have died in the Mulgrave Islands."

But the next day he was more resigned, and could listen to all the details of his mother's illness and death. She began to decline when William had been gone two years and a half; and a year after, she was in her grave.

"Oh, Mary, do you think I killed her?" asked he, with such an expression of utter wretchedness, that Mary pitied him from the very depths of her heart.

She assured him that the physicians had said, from the beginning of her illness, that nothing could save her; and that, though she had constantly talked of him, she had never spoken a word of reproach.

"She was too kind to do that," replied he, in a tone of deep sadness; "but who can tell how much sorrow I caused her?"

Months after, as they stood by his mother's grave, he said to Mary, "How she always loved me! How she comforted

all my troubles ; what warm mittens she knit for me ; how she always saved a portion of every thing for me, even if she deprived herself. When I grew older and more manly, with what delight she used to gaze upon me. And to think I broke a heart that loved me so ! Oh, Mary, I shall never forget her anxious look, as she stood by my bedside. Even now, I seem to feel the pressure of her gentle hand upon my head, and hear her loving voice saying, ' William, if you love your mother, you will make up your mind to stay at home.' Oh, Mary, if I had never gone to sea, perhaps she might have been alive now."

His father, who loved him as one would love a darling son raised from the dead, tried all he could to make him think he had no reason to reproach himself ; but William could never feel quite satisfied that he had not been too negligent of his mother's wishes.

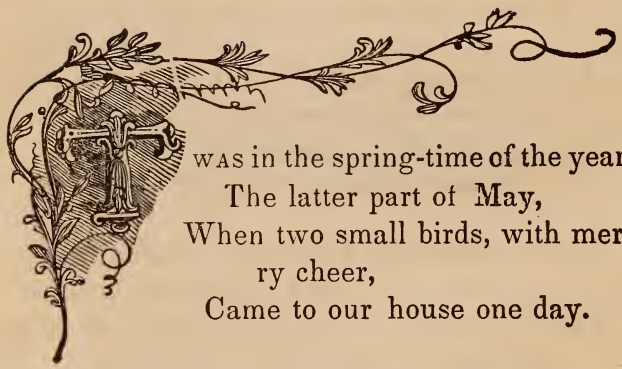
He was married to Mary about six months after his return. Her wedding dress was of plain white muslin, and she wore no other ornament than one natural white rose in her hair. Those who observed the tasteful simplicity of her appearance,

and her quiet unaffected manners, prophesied that such a really modest girl would make the best of wives ; and William says they were not mistaken.

# AUNT MARIA'S SWALLOWS.

A TRUE STORY.

"Petit a petit,
L'oiseau fait son nid."



'Twas in the spring-time of the year,
The latter part of May,
When two small birds, with merry cheer,
Came to our house one day.

I watched them with a loving smile,
As they glanced in and out.
And in their busy, chirping style,
Went peering all about.

I knew that they would build a nest;
And joy it was to me,
That the place they liked the best,
Beneath our roof should be.

In the crotch of a sheltering beam,
They found a cozy spot;
And never before or since, I ween,
Chose birds a better lot.

The green boughs of a tall old tree
Gave them a pleasant shade,
While, through an arch, they well could see
Where sun and river played.

And here they came in sunny hours,
And here their nest they made,
Safe, as if hid in greenwood bowers,
For none their will gainsaid.

I think they *felt* a friendly sphere,
And *knew* we loved them dearly;
For they seemed to have no thought of fear,
And planned their household cheerly.

They fanned me with their busy wings,
And buzzed about my head;
Never were such familiar things
In field or forest bred.

The father was a gentle bird,
Right gracefully he wooed,

And softer notes were never heard,
Than to his mate he cooed.

And, when their clay-built nest she lined,
He'd go, in sunny weather,
And search and search, till he could find
Some little downy feather.

Then high would swell his loving breast,
He felt so very proud,
And he would sidle to the nest,
And call to her aloud.

And she would raise her glossy head,
And make a mighty stir,
To see if it were hair or thread,
That he had brought for her.

And she would take it from his bill,
With such an easy grace,
As courtly beauties sometimes will
Accept a veil of lace.

They did not know, the pretty things!
How beautiful they were!
Whether they moved with rapid wings,
Or balanced on the air.

And yet they almost *seemed* to know
They had a winsome grace ;
As if they *meant* to make a show,
They 'd choose their resting-place.

On a suspended hoop they'd swing,
Swayed by the buoyant air,
Or, perched on upright hoe, would sing
Songs of a loving pair.

Swiftly as rays of golden light,
They glanced forth to and fro,
So rapid, that the keenest sight
Could scarcely see them go.

The lover proved a husband kind,
Attentive to his mate ;
He helped her when the nest was lined,
And never staid out late.

And while she hatched, with patient care,
He took his turn to brood,
That she might skim along the air,
To find her needful food.

He did it with an awkward hop,
And the eggs seemed like to break,

Just as some clumsy man would mop,
Or thread and needle take.

But there with patient love he sat,
And kept the eggs right warm,
And sharply watched for dog or cat,
Until his mate's return.

And when the young birds broke the shell,
He took a generous share
In her hourly task to feed them well,
With insects from the air.

But, when they taught the brood to fly,
'Twas curious to see
How hard the parent birds would try,
And twitter coaxingly.

From beam to beam, from floor to nest,
With eager haste they flew;
They could not take a moment's rest,
They had so much to do.

For a long while they vainly strived,
Both male and female swallow;
In vain they soared, in vain they dived
The young ones would not follow.

The little helpless timid things
  Looked up, and looked below,
And thought, before they tried their wings,
  They'd take more time to grow.

The parents seemed, at last, to tire
  Of their incessant labors ;
And forth they went, to beg or hire
  Assistance from their neighbors.

And soon they came, with rushing noise,
  Some eight or ten, or more,
Much like a troop of merry boys,
  Before the school-house door.

They flew about, and perched about,
  In every sort of style,
And called aloud, with constant shout,
  And watched the nest the while.

The little birds, they seemed half crazed,
  So well they liked the fun ;
Yet were the simple things amazed
  To see how it was done.

They gazed upon the playful flock,
  With eager, beaming eyes,

And tried their winged ways to mock,
And mock their twittering cries.

They stretched themselves, with many a shake
And oft, before they flew,
Did they their feathery toilet make,
And with a great ado.

Three times the neighbors came that day
To teach their simple rules,
According to the usual way,
In all the Flying Schools.

The perpendicular they taught,
And the graceful parallel;
And sure I am, the younglings ought
To learn their lessons well.

Down from the nest at last they dropped,
As if half dead with fear;
And round among the logs they hopped,
Their parents hovering near.

Then back again they feebly flew,
To rest from their great labors,
And twittered a polite adieu
To all their friendly neighbors.

Next day, they fluttered up and down :
One perched upon my cap ;
Another on the old loose gown,
In which I take my nap.

Each day they practised many hours,
Till they mounted up so high,
I thought they would be caught in showers,
And never get home dry.

But when the sun sank in the west,
My favorites would return,
And sit around their little nest,
Like figures on an urn.

And there they dropped away to sleep,
With heads beneath their wings.
I would have given much to keep
The precious little things.

But soon the nest became too small,
They grew so big and stout ;
And when it would not hold them all,
They had some fallings out.

Three of the five first went away,
To roost on the tall old tree ;

But back and forth they came all day,
Their sister-kins to see.

My heart was sad to find, one night,
That none came back to me ;
I saw them, by the dim twilight,
Flock to the tall old tree.

But still they often met together,
Near that little clay-built nest ;
'Twas in the rainiest weather
They seemed to like it best.

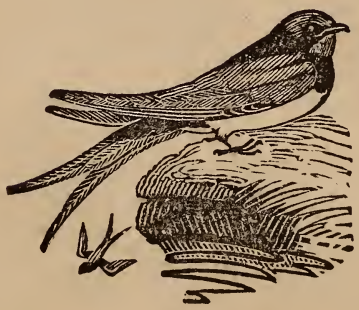
Yet often, when the sun was clear,
They'd leave their winged troops,
Again to visit scenes so dear,
And swing upon the hoops.

Just as when human beings roam,
The busy absent brother
Loves to re-visit his old home,
Where lived his darling mother.

Months passed away, and still they came,
When stars began to rise,
And flew around our window pane,
To catch the sleepy flies.

Into our supper-room they flew,
And circled round my head ;
For well the pretty creatures knew
They had no cause for dread.

But winter comes, and they are gone
After the Southern sun ;
And left their human friends alone,
To wish that spring would come.



# LARIBOO.

## SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE DESERT.

LARIBOO lived in Africa, in the country of the Tibboos, which lies east of the great Desert of Sahara. A large part of that country is a plain of sand; and the soil is so salt, that in many places it is cracked open. In the cavities thus formed are suspended beauful crystals of salt, like the delicate frostwork we see on the windows, in a cold winter morning. But in these parched places are little green spots, called oases; and in one of these lived Lariboo. The verdant valley was well watered by springs; there were plenty of the delicate berries of the *suag* shrub; the creeping vines of the *colocynth* bore an abundance of blossoms; and the *kossom*, with its red

flowers, looked as gay as a May-day queen. —Small herds of graceful gazelles fed in this pretty retreat; the faithful domestic camels might be seen in hundreds, reclining at their ease, or patiently carrying their heavy load of salt to the market of Mourzook; and beautiful bright birds darted about, like flying rainbows, filling the air with cheerful songs.

Lariboo was very happy in this lovely valley. True, her daintiest food was camel's milk, and a little ground millet; and she lived in a small mud hut, which we should hardly think good enough for the cows. But it is better to live in a mud hovel, with a kind heart and a cheerful temper, than to live in a palace, selfish and discontented. Lariboo was of an affectionate disposition, and she had a husband and baby that she loved very much. She thought the baby was extremely pretty; though it had bits of coral stuck through its ears, and black wool, that curled all over its little head, as close as Brussels carpeting. Next to the baby, she loved two tame gazelles, with great brown mild-looking eyes. They came every morning to feed out of her hand, and share her calabash of camel's milk.

The Tibboos are a good-natured merry race, extravagantly fond of singing and dancing. Lariboo was reckoned quite a belle among them. I don't suppose you would have thought her very good-looking, if you had seen the oil streaming over her face, coral passed through her nose, and broad brass rings on her arms and ancles. But she thought herself dressed very handsomely ; and I do not know why it is considered more barbarous to bore the nose for ornaments, than to pierce holes through the ears, as our ladies do. As for the dark tint of her complexion, it would be considered beautiful by us, as it was by the Tibboo beaux, if we had been accustomed from infancy to see all our friends of that color. The Africans, who never see white men, or see them only as enemies, who come to carry them into slavery, consider the European complexion ghastly and disagreeable. When they describe the spirit of wickedness, usually called the Devil, they always paint him as a white man.

It is singular that the Tibboos should be so merry and thoughtless as they are ; for they are constantly exposed to danger. West of their country live a fierce and ter-

rible tribe, called Tuaricks. They hate the Tibboos ; and once or twice a year they come down among them, to kill or carry into slavery every one they meet. The Tibboos are very much afraid of them. When they hear them coming, they run and hide themselves among steep rocks, from the summits of which they hurl stones and spears at their enemies. These Tuaricks are a wandering race of robbers, with flocks and herds, and they consider it very disagreeable to live in houses and cultivate the ground. They are the only native Africans who have an alphabet. They have neither books nor paper ; but their strange letters are found inscribed all over the dark rocks of their country.

One day, when Lariboo was out in the fields, picking *suag* berries, and talking to her baby, who was slung over her back, and lay peeping its black eyes over her shoulder, she heard the frightful cry, "The Tuaricks are coming ! The Tuaricks are coming !" She ran as fast as she could, to hide among the rocks ; but the Tuaricks caught her, and carried her off to sell her for a slave. Many others were killed, or taken prisoners. In the hurry and confusion of the fight, Lariboo could not get

sight of her husband; and she did not know whether he were dead or alive.

The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would break; but the savage invaders did not pity her. They drove the prisoners along before their camels, and if they did not go as fast as they were ordered, they whipped them cruelly. Day after day, they continued their wearisome journey without any hope of escape from these cruel conquerors. The Tuaricks had heard of a large caravan of Arabs encamped near Bournou, and thither they intended to carry their prisoners and sell them.

Sometimes they passed through little verdant valleys; but in general their route lay through wide barren deserts, with nothing to relieve the dreary monotony of the scene, but here and there a black rock, that reared its gloomy head above the heaving sand. This sand, put in motion by the wind, forms high perpendicular hills in the course of a single night. The camels are made to slide down these drifts; in which operation they can only be kept steady by the driver hanging with all his weight on the tail; otherwise, they would tumble forward, and throw the load over their heads.

Every few miles, there were skeletons of poor negroes, left in the desert to die, when there was not food enough for them and their masters. Near springs of water, they several times saw fifty or sixty dead bodies lying together unburied. The bones were very brittle, owing to the heat and dryness of the climate; and as the camels of the Tuaricks passed along, they would crack them into fragments beneath their feet.

Poor Lariboo thought this would be her fate. Many of her countrymen had died on the way; and before she had been a fortnight in the desert, the sufferings she underwent from hunger and thirst made her extremely weak and dizzy. One day, she begged to rest a little; for she was so weary and lame, that she could not keep up with the camels. The cruel Tuaricks snatched her baby from her, and threw it on the hot sand, telling her she would not be so tired if she had no load to carry.

The poor child was very ill, and the wretched mother shrieked and screamed, and begged to be allowed to carry it again; but the more she sobbed and wept, the harder they beat her. Weary, lame, and heart-broken as she was, she was compel-

led to keep up with the camels, and leave her baby to die.

The mournful wailing of her little one, as the savages threw it on the sand, sounded in her ears all day long. In the desperation of her misery, she hoped that she too would soon be left to perish in the burning wilderness. Toward night, the Tuaricks were terrified by the sight of several prodigious pillars of sand moving across the desert; sometimes with majestic slowness, and sometimes with incredible swiftness. These pillars are whirled up and kept in motion by the wind. They are sometimes so very high that their tops are lost in the clouds. Sometimes they break suddenly in the middle, and fall; at other times they seem to melt away and disperse in the distance, like vapor. They are very terrible, when they come stalking, like great shadowy giants, across the silent desert.

The Tuaricks watched these columns with great anxiety, as they came rapidly toward them. There was no use in attempting to escape. An Arabian horse, at his swiftest speed, would not have kept ahead of them. The wretched Tibboo prisoners looked on the approaching destruc-

tion without any additional feelings of despair. They were weary of life; and they thought it would be better to be buried in the sand than sold for slaves. Poor Lariboo was even afraid the pillars would disperse before they reached her. "I shall be at rest beneath the sand," thought she, "and perhaps the same wind that buries me in the desert, will cover my poor baby."

The magnificent columns came sweeping on; they approached nearer and nearer; and at last rushed upon the travellers, burying dozens in their rapid course. Lariboo was among the number overwhelmed; but it chanced that the sand rested lightly on her face, so that she had the power of breathing. The force of the blow stunned her, and rendered her insensible. The Tuaricks, thinking her dead, left her where she fell. How long she remained stupified, she knew not. When she recovered consciousness, the painful glare of the mid-day sun had given place to the mild beauty of evening. The motion of the blowing sand sounded, in the deep stillness, like the murmuring of a mighty river; the moon and stars shed a soft clear light from the cloudless heaven;

and the breeze swept along with refreshing coolness.

When Lariboo first recovered her senses, she did not realize where she was. She tried to rise, but found herself kept down by a load of sand. She looked around her. All was calm and bright in that wide desert, which, like the ocean, seemed to stretch its flat surface into infinite space. All was still—so intensely still ! Not a bird, not an insect, disturbed the deep repose. Lariboo was all alone in that vast silent wilderness !

Her first sensation was joy that she had escaped the power of the Tuaricks ; but the next moment she was filled with fear. She remembered that she was without food, and many days' journey from any human habitation. Then came the thought of lions and panthers, and hyenas, more dreadful than all. She knew that the last mentioned of these terrible animals were always prowling about in the night, seeking for the dead ; and her heart fainted within her, at thoughts of her deserted babe.

She strained her eyes, gazing into the far distance, in every direction, to see if danger was approaching. But nothing was in motion. The earth below was as

still as the heavens above. By degrees, this profound quiet produced drowsiness; and Lariboo, overcome by excessive fatigue and exhaustion, slept soundly and sweetly, forgetful of solitude, starvation and terror.

She was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, shining full upon her, with the intolerable ardor of a tropical climate.—With considerable exertion, she released herself from the sand, under which she was buried. The prospect around her was dreary and hopeless in the extreme. Far as the eye could reach, stretched an endless level of sand, without bush or tree. Here and there, glassy particles sparkled in the sunshine, like polished steel. Not a cloud floated in the dazzling sky. Not a breeze stirred the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire; and where they met at the horizon, there appeared a fine glittering line of light, like the sharp edge of a scimitar.

Lariboo wished to return to the spot where her babe had been thrown the day before. But in the desert it is often extremely difficult, even for skilful guides to find their way. There are no objects to serve as land-marks for the eye or the memory. The light sand is so easily blown

about, that no tracks remain in it; and the high steep hills that are thrown up by the wind in one night, are scattered before the next. The only way she could guide her steps, was by observing the sun, and bearing in mind that the Tibboo country lay to the north. All day long, she pursued her dreary journey with languid and weary steps. Not a shrub nor a fountain could she find, and she was dying with hunger and thirst. Had it not been for a faint hope of finding her babe alive, she would probably have lain down and made no further exertion to save life. She passed several human skeletons, but saw nothing of her poor little infant.

The sun was setting, and with it departed the last glimmering of hope from the heart of poor Lariboo. Utterly discouraged, and too weak to drag herself along, she laid herself down on the sand to die.

She had not remained there many minutes, when a dark speck in the air hovered before her languid eye. As it came nearer, she saw it was a gold-shafted cuckoo. The sight of this bird at once renewed her courage. She knew that an oasis must be near; for birds never live in the desert, where there are no trees, berries, or insects.

This idea, by reviving her mind, imparted temporary strength to the perishing body. She rose and pursued her journey to the westward, from which quarter the bird had first come in sight. She was not mistaken in her hopes. A little verdant spot soon appeared amid the waste, like a green island in the ocean. Here the almost famished traveller quenched her thirst at a little rill, and feasted upon delicious berries. But, alas, this charming oasis made the mother's heart very sad ; for she was certain she had never seen it before. This fact proved that she was out of her path, and not likely to find the body of her child. Her only comfort was the thought that the poor little creature must by that time be relieved from suffering by death.

Having taken food, and reposed herself a few minutes on the grass, Lariboo began to look round, to see what she could discover in her lonely resting-place. A group of trees attracted her attention, and thither she directed her footsteps. The cool shade was extremely refreshing ; and after having wandered all day long in the desert, without meeting a single living thing, even a solitary fly, it was a real delight to watch the bright birds fluttering

about, to hear the monkeys chattering, and see them throwing down nuts and boughs from the trees.

Having found a little clump of date-palms on a rocky knoll, and plenty of berries, she resolved to stay in this charming place a day or two to recruit her strength. She put her arms round a date-tree, and kissed it, and wept like a child. She had been so long accustomed to the unshaded sands of the desert, that a tree seemed to her like a long-lost friend.

At a short distance from the cluster of date-trees, the wanderer discovered a cave, or grotto, formed by overarching rocks. Being worn down with fatigue, she entered it, stretched herself on the cool earth, and sank into a profound slumber. It was past midnight when she waked; and great fear came upon her, when she heard the powerful breathing of some animal near her. Was it a lion, a panther, a hyena, or the disgusting and fierce ourang-outang? In vain she tried to conjecture from the sound of its breathing; and the grotto was so dark, that she could distinguish nothing.

Once or twice, indeed, as the moon glanced through crevices, she thought she discovered two great sparks of fire, which

might be glaring eyes. But no motion was heard, and the animal breathed as if asleep. Lariboo was, of course, thoroughly wakened for the rest of the night. The slightest noise made her hair rise with terror, and her eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets.

When the light of morning dawned, it revealed a huge panther lying near her. The great creature slept with his head between his paws, as comfortably as an old house-dog by the fire-side. Lariboo's heart beat, as if it were flying from her body. She was afraid to make any effort to escape; for she could not gain the entrance of the grotto without stepping over the body of the savage beast; and should she wake, it was highly probable that Lariboo would serve her for a breakfast.

It was some encouragement to observe, that the panther's mouth and paws were covered with blood. "She will be less fierce if she be not hungry," thought Lariboo; "her stomach being already full, perhaps she will have the goodness not to eat me up, at present; and in the meanwhile I may possibly escape."

Then she thought of her infant exposed on the sand; and the blood on the pan-

ther's jaws made her head dizzy and her heart sick.

But even in the midst of her anxiety and distress, she could not help admiring the beauty of this magnificent animal.—Her legs and throat were covered with pure white hair, extremely soft; black circles, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets for her paws; her tail was white, with broad black rings; and the hair on the rest of her body was of a bright golden yellow, shaded with rich brown spots.—She lay stretched out in quiet majesty, her paws folded under her nose, and her long smellers, like silver threads, waving gently, as she breathed in her deep slumber. A maltese cat, reposing on an ottoman, could not have appeared more graceful.

Had it not have been for the intense fear with which Lariboo watched for the opening of her fiery eyes, I dare say she would have thought the panther even more beautiful than her favorite gazelles.

At last, the powerful animal awoke.—She stretched out her paws, shook herself, and washed her neck and ears, as prettily as a kitten. Lariboo's blood ran cold, and her heart seemed to drop down like lead. She did not dare to breathe. The panther

was quite unconscious of the presence of company, until she turned her head to wash the hair on her glossy sides. She instantly stopped her operations, and fixed an earnest gaze upon the trembling woman. Their eyes met. Extreme terror sometimes affects one like the night-mare, and takes away all power of word or motion.

Lariboo felt as if she would rush any where to avoid the gaze of this terrible creature ; but she could not even take her eyes away. The panther put one paw on her arm, and they stood eye to eye, as if neither could possibly look elsewhere.

The human eye, when it looks directly and steadily into the eye of an animal, has a fascinating power, which seems almost like the stories told of magic. Probably this mysterious influence restrained the panther in the first moment of surprise.

As she stood there thus, quite still, Lariboo recovered her habitual boldness and presence of mind. She raised her hand, patted the panther on the neck, and gently scratched her head. All animals like to have their heads rubbed, and the panther was evidently pleased with it. Lariboo, encouraged by this gracious reception of her friendly advances, stooped down and

breathed into her nostrils, caressing her the while ; for she had heard the hunters say that human breath, thus inhaled, is the surest way of taming a wild beast. But, like putting salt on the tail of a bird, the difficulty is to get near enough to do it.

The panther manifested a decided liking for the courageous woman. Her eyes gradually softened in expression ; she began to wag her tail like a joyful dog, and purr like a petted cat. Her purring, to be sure, had not much resemblance to the gentle murmur puss makes when she is pleased ; it was so deep and strong, that it sounded much more like a church organ.

Lariboo was very glad to gain the good will of her formidable companion. She redoubled endearments, from an instinctive wish to avoid the present danger, though she had very little hope of ultimate escape. "Her stomach is full now," thought she ; "but doubtless she will eat me up, as soon as she is hungry."

She rose, and prepared to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to her movements, but followed her like a dog. Lariboo having eaten a few dates for breakfast, threw some to her companion ; but she smelt at them, and turned away with

cool contempt. As they walked along, they came to the group of trees, where our traveller first rested, when she arrived at the oasis. The monkeys made a great chattering at sight of the panther. One of them was at a little distance from the others, digging in the ground for worms. He made great haste to scamper up a tree, but the panther caught sight of him, and at one bound caught him in her tremendous jaws. Lariboo trembled as she heard the monkey's bones crack. "I am safe for a while longer," thought she; "but what will become of me, when she is hungry, and can find no monkeys to eat?"

The panther, having finished her meal, put her bloody paws upon Lariboo's lap, and rubbed her head against her shoulder, as if asking for caresses. Terrible as the creature was, the woman really began to feel an affection for her; for love causes love; and when one is all alone in a wide desert, the company of a well-behaved panther is better than utter solitude.

For many hours Lariboo leisurely sauntered about, collecting dates, nuts, &c. by which she hoped to sustain life while wandering through the desert. While thus employed, she heard the loud *cher! cher!*

of the *moroc*, a small cuckoo, called the Honey-guide. Lariboo knew the sound very well ; for she had been used to hunting wild bees, and was very expert at getting their honey. She followed the cuckoo, until it stopped at an old tree, in the decayed trunk of which she found a wild bee's hive. Lariboo had a stout battle with the bees, and after she had killed them, she made a delicious dinner of the honey ; taking care to leave plenty enough for her winged guide.

This cuckoo is a cunning little creature. He cannot kill the bees himself, but whenever he sees a human being, he begins to cry *cher ! cher !* that they may follow him to the hive, and get the honey for him.

There is a small grey and black animal called a Ratel, which follows the cry of the Honey-guide, and digs up the nests of the wild bees with its long claws.

The panther never lost sight of her new friend. Sometimes she wandered away for a few minutes ; but she soon came bounding back, rubbing against Lariboo, as if asking to have her head scratched. The weaker party of course deemed it safe to treat the stronger with distinguished attention ; and their friendship seemed to in-

crease every minute. The panther looked on the taking of the bees' nest with great indifference. It was an affair she did not understand ; and if she had, she probably would have had great contempt for those who loved honey better than raw monkeys.

Lariboo, having gathered her honey, sat down beside a large thorn-bush to rest herself. The thorns on this bush were stuck quite full of locusts, beetles, and little birds. Some of them were all dried up ; others were still alive on the thorns. These creatures had been taken by the *butcher-bird ;* so called, because when he captures an insect or a bird smaller than himself, he carries it to his bush and sticks it on a thorn, that he may always have a dinner ready, when he wants one. As Lariboo sat there making a strong basket of palm-leaves, to carry the honey she had gathered, the panther lay at her feet, watching her movements. At last, her eyes began to close ; for she was getting very drowsy. "Now is my time to escape," thought the African. "As for going through the desert with such a ferocious companion, it is out of the question. True, we are very good friends now

but hunger will certainly change her feelings toward me."

When she thought the mighty animal was sound asleep, Lariboo stole softly and swiftly away. For nearly twenty minutes she ran along as fast as her nimble feet would fly. She was just beginning to think she might safely pause to take breath, when she heard a great noise behind her. It was the panther, which came bounding over the ground, taking the enormous leaps peculiar to the animal. As she came up with the runaway, she seized hold of her cotton mantle with her teeth; but she did it with a gentle force, as if in play. Lariboo patted her head and smiled, and the panther began to purr and wag her tail. It was plain enough that she had taken a very decided fancy to her new comrade, and was determined to remain with her, whether her company was desired or not. The woman, finding escape impossible, resolved to do her utmost to preserve the attachment thus singularly formed.

She was anxious to return to the Lariboo country, and her strength being sufficiently recruited, she resolved to leave the oasis, as soon as the sun went down. She preferred to travel in the night, because it

was so much cooler than the day; and she was in quite as much danger of wild beasts while staying in the oasis, as she would be in the open desert. Having provided herself with as many nuts and dates as she could carry, she began her journey. The panther trotted along by her side, like a great Newfoundland dog; sometimes leaping a great ways ahead, then stopping until she came up; at other times jumping and curvetting, and rolling over in the sand, as if she were in a great frolic.

It was a beautiful sight to see these two strange companions travelling along through the desert, where every thing else was so very still. Not even the wings of a bird ruffled the air. The wilderness stretched itself out in every direction to the utmost verge of the horizon. As the breeze played lightly with the sand, it rippled and tossed like the gentle heaving of the ocean in a calm. The resemblance to the ocean was made still more strong by glassy particles of sand, that glittered in the moonbeams, like sunshine on the water.

Toward morning, Lariboo laid down to take some rest, before the sun rose to scorch every earthly thing with his burning rays. The panther folded up her paws, and soon

began to breathe sonorously, in a profound slumber. They had been sleeping for some time, when Lariboo was suddenly wakened by the noise of a tremendous scuffle. She sprang on her feet, and perceived by the light of the stars that some furious animal was fighting with the panther. The awful sight made her dizzy and faint, and she fell back in a swoon. When consciousness returned, the panther was standing by her, licking her hands affectionately with her great rough tongue.

The morning light revealed part of the carcase of a great striped hyena, lying on the sand. Lariboo caressed her faithful friend with enthusiasm. "My dear protector, had it not been for you," she said, "this terrible beast would have devoured me while I was sleeping." She actually wept, as she fondly stroked the beautiful glossy hair of the superb animal.

All that day they travelled without seeing any thing that had life. "It is lucky you had a hyena for breakfast," said Lariboo, as she patted the panther's head; "otherwise you might be tempted to eat a friend."

During the succeeding day, the powerful beast tasted no food. Her playfulness

ceased, her eyes glared fiercely, and she began to make a deep mournful noise. In this emergency, Lariboo no longer felt safe in trusting to her affection. Though overcome with fatigue, she could sleep only by short and fitful snatches, so great was her fear.

The panther disappeared in the night, and did not return during the following day. The thought that they had parted forever made the lonely traveller extremely sad. But just at sunset, she heard the well-known cry, which she had learned to love most heartily. The panther came bounding along, at his usual speed, springing high from the earth, and clearing the ground faster than the swiftest race-horse.

No dog was ever more joyful to meet his master, than she was to rejoin Lariboo. She rubbed her sides against her friend, and purred, and seemed as if she would never be satisfied with caresses.

Lariboo was equally delighted to meet the creature that loved her so strangely and so well. Her happiness was not a little increased by perceiving that her jaws were bloody. She had evidently obtained the food, of which she went in search; and

it was now obvious that nothing short of absolute starvation would tempt the fierce brute to make a meal of her beloved companion.

In the utter loneliness and eternal monotony of the desert, the sight of any harmless living thing is an indescribable joy to the weary traveller. Even the flight of a little bird, far up in the clear atmosphere, is watched with the utmost eagerness. Under these circumstances, the affectionate attentions and graceful gambols of the panther were a constant source of delight.

The fact of receiving her love as a voluntary and most unexpected tribute, and the consciousness of being entirely in her power, rendered the pleasure of this strange friendship more intense and exciting.—Without it, Lariboo would not have kept up sufficient strength and spirit to sustain her through her weary wanderings.

It was more than a fortnight before the travellers entered the Tibboo country.—During that time they met with two oases, where Lariboo stopped to gather nuts and berries, and refresh herself with water. In one of these places, she had great fun with the monkeys, pelting them with small

stones, while they, in their rage for imitation, threw down nuts in return.

Occasionally they met a clump of date-trees standing all alone in the desert. These singular and valuable trees often grow in a parched soil, where all around is barren. Within the bark is a sweet nourishing substance, called the marrow of the date-tree; the fruit is cool, juicy, and refreshing; the young leaves are very good food; the old ones, when dried, are made into mats and baskets; and the branches are full of strong filaments, which are manufactured into ropes and coarse cloth. The sight of them in the desert is peculiarly cheering; not only on account of their own manifold uses, but because they always indicate that water is not very far off. No wonder the Africans love their date-tree!

The panther continued to be an invaluable travelling companion; a playmate by day, and a guard by night. The African tribes sometimes dig deep ditches in the desert, to entrap their enemies. Being lightly covered with sand, they are dangerous snares to the unwary traveller; and Lariboo fell into one of them. The panther, seeing she could not extricate herself, seized hold of her braided girdle, as a cat

does with her kitten, and at one bound placed her in safety. She was a little bruised by the rough strength of her deliverer, but not otherwise injured.

The woman fared better than the faithful brute. She could live on very little food, and she carried her mantle full of dates and berries. But both the travellers suffered much from hunger during their long journey. The panther was once so raving, that she seized her companion violently by the leg; but her teeth did not enter the flesh, and a few caresses made her relent. Lariboo felt then that death was not far off; and at times she felt very willing to die. She was famishing herself, and it was plain that the panther could not much longer endure the pangs of hunger.

But a different ending of her troubles awaited her. They were close to the confines of a country, which here and there presented a solitary hut. A large antelope, chased and caught by the panther, satisfied her hunger, and she was again affectionate. Lariboo likewise found a few berries, to keep life in her almost exhausted frame.

She was afraid to enter any of the huts, lest she should encounter enemies of her

tribe, and be carried to the sea-coast to be sold into slavery in foreign lands. But about three hours after the death of the antelope, she espied a hunter, with bow and arrow. The panther saw the same sight, and darted forward to seize him. But the hunter was very expert ; and as the terrible animal raised herself to spring upon him, he shot her directly in the throat with a poisoned arrow, and then laid himself flat upon the ground. The panther, in her dying agony, cleared his prostrate body at one leap, and after a few convulsive bounds, she rolled powerless on the ground.

When Lariboo came up, the beautiful but terrible creature fixed a mournful loving look upon her, and tried to lick her hand. Lariboo would have given any thing to have saved her life. When she was dead, she sobbed like a child who had lost a favorite dove. "My guardian of the desert," she exclaimed, "you saved my life ; you protected me from the fury of your own species ; but I could not save you from mine." She smoothed the rich glossy hairs of her dead favorite, and watered them plentifully with her tears.

The hunter thought her conduct very strange ; but when she told how the pan-

ther had loved her, and watched over her, and refrained from harming her, even when she was very hungry, he no longer wondered at her grief. But he convinced her that the fierce animal could not possibly have gone far with her into an inhabited country; because if she were hungry, she would attack any human being she happened to meet.

"It was lucky for you," said he, "that you happened to gain her affections, while her stomach was full. If she had been fasting, when you took possession of her cave, it would have done but little good to caress her."

Lariboo knew very well that the panther would not have been a safe travelling companion in any inhabited country; but she could not help weeping whenever she thought of the remarkable friendship they had formed for each other. She remained several days at the hunter's cabin, to rest and recruit herself, and then departed on the route which he told her would lead to Bilma, the capital of the Tibboo country.

It is a mean little town, with mud walls, and derives its importance solely from the numerous salt-lakes around it; salt being the most valuable article of commerce in

Africa. The warlike Tuaricks come to these lakes, load whole caravans with salt, and undersell the Tibboos in all the markets; yet the timid Tibboos have so long been in the habit of considering them masters, that they do not dare to say a word.

At Bilma, Lariboo found a caravan of Tibboo traders going to Mourzook. Under their protection she reached her home in safety, and found her husband alive and well. Her wonderful adventures served for many an hour of gossip; and some of the Tibboo poets made songs about the panther, and sang them, with the banjo for an accompaniment.

She gave such a fascinating account of the oasis where she first met her superb four-footed friend, that her husband persuaded twenty or thirty of his neighbors to go there with him to reside. "Lariboo says we shall find plenty to live upon," said he; "and as it lies far from the route between Mourzook and Bornou, we shall be safely out of the way of the tyrannical Tuaricks."

They accordingly removed thither with twenty camels, and the two tame gazelles. Lariboo never knew what became of her babe; but probably its little bones whi-

tened and crumbled in the desert. The skin of the panther hung in her hut to the day of her death.

Thomas S. K. Morton
mother's 2nd baby
Helen K. Morton
mothers first baby
Samuel George Morton
mothers 3rd baby
Bertha St Claire Morton
mothers 4th baby

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In Memoriam

No. KATHARINE E. COMAN